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THE

LONDON BICYCLE CLUB

GAZETTE.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD

OF THE

Runs, Races, and Other Doings of the L.B.C.

VOLUME VI.

DARLING AND SON,
MINERVA STEAM PRINTING OFFICE, 35, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.
1883.

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PREFACE.

A CAREFUL author will so concoct his preface as to entice praise from the unwary critic. That dangerous animal, it is well known, feeds only on prefaces, with, for sauce, a sniff of the paper knife with which he has cut a few leaves of the volume under review. Fortunately a preface addressed to such kind and indulgent critics as the members of our Club need not resort to these ignoble devices.

The Editors have all but finished their work, and the Sixth Volume of the GAZETTE rises against them in judgment. It has been their aim to make it a faithful history of the life of the Club during the year 1883; and a history which shall be worthy of the traditions of the Club by the manner in which it has been told. If they have succeeded, their thanks are due to the members of the Club who have supported them so constantly, and especially to Theo. Godlee, Ashley Barrett, Fred. Williams, H. G. A. Brown, and the N. H. family. One name has been omitted, and it is a great satisfaction to the Editors to feel that the Club has secured as Editor of the GAZETTE for the ensuing year so constant and valued a contributor in the past as R. G. Francis. For him they ask a continuance of the kindness which has been shown to them.

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Transcription

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 1.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. JANUARY 4, 1883.
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The next Gazette will be published on Thursday, 8th February. Copy should be sent in not later than Tuesday the 6th prox.

As our members will have learnt by the Hon. Sec.'s circular, the Committee have decided not to make any official nominations of Officers or Committeemen to the next General Meeting. A feeling has pervaded the Club for some time that nominations should be made by individual members and not by the Committee as a body, and we believe that it is in deference to this feeling that our present Committee have come to the conclusion expressed in the circular sent out. Whether this conclusion is wise or not will be decided by the action of the 1883 Committee, and though we are strongly of opinion that any Committee of our Club is or will be the best judge of the merits of embryo Club politicians, we must confess to a wish to see the nominations to office made by individual members if it is at all practicable. Nominations by a Committee must allways be liable to the suspicion of being the nomination of a clique, though there is not the least doubt that in the case of the "London" the suspicion is unfounded and unjust. We could wish that the rule relative to the attendance of the rank and file at Committee Meetings were less stringent, so that unofficial members could attend and judge for themselves how the business of the Club is carried on. Surely a rule which gave the Committee power to exclude ordinary members from its debates would be sufficient.

It behoves those members who are in favour of the new system on trial for 1883 to be up and doing, as we understand that if it is unsuccessful the old plan will be resorted to for next year.

COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee, held on Monday, 4th December, 1882, the following gentleman was elected a member of the Club:—

Name.	Proposer.	Seconder.
Auguste Malempré, 19, Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington...	W. T. Thorn.	O. Thorn.

It was decided to award Racing Caps to the following gentlemen:—W. K. Adam, M. H. Jephson, C. A. E. Pollock, H. R. Reynolds, and J. S. Whatton.

The following resolution was carried unanimously:—"That no Officer or Committeeman be nominated officially by the Committee at the next General Meeting for the 1883 Committee."

The name of E. E. Leeds was struck off the Club list in accordance with Rule 18.

At a meeting held on Monday, 18th December, 1882, the following resignations were accepted:—G. T. Langridge and M. B. O'Reilly.

It was decided to hold the Annual General Meeting on Thursday, 1st February, 1883.

A letter was read from the Stanley Bicycle Club inviting the L.B.C. to allow their name to appear in the list of

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patrons of their Annual Show. After some little discussion this was agreed to.

There were fourteen meetings of the present Committee last year. The following is the attendance score of the Committeemen :—

Out of a possible 14: Ernest Barrett 7, Boyce 4, H. G. A. Brown 14, Buckler 14, Coleman 14, Godlee 13, Hough 13, Jolly 9, F. W. Morris 11, N. B. Morris 11, Naylor 3, Nops 14, Price 13, Scrutton 13, S. P. Smith 13, F. M. Williams 12, W. J. Williams 14.

Out of a possible 12: Ashley Barrett 7, Arthur Herbert 6.

Out of a possible 5: R. M. Gruggen 1.

On 13th February F. M. Williams was elected Editor of the GAZETTE, and on 27th February Arthur Herbert was elected as his successor on the Committee. Ashley Barrett was elected on the same date. R. M. Gruggen was elected on 14th August in the place of H. Jennings, resigned.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

ANNUAL REPORT.

Members are requested to send in to me *at once* accounts of tours, and also notes of distances of 100 miles, or over, ridden in one day.

Racing members are requested to let me have lists of prizes won by them during the year.

I must apologise for not having this notice put in the last GAZETTE, and shall be much obliged if members will reply to this *promptly*. E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

BLUE BOOK.

Any alterations of addresses, districts, etc., that members wish to make, should be sent in to me as soon as possible.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting will be held at the "London" (late "King's Head") Tavern, Fenchurch Street, E.C., on Thursday, 1st February, 1883, at 6.30 p.m.

Under Rule 30, no nomination or other motion can be brought forward at the meeting, unless notice in writing of the motion shall have been sent *to me* at least 14 days before that date; the last day is therefore the 18th instant.

An agenda paper, containing particulars of all motions, etc. to be considered at the meeting, will be sent to members as soon after the 18th January as possible.

The report and balance sheet for 1882 will also be sent round in due course.

The following motions and nominations have already been received :—

Motion by Mr. W. A. Smith—

"That the Club award a certain number of medals (such number to be hereafter decided upon) to such members of the L.B.C. who, on the day of the Bath Trial, shall complete the 100 miles from Bath to Hounslow, *on tricycles*, within twelve hours. The medals to be similar to those given for the District Attendance Prizes, but of gold instead of silver, and suitably engraved."

Motion by Mr. H. R. Reynolds—

"That the Annual Race Meeting of the L.B.C. for 1883 be held at the Crystal Palace."

Motion by Mr. T. E. Scrutton—

(1.) "In Rule 11, to insert before 'member of the Committee,' 'past and present,' and to insert after such words, 'or members of the Club, being at the time an officer of either the O.U.Bi.C. or C.U.Bi.C.'

(2.) "That there be an entrance fee of half a crown for the Bath Trial."

NOMINATIONS.

Hon. Sec..... .... .E. S. Price .....nominated by Theo. Godlee.

District Captains.

N.E......Theo. Godlee.....nominated by F. Jolly.
N.W......P. Dalton..... " W. J. Williams.

Committee.

N.E......	Ernest Barrett F. Jolly.....	nominated by	Theo. Godlee.
	T. E. Scrutton...	"	F. Jolly.
N.W.	C. Newman.....	"	Ashley Barrett.
	W. J. Williams	"	E. S. Price.
S.W.	G. P. Coleman...	"	Dr. Owen Coleman.
S.E.	Frank Kinder ...	"	F. M. Williams.
	A. Barker...	"	Ashley Barrett.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

L.B.C. DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

(Copy of Circular sent round December 22nd to the Club.)

Dear Sir,—With the consent of the Captain, the Dramatic Society have resolved upon giving a Performance, to take place at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Saturday, February 17th, 1883. The piece selected is "One Hundred Thousand Pounds," to be preceded by a Farce.

If you are not already a subscriber, may I ask you to become one, since upon the support accorded it by members the success of the undertaking will chiefly depend. The subscription is 5s., which entitles the subscriber to a stall, price 5s.—Awaiting your *early* reply, I am, dear sir, very truly yours, ALFRED BARKER, Hon. Sec.

On application to the Acting Manager, R. M. Gruggen, Lynton Villa, Grosvenor Road, Richmond, reserved stalls, 5s. each, or five stalls for £1 1s., balcony (unreserved) 2s. 6d. each. Members of the Society are entitled to a stall free on application before the date of the performance, and it would greatly help the Acting Manager if an early demand were made, so as to estimate numbers.

It is requested, though not compulsory, that gentlemen will appear in evening dress, and, to avoid disappointment, it is as well to state that no one except officials will be admitted on the stage.

Any further information can be obtained of the Acting Manager, or of Alf. Barker, Chepstow Road, Croydon.

N.B.—Members of 1881 will not be asked to subscribe again for this season, but will remain still members of the Society.

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CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BICYCLE CLUB.

THE annual long-distance road competition in connection with the above club came off on Wednesday, November 1. The weather was very unfavourable, there being a strong wind against the competitors, and owing to this and the state of the roads the course was shortened from fifty to about forty-two miles. The route laid out was from St. Ives through Eltisley and Potton, and skirting Biggleswade, home by Barton. Seven riders started, which included E. H. Brown, last year's winner by 4min. from Whatton. Having travelled to St. Ives by train, Mr. G. D. Day, captain of the club, sent them off shortly after twelve o'clock. E. H. Brown, St. John's, assumed the lead, and made the pace until reaching Biggleswade (20 miles), having had to face a very strong wind, so strong that more than one of the competitors walked part of the way. Upon getting out of the wind just after passing Biggleswade, J. S. Whatton, Trinity, who had been close behind Brown, took the lead, and at once commenced to force the pace. At Orwell Hill, six miles from home, Whatton began to draw away, and he eventually won by 3min, the full time being 3 hours 30min.!! J. D. Batten, Trinity, was third, twenty two minutes behind Brown; whilst A. B. W. Whatton, Trinity, whose back-wheel tyre came off, was fourth, two minutes in the rear of Batten. The other starters were: C. L. Schwind, Trinity; L. C. Carr, Trinity; and A. W. Rumney, Trinity Hall. J. S. Whatton, Trinity, holds the 20-guinea challenge cup for the year. Mr. A. J. Crichton, Trinity, the winner of the race in 1880, kindly attended to the requirements of the riders.

The Michaelmas Term club races came off on the bicycle path on Wednesday afternoon last. The weather was fine, but a strong wind was against the competitors in the early part of the lap. Notwithstanding the fact that the committee decreased Olive's start in the final of the mile, the Johnian won very easily. *The freshmen's race did not bring out any promising new blood.* C. L. Schwind won the five miles race easily, as did J. S. Whatton the ten miles event. Judges: C. A. E. Pollock. B.A., Trinity, and G. D. Day, B.A., St. John's. Details:

One Mile Handicap.—First Heat: E. H. Brown, St. John's, 75 yds. 1; J. S. Whatton, Trinity, scratch 2; A. S. Hicks, Christ's, 100 yds. 3; R. F. Cooke, Caius, 150 yds, 0; M. G. Foster, Trinity, 200 yds. 0. The limit man led until entering the last lap, when Brown, Hicks, and Whatton passed him in the order named. Whatton got into second place 250 yds. from home, and did try his best to beat Brown, who won by six yards; a similar distance separated second and third; Forster was a bad fourth. Time, 3min. 8⅘sec.—*Second Heat*: E. J. Olive, St. John's, 200 yds. 1; A. B. W. Whatton, Trinity, 75 yds. 2; G. N. Latham, Trinity Hall, 125 yds. 3; M. Crosse, Magdalene, 175 yds. 0. The limit man was never headed, and won very easily; ten yards divided second and third. Time, 2min. 55sec.—*Final Heat*: Olive, 1; A. B. Whatton, 2; Brown, 0. J. S. Whatton did not start. Owing to Olive's performance in the second heat, the committee met and decided to decrease his allowance by fifty yards; this, however, did not have any effect on the result, for the "dark one" again won easily, this time by about seventy-five yards; Whatton beat Brown in the last lap by twenty yards. Time, 3min. 1⅘sec.

Four Miles Freshmen's Race.—A. W. Rumney, Trinity Hall, 1; J. H. Masters, Trinity, 2; E. F. Eliot, Trinity, 0; H. S. Izard, Trinity Hall, 0. The latter retired after completing three miles. Rumney assumed the lead in the second lap, and, although hard pressed by Masters in the middle part of the last lap, he held his ground and won easily, Masters easing off on finding pursuit hopeless; Eliot was 120 yards behind second man. Time, 15min. 6sec.

Five Miles Race. (Competitors against Oxford and London B.C. debarred.)—C. L. Schwind, Trinity, 1; G. N. Latham, Trinity, 2; A. S. Hicks, Christ's, 3; J. D. Batten, Trinity, 0; L. C. Carr, Trinity, 0. Schwind took the lead at the start, closely followed by Hicks. The six competitors rode in the same order and in close company until half the distance had been traversed, when Cooke began to fall into the rear. At the third mile the Caius rider was more than half a lap to the bad, whilst at the fourth he was overlapped, and he shortly afterwards retired. Schwind continued to hold the lead until half a mile from the finish, when Latham put on a good spurt, and for the first time assumed the lead. Schwind, however, stuck close behind Latham, and 250 yards from home passed him, eventually winning by eight yards. Hicks, who rode well, was beaten for second place by three or four yards; Batten was fourth, thirty yards behind Hicks, Cooke was last. Time, 18min. 11⅘sec.

Ten Miles Race.—J. S. Whatton, Trinity, 1; A. B. W. Whatton, Trinity, 2; E. H. Brown, St. John's, 0. J. S. Whatton went off with the lead, and was attended by his brother, Brown being well up; this order was maintained until the seventh lap, when Brown took a turn in front and remained there until completing the third mile, when J. S. Whatton took the lead again. At three and a half miles A. B. Whatton went to the front and made the pace for two miles, after which Brown did the same for a couple of miles, being displaced at the seventh mile by J. S. Whatton. The Johnian again led at the ninth mile, but both Whattons were close up to him, and half a mile from home J. S. Whatton spurted to the front. All were close together on entering the last lap, but the race was never in doubt, and Whatton sen. won easily by eight yards; about six yards divided second and third.

Mr. F. B. Westcott, who has ridden the last two years in the team against the London Bicycle Club, and who graduated as senior classic last year, has been elected to a fellowship at Trinity College.—From *The Field*, November, 11th, 1882.

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HOW I INDUCED HER MOTHER TO BRING HER TO THE WEST DISTRICT BALL.

A SEASONABLE REMINISCENCE.

I am induced to recount this incident in my bicycling career, not on account of there being anything strange or uncommon in it, but merely in the hope of its being of use to some other member who may possibly chance to be placed in the same predicament as I was.

Deeply wrapped in thought, I was riding towards Hammersmith along a well-known wood-paved thoroughfare. Heaven knows I had good cause for thought; all my ingenuity was at work; all my inventive faculties were busy; all my machinatory talents were occupied. But in vain. It was the day of the West District Ball, and her mother would not allow her to come to it. Now who was this lady? Well, she was simply the most lovely, accomplished, sweet-tempered girl I had ever seen. I had met her only once, but I loved devotedly, and her name was—— but why should I divulge it? No! wild horses shall not tear it from those deep recesses of my inner consciousness where it is deposited! therefore she shall be known as ——. As I have said before, her mother would not allow her to come to the ball. Imagine my despair! In vain I begged, prayed, and entreated; it was indeed in vain. The old lady was one of those curious people who believe in spiritualism; indeed, she went further in her belief than most people—affirming that the spirits guided her in everything, and showed her what she was to do by their manifestations. So that the only answer I was able to get to my final request was—"No, it could not be; unless (Oh! what vast oceans of hope that 'unless' spread out before my enraptured vision)—unless," she said, "the spirits clearly manifested that it was their mandate for her to attend the ball with her daughter." (Alas! this latter part condensed my vast oceans into a microscopic dewdrop of hope.) After this I could obtain nothing further from her, and was so thrown into the state of perplexity I have before alluded to. I had purchased two ladies' tickets on the chance of the spirits following the example of Barkis, but hitherto they had remained obdurate. At last the day of the ball arrived. Ever since buying the tickets I had constantly carried them in my breast pocket, but as yet saw no chance of their being used. So, as I have already said, I was riding towards Hammersmith, when I saw approaching me in a hansom —— and her mother. As the cab passed me, —— shook her head with a rueful countenance. I was not able to deduce from this whether she meant that there had been no manifestation, or an adverse one; so, determined to find out my fate, I turned down one of the streets on my left-hand and sped back by a road parallel to that which I had recently been going along. As I was racing along, regardless alike of fines or imprisonment, an idea seized me. If the spirits would not grant a manifestation, I must. But how? At first I had not a notion, but by degrees a plan, vast, and at first somewhat alarming, began to loom out, vague and shadowy, in those inner recesses already alluded to. My mind travelled back to the far-distant days of childhood, and I remembered the bounding ball of boyhood's boisterous days. Was it not made of India-rubber? Were not, also, the tyres of my wheels? If one bounded, why should not the other? At any rate I could but try. Such were the thoughts that came hurtling through my brain, when suddenly I found I had again reached the road along which —— was travelling, that is to say, if she had not already turned off. However, I had not gone three yards along the crowded highway before half a mile ahead I perceived two omnibuses broken down, completely blocking up the road, and on the other side of them, waiting to pass, the cab in which —— was seated; and all my thoughts were centred in calculating that the distance was just sufficient to get up the impetus necessary for the desperate purpose I had in my mind. I seized the two ball tickets in my teeth, and hurled my machine along at a pace never before reached by anyone, amateur or professional. When within a hundred yards of the obstruction I seized the handles in such a vice-like grasp that the impress of my fingers remains on them to this day, and springing up from the treadles, whilst at the same time I gripped the forks with my knees as if on horseback. I lifted the machine into the air with me. Seventy yards further on I struck the road with both wheels at once, and rebounding, as I had expected, I topped the omnibuses, and guiding the bicycle directly over the cab as I flew through the air, at the right moment I let go the two tickets, which fluttered gently into the hands of the ladies. Canting my wheel on one side, I turned down a quiet street, and by dint of putting on the brake and back-treadling I moderated the speed of my ærial flight, and regaining terra firma not half a mile from the spot where I last left it, I rode gently home. Arrived there, I found that it only wanted four hours to the commencement of the ball, so I had to hurry up and begin dressing. On account of the excessive speed at which I was travelling whilst in the air, I was of course invisible to any but the eye of love, consequently the old lady received the cards in the light of a manifestation from the spirits, and took her daughter to the ball. Needless to say, I danced every dance with —— that evening, but I did not marry her, because I belong to the West District, and consequently have not yet caught the contagion.

DISTRICTUS.

EXCHANGE LIST.

Wanted, a convertible "Rudge" Sociable in good order. Apply to A. L. Potter, Carisbrooke, Beddington, Surrey.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

F. M. Williams, 5, Church Road, West Drayton, Middlesex.
H. C. Clifton, 3, Alpha Road, Regent's Park.

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TERPSICHOREAN.

The third of the South East District Annual Dances came off on Wednesday, 6th December, and found me once more in attendance at the Croydon Town Hall. I don't know why, but somehow or other, however strong may have been my resolutions to the contrary, I always end by taking that first step towards doing my duty in the capacity of Steward, though why I should have been selected for that office goodness (and, perhaps, my D. C.) only knows.

Anyhow, here we are once more. I am under the wing of a weaker brother and his better-half, and our fly draws up at the door punctually to the stroke of half-past seven. We are the first arrivals; but no, here is our worthy District Captain sitting amid the desolation of the cloak room, like Marius among the ruins of Carthage. The first few file into the hall just as the last tinned tack has been driven home by the hammer, led by the Zulu in full "war paint." 'Tis eight o'clock, and yet I seem to miss two or three well-known faces. Where was that I heard that our Captain would grace the occasion with his august presence? but still "he cometh not." Was it "he" or "she said?" "I looked but could not see" my friend the presiding genius of Essex byways, the Mark-Tapleyan cheerfulness of whose face has often revived my drooping spirits. Where is the hero of the Bath Road and Lawn Tennis tournament? or his "Proxime accessit?" Was it true that they had already begun to train for fresh laurels awaiting them in the New Year? There was a darkly-whispered rumour that one well-known member who was expected was suffering from the effects of a surfeit of pastry, but I scorn to repeat such scandal. It was ten minutes or so past eight when our D.C. approached the platform where the band was discordantly tuning up, and the ball is opened with an extra waltz.

To those of a contemplative turn of mind, a dance affords excellent opportunity. I stood in a quiet corner and watched the couples as they passed on their planetary way, each pair revolving on their own axis, yet round a common though imaginary centre. There went by the familiar form of the elder Thorn, guiding his fair partner through the crowd of dancers with the same skill as of yore he would drive his iron steed round the cinder-clad path of Lillie or Stamford Bridge, though not *then* with that untroubled mien. And then glided by, as Mercury "on wingèd feet," an ex-Secretary from the North-West, meteor-like, among the less speedy orbs. But here I was buttonholed by our D.C.'s Substitute, who, with the Editor, turned my attention to matters of sterner import—as to who was to be the new Captain? and wherewithal were we to manufacture a new Editor? to both of which questions an answer did not readily suggest itself.

But I am straying from my subject. Among the ladies I noticed many familiar faces, and not a few fresh ones. May we hope that those of our fair visitors who were not present for the first time enjoyed themselves as much as on former occasions, and that those who had not graced our dance with their presence before will do so again another year. My descriptive powers quite fail me when I would describe the dresses. Imagine a background of white, tinged here and there with pale pink and blue, relieved by an occasional black, and lit up with a sprinkling of orange, red, and terra cotta. I pass with a sigh (believe me, not of satisfaction but regret) from the airy regions of the ball-room to the less sentimental pleasures of the supper table. Here the refreshments were, as last year, well provided by Mrs. Pusey, and our friend the ubiquitous waiter simply surpassed himself in his readiness to see our wants supplied. If the daintier dishes were only half as good as was a certain sirloin of beef and bottled beer the supper must be voted to have been first-rate.

I did not count myself, but have heard officially that there were about twenty-six in all fewer than last year, but I am sure I was never at a dance—and I have been to a good many in my younger days—where there were fewer wallflowers among the ladies, or few men hanging about the doors. Every man must be considered to have done his duty, and the ladies—*cela va sans dire.* Even the Napoleonic features of him on whom fell the brunt of the work, and who brought it to a most successful issue, relaxed into a smile as he gazed on the scene. It was past two before the strains of the band died away. The last adieux were exchanged, and our third S.E. Dance was consigned to the records of the past. *Διογενης.*

A THREE-DAYS' TOUR.

October 1882 has proved, as everyone knows, a signal failure so far as the weather was concerned, and consequently I was prevented from taking my last short tour of the year until the last day of that month, when it became more settled.

It was a fine bright morning when Elgood called for me, and we made a start in excellent spirits with the intention of reaching some town in North Essex that night. The roads were, as we expected, made heavy with mud, but the clear and invigorating air and blue sky above made amends to a great extent for this evil below. Bumping along the Finchley road we soon reached Barnet and Potter's Bar; here we took the right-hand turning, and were soon riding along those lovely wooded lanes to Cheshunt which have been the admiration of so many N.W. men during the past season. Passing Cheshunt House, we were not long in striking the main Hertford road, which we found so heavy and bad that in spite of all our endeavours it was as much as we could do to drive our wheels through the sandy mud and shingle. At last we got clear of it, and, passing through Hoddesdon, we continued a mile or two onwards, and then, turning to the right, worked along at a good pace until we

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descended a hill, and over a level crossing, into the quiet old-fashioned town of Stanstead Abbots. I believe it has for long been a problem which none could satisfactorily solve, as to how riders in the W. and N.W. can find their way across country into Essex, therefore it gives me pleasure in recommending the above-mentioned route, which in summer time will be found a good one, both as regards the surface of the roads and the scenery. We had to walk up a steep hill out of the town, and then a pleasant ride of a mile or so brought us in sight of Roydon, but between us and that village the river Stort had lately overflown its banks, and left the fields on either side and about one hundred yards of the road covered with water. Sitting well back, we made a dash through the muddy water, and soon found that our back wheels were completely submerged, but by carefully steering for the centre of the road we both succeeded in arriving on dry land again in safety. At Roydon we partook of light refreshments at an inn, and were shown by the landlady a splendid specimen of a death's-head moth, which she had caught some weeks before. It measured at least four inches across from the extremity of one wing to the extremity of the other; it had been entrapped by the tempting smell of beer, and had attempted to drown itself in that enervating drink, when it was rescued and saved from destruction by the hands of the landlady. The next few miles on to Harlow were hilly and winding. Here we stopped for lunch at the "George" (B.T.C.), and did not leave again until the middle of the afternoon. The country on through Sheering is undulating and fairly pretty. At Hatfield Broad Oak there is a fine old church, which had once been a Benedictine Priory, which still retains signs of its former beauty. From here to Dunmow the road was fairly level and good, but the country uninteresting. It now became dark and cloudy, so, lighting up our lamps, we faced the last nine miles to Braintree in the dark, and so excessively dark was it that, if my lamp had failed to perform its duties, as Elgood's did, we should have had no little difficulty in proceeding on our way in safety. Big drops of rain threatened to give us a wetting more than once, but luckily it held over, and we hailed the lights of Braintree with the glad hearts which only 'cyclists feel after a hard day's journey. We put up for the night at a comfortable Hotel, the "George," a B.T.C. house. In the coffee-room we made the acquaintance of its only other occupier, a young retired officer, whose company we much enjoyed. After a walk round the town, which did not appear to possess any especial attraction, we returned to the hotel, and in the company of our new friend spent a most enjoyable musical evening.

Next day, although windy, favoured us by being fine; so, saying adieu to our friend, we were soon riding up the long hill out of Braintree. A few miles of undulating road led us to Halstead, a pleasant, clean-looking town, situated on the side of a hill which took all our strength to surmount. On to Sudbury, our next destination, the roads were undulating, and the scenery not particularly inviting. There is a long and somewhat steep hill leading down into Sudbury, which town contains several very interesting churches. St. Gregory's, in particular, is of the greatest interest. It was also at this town that the renowned painter Gainsborough was born, and spent his early days in practising his art. A ride of some three miles took us on to Long Melford, a small town teeming with architectural and antiquarian interest. The church here is visited by people from all parts, and is a splendid building. Melford Hall, also, an Elizabethan structure, has an interesting history of its own. The next thirteen miles on to Bury St. Edmunds we rode at a quick rate, having the wind at our backs (for once), and no objects to visit on the road. After lunch at this ancient and to all appearance thriving town, we had a look at the Abbey Gate, built in the fourteenth century, which is especially worthy of notice, and contains many architectural details that deserve careful attention. The beautiful Norman tower near to St. James's Church is a splendid example of that period; and as we gazed upon its simple but pleasing ornamentation, we marvelled how such a large and substantial tower could have been formed with the axe, and not the chisel. We also had a look into St. James's and St. Mary's Churches, both old and interesting piles.

Leaving Bury early in the afternoon, we took the road to Newmarket, which we found in places very soft and muddy, while there were several long hills to surmount, and from Kentford there was an almost continuous rise for three miles until the top of the hill leading into Newmarket was reached. The wind also blew against us, and momentarily increased in strength, until it was with difficulty that we were able to ride *down* hill. Having heard of excessive charges at all the hotels in Newmarket, and there not being a B.T.C. house there, we were determined, if possible, to push on to Royston, although it had now become dark and the wind blew quite a gale. We managed to mount under the shade of some trees, and with all our strength to ride some hundred yards alongside the bleak exposed race-course, but suddenly an extra powerful gust caught us, and we both at the same moment were literally blown across the road, and were just able to scramble off as our machines ran on to the grass. We then held a council of war, and actually had the presumption to try and strike a light, but of course failed, so, turning our machines towards Newmarket, were soon riding through that town to the railway station, where we took train to Royston, which town, after much dawdling, we reached in the evening, and put up at an old-fashioned inn called the "Crown," one of the numerous comfortable B.T.C. houses. Oh, how the signboard creaked and the wind howled through the narrow streets! how the window did rattle in a dreary, restless manner, thus putting dismal thoughts into one's sleepy head, as one vainly tries to smother all

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outward noise by burying one's head under the clothes. But sleep came at last—calm, gentle sleep, whose soundness is the reward of a bicyclist for a good day's ride. In spite of the previous night's wind we found the weather on rising clear and fine, but no sooner had we started than we discovered to our annoyance that our enemy the wind was blowing steadily against us. There were several long hills to mount before reaching Buntingford, from which place the road was rather hilly on through Puckeridge and Ware to Hertford. At the latter place we had lunch, and again faced the wind for the remaining twenty miles home. Thus ended a very pleasant three days' tour, which, if it had not been for the wind, would have been still more enjoyable. In conclusion, we can thoroughly recommend the roads we passed over in Essex and Suffolk, and should advise all who have not already done so to take the first opportunity of visiting Bury St. Edmunds. W. T. H.

RAVINGS OF A CYCLOMANIAC.—No. XII.

I'm really very sorry to have to trouble your readers in this way once again, Mr. Editor, but you see it's the only outlet I have to my pent-up feelings. I can't persuade any of my friends to come and stay with me. I believe they think I'm dangerous. When these harmless attacks come on, and I've no one to victimize *vivâ voce*, I have to put my ravings down on paper, and no one except a fellow-sufferer like yourself and your readers can imagine what relief such a proceeding affords. The greatness of, and I might almost say the necessity for, such a relief reminds me of a certain doctor's criticism on a badly prepared and worse delivered speech: "What a relief it must be to So-and-So to throw off so much half-digested matter, yet what agony he seems to suffer in the process."

A letter from a friend has done the mischief. He writes: "A few weeks ago I took a bicycle by train (for which he ought to be ashamed of himself—but I believe it was so broken he *couldn't* have ridden), and lo! instead of drawing up a mass of legal documents with mysterious references to 'fire, shipwreck, the act of God, and the Queen's enemies,' they sold me (at a great price) a neat little ticket with 'Bicycle' *printed* on it and *correctly spelt*." This passage in my friend's letter has sent my powerful memory back into the fading distance of the past, and I see an urchin on the Euston platform brandishing a 42-inch bicycle, asserting to a cloud of porters grouped picturesquely around him the utter foolishness, not to say wickedness, of expecting his bicycle (red, black and gold) to travel in an ordinary luggage van already three quarters full of boxes and perambulators. In that golden age bicycles went as personal luggage, and why they should not do so now is more than this undermined brain can discover. I can see that urchin talking to a silver-mounted guard (painted black, and chained to a whistle), who obsequiously opens a special luggage compartment, wherein the bicycle is carefully packed, surrounded by specially chosen luggage, and at every station at which the express stopped, that guard (silver mounts, black paint, whistle and all) goes to that luggage compartment, unlocks it, and then reports to the urchin, who with anxious face looks out of a neighbouring carriage window, that "the wheelossypeed is all right." Ah, me! them was times. I remember how the porters all stood on one side in awe to let the rightful owner take the "thing" out when it got to its destination, and how they all followed to the station yard to see the urchin ride off on it after the fly *in* which he put his luggage. In these degenerate days you'd probably hear some such remark as "Now, then, guv'nor, chuck yer jigger in 'ere—third-class smoking forrad." *Tempora mutantur*, and we are *mutantur'd in illis*. Moral—Don't go meddling with those na-a-sty trains.

Harrison, Kensington Works, Kensington Street, Birmingham, has brought out a new stop-bell, I see, called the "King of the Stop-bells." I do not know the price, nor can I give an opinion as to its merits, for mine hasn't come yet.

The fashion at present seems to be to cut records, and I am seriously thinking of going into strict training during this Christmas to cut a record. There are but few records left for anyone to try and cut with any chance of success. I propose cutting two records at once, and thus annihilating ornithological twins with a single geological specimen. First of all I am thinking of devouring the greatest amount of plum pudding and number of mince pies in the shortest time, and then, when thus properly trained, mounting and cutting the record for a twenty-four hours *slow* race, or the shortest distance in twenty-four hours without a dismount. The roads are in splendid condition for a race of this sort. It takes a Cortis to win the fast races, but it will require a Tortis to come in last in the slow.

Something's happened! For the first time for years I know what it is to be free from cyclomania. I can think of nothing more to rave about. It may be only temporary relief. Any way, I may thank the GAZETTE for this cure. I feel thankful; and so, I am sure, do my fellow-victims that they won't have to wade through any more overflowings from the loosened tiles of "GALLEY BELL."

ECHOES.

E. T. S. and T. E. S. are not the same individual, though the similarity of their initials might lead members to give the one credit for the other's talents.

* * * * * *

"A Hundred Thousand Pounds" is, I am informed, the title of the piece selected by the Committee of the L.B.C.D.S. for representation next February. To make the programme still more enjoyable, a farce will probably be played as well.

* * * * * *

Zulu tells me—That the Dramatic is very strong this season in "cast," and ought to be a great success.

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That the title is not a thrust at the finances of the Club.

* * * * * *

That he would advise an early application for stalls should a good seat be wanted.

* * * * * *

That the five stalls for a guinea is a special facility for the married men.

* * * * * *

MILLAR.—Dec. 9, at 6, Heathfield Gardens, Hampstead Heath, N.W., the wife of Henry Edward Millar, of a son.

* * * * * *

The S.E. Ball was this year as enjoyable as ever—good dancers, a good floor, a good supper, and plenty of room. What more could members wish for?

* * * * * *

As might have been expected, H. G. A. Brown was indefatigable, and seemed to be always in the right place at the right moment.

* * * * * *

Who was the belle of the Ball? Well, I imagine it would have taken a long while to pick out *the* one amongst such a large number, all apparently with equal claims to the title; at any rate, I could not find time to decide.

* * * * * *

The "Greyhound Hotel" opened its hospitable arms to four or five members of other Districts, but it could not understand how anyone *could* want tea and toast in his bedroom.

* * * * * *

The principal feature of the Ball was the tasteful way in which the hall had been decorated with flowers and evergreens.

* * * * * *

Arthur Herbert is enjoying fine weather at Mentone, where he has been ordered by his doctor. I hope we shall see him back in time for the opening run, with his health completely restored.

* * * * * *

I expect we shall have some exciting elections at the next General Meeting. I can imagine handbills being distributed by enthusiastic members: "Vote for A——, the Universal Reformer;" "Plump for B——, the Financier who scorns five shilling calls;" "C—— is the Treasurer who does not ask for subscriptions;" "Rally round D—— for Secretary and free Race meeting tickets, Five-guinea Prizes, and no corruption;" "Rambler for Editor, and lots of tours," etc., etc.

RAMBLER.

Correspondence.

[The demands upon our space have again been so large that we are reluctantly obliged to postpone to the next issue the continuation of Mr. G. F. Cobb's graphic letters on Switzerland.]

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—I desire to express my regret to the members of the South East District that, as one of their representatives on the Committee, I have been unable to attend the recent Committee meetings owing to illness, and as I shall probably not return to England for some months I feel it my duty to retire in favour of some other member who can give the necessary attention to their interests and to the general business of the Club. I shall, therefore, not offer myself for re-election in January.—Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR HERBERT.

Hotel Camons, Mentone, Alpes Maritimes, France,
Dec. 13th, 1882.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—I beg to enclose a card of the Clapton Lacrosse Club fixtures for this season, which I shall be glad if you can find room for in the next GAZETTE.

Our Club is largely composed of members of the L.B.C. (to wit, E. H. Barrett, A. Borwick, T. Child, T. Godlee, F. Jolly, F. N. Large, A. Murray, R. Newman, C. Newman, Gerard Smith, etc.), and we shall be glad to welcome to our practice games any other L.B.C. men who may like to try their hands at Lacrosse. Our ground is easily reached by train from Liverpool Street Station to St. James Street, Walthamstow.—Yours truly,

Enfield, Dec. 13, 1882. A. C. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

Date—1883.	Club.	Ground.
January 6	Practice	Walthamstow.
„ 13	„	„
„ 20	„	„
„ 27	„	„
February 3	Kensington	Willesden Junction.
„ 10	Leys	Walthamstow.
„ 17	Dulwich	Dulwich.
„ 24	Woodford	Woodford.
March 3	Cambridge University	Walthamstow.
„ 10	Leys	Cambridge.
„ 17	London	Walthamstow.
„ 24	Practice	„
„ 31	„	„

MUSICAL BICYCLISTS.—Last night a novel experiment in bell-ringing took place in the City. The riders of bicycles have alarm bells fixed to their machines, the notes of which differ occasionally one from the other. This gave rise to a suggestion by a bicyclist that a couple of octaves should be provided, the performers having one or two bells affixed to their machines. The suggestion was carried out, the result being that the octaves met by the Mansion House, and started off up Cheapside, ringing out "The Bells." This was continued until reaching St. Paul's Churchyard, when the musicians changed the theme, and gave the "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Home, sweet home," as they ran down Cannon Street, up Union and King Streets, and round the back of the Bank of England. After a rest of ten minutes, the musical bicyclists had another spin through the City, playing "Rule Britannia," the "March of the Men of Harlech," and "God save the Queen." The whole of the music was creditably performed.—*Daily Chronicle*, Dec. 29th, 1882.

CORRIGENDA.—On page 235, in the fourth line of our President's speech proposing "The Queen," the word "unlikely" should be "likely."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

THE HON. ION KEITH-FALCONER.—We much regret the stupid mistake in our last issue. We were very busy at the time, and fear we did not give as much attention to the GAZETTE as we ought to have done.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be received not later than Tuesday, the 6th Feb., at 5 p.m.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 2.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. FEBRUARY 8, 1883.
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The next Gazette will be published on Thursday, the 1st prox. Copy should be sent in on or before 27th inst.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

We have again to plead for the indulgence of our readers, for we have again been disappointed in our Reporter, as we were at the Annual Dinner last November.

The General Meeting was held at the "London Tavern" on the 31st ultimo, at 6.30 p.m., and was not largely attended. T. E. Scrutton was requested to take the chair.

It was proposed by H. R. REYNOLDS, Jun., and seconded by HAROLD SMITH, "That the Committee's Report be adopted."

R. G. FRANCIS moved, and THE O'REILLY seconded, "That the balance sheet be adopted;" but an amendment proposed by A. HENRY and seconded by F. M. WILLIAMS was carried, "That the heading of the accounts should be, 'The Cash Account of the Treasurer with the L.B.C. ending 31st December, 1882.'"

W. A. Smith and H. Middleton having been appointed scrutineers, the elections were proceeded with, with the following results:—

President	The Hon. ION KEITH-FALCONER.
Captain	ASHLEY BARRETT.
Hon. Sec.	E. S. PRICE.
Treasurer	R. B. HOUGH.
Editor	T. E. SCRUTTON.
Sub-Editor	A. LLOYD.
N.E. D.C.	THEO. GODLEE.
N.W. „	P. DALTON.
W. „	D. T. NOPS.
S.W. „	R. M. GRUGGEN.
S.E. „	R. G. FRANCIS.
N.E. Committeemen ...	F. JOLLY.
	E. H. BARRETT.
N.W. „ ...	C. NEWMAN.
	W. J. WILLIAMS.
W. „ ...	F. M. WILLIAMS.
	O. THORN.
S.W. „ ...	A. E. BUCKLER.
	G. P. COLEMAN.
S.E. „ ...	H. G. A. BROWN.
	G. F. BECK.

It was then proposed by W. A. SMITH and seconded by A. L. RADFORD:—

"That the Club award a certain number of Medals (such number to be hereafter decided upon) to such members of the L.B.C. who, on the day of the Bath Trial, shall complete the 100 miles from Bath to Hounslow on Tricycles within twelve hours. The Medals to be similar to those given for the District Attendance Prizes, but of gold instead of silver, and suitably engraved."

To which an amendment was proposed by T. E. SCRUTTON, seconded by ASHLEY BARRETT, and carried:—

"That the question of a Tricycle Road Trial, together with the general question of the position of tricyclists in the Club, and of any changes in Club organisation necessary to meet the growth of tricycling, be referred to the Committee to report on to a Special General Meeting, to be held within three months or as soon after as possible."

H. R. REYNOLDS proposed and J. G. WHATTON seconded:—

"That the Annual Race Meeting of the L.B.C. for 1883 be held at the Crystal Palace."

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After some discussion the following amendment, proposed by the CAPTAIN and seconded by KOCH, was carried :—

"That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is desirable to hold our next annual Race Meeting at the Crystal Palace, in the event of the Committee being able to dispose satisfactorily of the obligations that the Club has incurred with the L.A.C."

T. E. SCRUTTON postponed to the Special General Meeting the next proposition on the Agenda Paper, and then proposed that there should be an entrance fee of 5s. for the Bath Trial. This was lost.

W. J. WILLIAMS also postponed his resolution to the Special General Meeting.

THEO. GODLEE proposed, and F. M. WILLIAMS seconded, "That a Sub-Editor be appointed for the ensuing year, and that he be a member of the Committee 'ex-officio.'" This was carried, as was also Godlee's proposal that Arthur Lloyd be elected Sub-Editor for the ensuing year.

THEO. GODLEE then, in well-chosen words, suggested to the meeting that it would be very wrong for it to dissolve without tendering to T. E. Scrutton its very hearty thanks for the able way in which he had guided the Club during his captaincy, and amidst much prolonged and vociferous cheering a vote of thanks to him was carried—a vote which we imagine has rarely been more deserved than by our talented and good tempered ex-Captain.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Members no doubt have taken notice that the day of our performance has been altered to Tuesday, February 20th, instead of the previous Saturday. The reason will be fully seen on perusal of the following letter received from the German Athenæum :—

German Athenæum, 93, Mortimer Street.
January 22nd, 1883.

Dear Sir,—The members of this society intending to give a musical and dramatic entertainment in aid of the funds raised on behalf of their terribly afflicted countrymen in the Rhinelands, they have for that purpose hired St. George's Hall for Tuesday, February 20th. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family have promised to honour the society with their presence if the entertainment could be given on Saturday, February 17th, this being the ONLY evening in February and March at H.R.H.'s disposal. Having been informed by the manager of St. George's Hall that you have retained it for that evening, I now appeal to you whether you could possibly substitute the 20th for the 17th, and thus ensure the powerful support of the Royal Family for the success of this urgent and charitable undertaking. I need scarcely add that any expenses caused by this change would be gladly paid by this society. If you will kindly communicate to me your city address, I shall take the liberty of calling upon you at any time you may name; and as our circulars have to be issued within the next few days, and as H.R.H. expects our reply without delay, I shall feel greatly obliged if you will let me know your decision as soon as ever possible.—Trusting that it may be a favourable one, I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, E. MEYERSTEIN, Hon. Sec.

Under the circumstances we could not but accede to their request.

With this GAZETTE members will find a notice, and it is hoped that a good many will apply for tickets soon, that is if they want good seats, as we are rapidly filling up the hall.

The cast is a very good one, and, subject to correction, will be as follows :—

"WITHERED LEAVES."

SIR CONYERS CONYERS	A. E. Buckler.
TOM CONYERS	R. G. Francis.
ARTHUR MIDDLETON	A. Barker.
CECIL VANE	E. Wilkins.

"ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS."

GERALD GOODWIN	R. M. Gruggen.
MAJOR BLACKSHAW	E. T. Sachs.
SIR R. WATERS	Ashley Barrett.
CHARKER	A. E. Buckler.
JOE BARLOW	H. Naylor.
PENNYTHORNE	F. W. Morris.
PYEFINCH	A. F. White.
Mr. FLUKER	C. C. Fitch.
GIBBINS	— Henry.

Assisted by Misses Bristowe and Roache.

The L.B.C. O.S. will give a selection of music during the interval.

Evening dress is requested but not compulsory, and to save disappointment it is as well to state that no one except the actors will be allowed behind the scenes.

ALFRED BARKER, Hon. Sec.

BICYCLE UNION.

REPORT OF EXECUTIVE MEETINGS HELD AT THE OFFICES, 17, IRONMONGER LANE, UP TO 9TH JANUARY, 1883.

The Executive having been informed that it was proposed to bring in a Bill for Scotland which would have the effect of allowing each borough to frame its own bye-laws with reference to bicycles and tricycles, communicated with the authorities on the subject, and are glad to be able to report that, at a meeting of the Committee appointed to consider this Bill, the motion of the Provost of Dumfries for the insertion of a "general clause," founded on that recommended by the Union, was unanimously adopted. The Executive thereupon passed the following resolution :—

That the Executive of the Bicycle Union record with pleasure their thanks to the Provost of Dumfries for his valuable assistance in connection with recent proposed legislation in Scotland, having reference to bicycles and tricycles.

The Executive have under consideration the action of the Corporation of Liverpool, which is about to apply for further powers with reference to bicycles and tricycles.

Resolved :—

That J. Allan of Uppingham, and F. Wright of Oakham, having ridden for a money prize at the sports given by the Loyal Rutland Lodge of Oddfellows at Oakham on the 12th September, 1882, be and are hereby declared professionals.

From a return made by Mr. G. P. Coleman, the Official Handicapper for the Home Counties and the South, it appears that during the past year he has been called upon to frame 79 handicaps.

The Executive have been requested to take action against a 'bus driver for having wilfully run into a tricycle, but as the case appeared to be one of ordinary assault, not involving any disputed point of law, or with any special circumstances, the Executive felt they could not depart from their invariable practice and take up the case.

WM. PYE-ENGLISH, Hon. Sec.

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NOTICE.

Wanted, a Room for Committee Meetings. Any member knowing of a room in the City suitable for this purpose is requested to at once communicate with me. The rental offered is £5 per annum, and the room would be required on about fifteen evenings in the year.—E. S. PRICE, "Homelea," Greenhill, Hampstead.

LONDON BICYCLE CLUB DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

It has been decided, in addition to Byron's comedy of "One Hundred Thousand Pounds," to play the amusing comedietta entitled "Withered Leaves," which will precede the comedy and commence at 7.30 p.m. As the seats are rapidly filling, members desirous of securing good places are requested to apply as early as possible to R. M. Gruggen, Lynton Villa, Richmond, S.W. We would again call the attention of members to the unavoidable change in the date of the performance from Saturday, 17th, to the following Tuesday, 20th February.

A BANK HOLIDAY RIDE.

On August 5th three members of the L.B.C. met at Kingston station, J. W. Alison, C. Taylor, and A. H. Koch. It was nearly five o'clock before we left Kingston for Ripley. We found the "Anchor" full of Beanfeasters, so went on to Guildford and had tea at the B.T.C. house there. We left a little before eight, taking over the Hog's Back to Farnham. We lighted up just outside the town, so rode straight through to Alton, putting up at the "Swan." We met three members of the Wanderers B.C., and spent a very pleasant evening with them. The next morning was lovely, the sun shone brightly, the roads were perfect, and the wind behind. After breakfast we left for Fareham. The road the whole way from Alton down Filmer Hill, through West Meon, to Wickham, was far better than most racing paths, so good that it nearly equalled a billiard table for surface; from Wickham to Fareham it was more bumpy and hilly. At Fareham we halted at the "Red Lion;" after borrowing towels we went for a swim in the sea. A boat, such as it was, was obtained, and we rowed ourselves some little way so as not to bathe too much in public. All went well with us, except that the boat leaked a good deal, until the N.G. wanted to get back into the boat; his struggles were elephantine but fruitless, so Taylor and I had to haul him in by force; he arrived safely on board after some trouble, on the top of a wave that quite wetted our clothes and nearly swamped us; however, we soon dried in the wind and sun. On our safe arrival at our point of departure I asked the boat owner "How much?" to which he replied "Threepence." I paid, and we all retired. This is the cheapest boating excursion I ever had. It is as well to note we had the boat in use for an hour and a half. After lunch we all felt very sleepy, so did not resume our journey till four o'clock, when we went through Litchfield to Netley Abbey. We found the gate of the Abbey closed, so we climbed over and walked all through the grounds. The ruins are very grand and well worth a visit. There is no good distant view to be got of them, as they are completely hidden by trees. We crossed by the steam ferry to Southampton, but did not stop, as we wished to get to Winchester before dark if possible. We dismounted at St. Cross and walked through the grounds, but it was too late to see the inside of the church. Arriving at Winchester, we put up at the "White Swan." The landlady had taken something that was a little too strong for her nerves; she talked to us and at us nearly all the evening; so persistent was she that she followed us up stairs to bed and delivered each of us a lecture on sheets until we put her out of the room. She was still heard in the passage and no doubt continued it to her old man, so what time he got any sleep I cannot say. The next morning was fine but cloudy, so we started for Basingstoke. Close to Popham we met a lot of artillery marching down to Southampton. There were six guns and some baggage-waggons. Although the men had only come nine miles, they looked as if they had had quite enough of the dust. We were obliged to dismount to let them pass, but on resuming our journey we found they had quite spoiled the roads by hacking up the surface. After leaving Basingstoke we met another Battery close to the canal bridge; they had come from Aldershot that morning; they looked much better than the former lot. At Hook we were overtaken by a regular cad on castors; he wanted to join us, but we objected, the first remark he made being quite enough for us: "'Ot, ai'nt it?" We saw him with his head in a pewter pot at Hartley Row, so he troubled us no more. Just before reaching the latter place I had a grand pig hunt. They (two pigs) would not face the bicycle, in spite of two boys administering copious whacks, but turned and fled; so, seeing them go off, I went in chase, giving them a fine gallop of half a mile. I then left them exhausted at the side of the road. Taylor and Alison could not go the pace for laughing. Our halt for lunch was at the "White Hart," Blackwater, soon after which we parted company. Alison and Taylor went together to Chertsey, where they had tea; Alison then found the rim of his hind wheel was broken, but he managed to ride as far as Acton, where he left his machine, doing the rest of his journey by train. Taylor arrived safely at Kensington without adventure. After leaving the others in York Town I went on to Frimley, then over the Ridges past Henly Park to Worplesdon. The view from the Ridges was perfect and very extensive—all the Woking country was at your feet, with blue hills in the distance, and the heather being in full bloom added a still greater beauty to the scene. I can't say much for the road, as it is only a sand-track, but is just rideable. Anyone fond of pottering should try this part of the county of Surrey—it is well worth a visit. After leaving Worplesdon I made for Woking—then to Ripley. I went for a swim in the Way, returning to town early the next morning. Total distance about 170 miles.

A. H. KOCH.

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ANALYSIS OF HANDICAPS,

Framed by G. P. Coleman, L.B.C., Official Handicapper Bicycle Union, in 1882.

No.	Club or Place.	Entries.	Date, 1882.	Dist.	Time. Min.	Sec.	Winner. Yards.	Second. Yards.	Third. Yards.
1	Brighton	24	April 10	1	3	$1\frac{1}{5}$	110	100	40
2	Do.	21	" 10	3	9	53	Scratch	330	120
3	Oxford...	12	" 10	5	16	—	Scratch	40	70
4	Gravesend	16	" 10	1	3	$9\frac{2}{5}$	150	110	85
5	Do.	13	" 10	5	17	30	400	400	500
6	Taunton	33	" 10	1	2	$50\frac{3}{4}$	100	70	130
7	Do.	29	" 10	3	9	$4\frac{3}{4}$	350	400	200
8	Do.	20	" 10	5	15	28	490	330	Scratch
9	Surrey	64	" 22	1	3	$17\frac{2}{5}$	80	110	160
10	Richmond	19	" 29	3	19	$29\frac{3}{5}$	Scratch	180	320
11	Do.	16	" 29	1	4	$54\frac{3}{5}$	45	100	55
12	Do.	10	" 29	1	7	$19\frac{2}{5}$	40	40	60
13	University College	27	May 6	1	2	$48\frac{1}{5}$	80	95	100
14	Alexandra Palace	40	" 6	1	3	$20\frac{3}{5}$	130	100	40
15	Do.	19	" 6	3	10	$33\frac{1}{5}$	120	Scratch	300
16	Stanley	45	" 25	1	3	$26\frac{3}{5}$	80	90	90
17	Gravesend	22	" 29	1	2	$58\frac{2}{5}$	75	80	90
18	Do.	20	" 29	5	16	$16\frac{2}{5}$	420	400	320
19	Plymouth	26	" 29	1	3	$0\frac{1}{2}$	75	110	150
20	Do.	22	" 29	3	9	30	Scratch	180	325
21	Bournemouth	20	" 29	1	3	$3\frac{1}{5}$	90	55	90
22	Do.	18	" 29	3	9	55	150	260	Scratch
23	Do. Tricycle	9	" 29	1	3	$57\frac{1}{2}$	85	50	Scratch
24	Huntingdon	15	" 29	2	No time		50	55	100
25	Victoria Athletic Club	14	" 29	3	10	48	200	Scratch	250 / 270
26	Do.	10	" 29	5	17	27	360	Scratch	275
27	Civil Service Sports	19	June 3	1	2	$59\frac{4}{5}$	70	15	Scratch
28	West Kent	67	" 3	1	2	41	110	100	110
29	Wanderers	18	" 7	1	2	$41\frac{3}{5}$	Scratch	65	35
30	Private Banks	26	" 10	1	3	$33\frac{1}{5}$	10	Scratch	40
31	Temple	67	" 10	1	2	$56\frac{1}{5}$	65	Scratch	30
32	Stanley	36	" 10	1	3	15	Scratch	40	75
33	Sutton	47	" 17	1	2	$47\frac{3}{5}$	95	65	75
34	Reading	19	" 28	2	7	$26\frac{3}{5}$	Scratch	75	110
35	Beckenham Cricket Club ...	38	July 1	1	3	$9\frac{4}{5}$	120	Scratch	40
36	Belgrave	60	" 1	1	2	45	80	110	105
37	Stanley	28	" 5	1	3	$12\frac{1}{5}$	75	60	60
38	Eastcombe Park	28	" 8	1	3	35	125	160	150
39	Do.	23	" 8	3	12	40	280	390	390
40	Chichester	14	" 13	1	3	$6\frac{2}{5}$	140	170	25
41	Do.	11	" 13	3	10	55	85	350	65
42	Bicycle Union	55	" 22	1	2	$46\frac{2}{5}$	70	115	80
43	Eastbourne Bicycle Club ...	13	" 27	1	2	54	140	140	160
44	Do.	12	" 27	3	9	41	400	460	460
45	Wanderers	23	August 2	1	2	$45\frac{3}{5}$	60	80	110
46	Stanley	23	" 3	1	2	57	70	60	Scratch
47	Civil Service Supply Assoc. ...	7	" 7	5	16	$24\frac{2}{5}$	Scratch	200	300
48	Southend	17	" 7	1	3	18	70	100	90
49	Do.	12	" 7	3	9	47	240	Scratch	90
50	Freemantle...	20	" 7	1	3	23	40	100	80
51	Do.	17	" 7	3	10	54	160	260	190
52	Do. Tricycle...	6	" 7	1	4	51	Scratch	40	—
53	Essex Bicycle & Tricycle ...	28	" 7	1	3	$9\frac{4}{5}$	100	65	40
54	Do. do. ...	16	" 7	3	10	$3\frac{2}{5}$	140	Scratch	100
55	Do. do. ...	16	" 7	5	17	$25\frac{4}{5}$	420	160	170
56	Do. Tricycle	11	" 7	1	3	59	50	60	75
57	North Kent	15	" 7	1	3	$1\frac{4}{5}$	60	55	10
58	Taunton	23	" 7	1	2	49	120	120	50
59	Do.	17	" 7	3	9	1	225	200	125
60	Do.	14	" 7	5	15	16	120	380	500
61	Beckenham Bicycle Club ...	40	" 19	1	3	5	50	170	135
62	Ravensbourne	24	" 19	1	3	$56\frac{2}{5}$	110	130	Scratch
63	Newbury	28	" 22	2	7	3	150	50	120
64	Devonshire Park	17	" 23	2	6	$44\frac{4}{5}$	130	170	30
65	Do. Tricycle	13	" 23	1	4	$0\frac{4}{5}$	130	40	90
66	Winchester	19	" 23	1	3	$10\frac{3}{4}$	110	80	90 / 130
67	Do.	17	" 23	3	10	$23\frac{1}{4}$	200	275	Scratch
68	Dover	23	" 30	2	8	40	Scratch	120	20
69	Gresham Athletic Club	20	Sept. 9	1	2	54	Scratch	130	95
70	Surrey	49	" 9	1	3	10	55	40	55
71	Kildare	37	" 16	1	2	$54\frac{1}{5}$	65	60	140
72	Brighton	19	" 16	1	3	$0\frac{3}{5}$	35	60	40
73	Do.	9	" 16	1	3	$16\frac{4}{5}$	70	Scratch	130
74	Do.	9	" 16	1	3	$2\frac{3}{5}$	Scratch	50	70
75	Sayes Court Athletic Club ...	33	" 23	1	3	5	95	80	95
76	Bournemouth	11	" 28	1	2	59	140	85	50
77	Do. Tricycle	3	" 28	1	3	$52\frac{1}{5}$	120	150	—
78	East Essex Bicycle Club ...	17	Oct. 19	1	3	38	40	Scratch	150
79	Do. do.	7	" 19	3	No time		120	Scratch	—

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GENERAL SUMMARY.

Places.	Average start.	Scratch men.	25 yds. and under.	50 yds. and under.	75 yds. and under.	100 yds. and under.	125 yds. and under.	150 yds. and under.	200 yds. and under.	300 yds. and under.	400 yds. and under.	Over 400 yds.	Total.
First..	61	12	1	3	13	11	11	9	4	3	4	3	79
Second	64	11	1	9	13	13	7	4	9	3	3	1	79
Third.	64	7	3	11	10	15	7	8	5	5	4	3	78
Total.	63	30	5	28	36	39	25	21	18	11	16	7	236

THE MENTOR.

Plato has remarked, "Man is an imitative being;" and if, as one of the greatest thinkers of our age has maintained, we are the lineal descendants of the pre-historic ape, we need not be ashamed to find that we are endowed with his especial attribute. Thus it may well have happened that our bicycling career has owed its origin not so much to an actual inclination to move on wheels, as because we have been led or talked into it by some one who has assumed the role of our mentor. I am aware that this proposition is open to dispute; but there must be some who will remember sitting at the feet of a Gamaliel learned in bicycling lore. Our friend will have probably several years our senior, and his experience may have dated from the era when men's bones were shaken on wheels of hickory.

The first scene discloses the interior of an outhouse or shed, where the Mephistopheles of our drama is discovered cleaning the last of his two-wheeled favourites after an evening spin. A youth, *primâ intonâque juventâ*, represents Faust, and is seated a little distance off, on the edge of an old crate, watching the proceedings with apparent interest, and listening to the words of wisdom as they fall from his companion's lips during the intervals in his work. Probably the great man will expatiate on the beauty and particular excellence of each portion coming under his direct notice as the cleaning progresses. Then he will be led to air his opinions on the machines of different makers, and of course can arrive at but one conclusion—that not only is the maker of his machine the best, but that the machine itself is the finest specimen that maker has ever turned out. From the merits of the bicycle to those of its rider is an easy stage enough, and his listener's ears are next treated to a relation of the veteran's exploits on road and racing path. The glowing embers of emulation are fanned into a flame, and our youth, as he meditatively goes home that evening, has but one thought, and that is: "Why should not he ride a bicycle too?"

Of course the *governor* has to be got over, and of course the *mater* has something to say about the dangers of the sport. It is a noticeable fact that while a mother is the first to dissuade her sons from enterprise, she is also the first to share in the triumph when success is achieved. We will imagine that parental objection of either kind has been overcome, and the rudiments of the art mastered in the customary fashion on a friend's superannuated crock, then, after a consultation with the mentor of a length proportionate to the importance of the subject, the new machine is ordered. Our first machine is a landmark that even after lapse of time still stands out in bold relief. We do not easily forget the keen excitement with which we expected its arrival, and the impatience with which we regarded that inevitable delay. At length it *does* arrive, and as soon as unpacked it is wheeled round for inspection at *headquarters*. We all know the fearful significance of those three monosyllables, "Ah! yes; but——" when in breathless expectation we are exhibiting to a connoisseur something that is our especial pride; so in the present case there were points which the expert found, or pretended to find, not quite to his liking; but on the whole, perhaps, the verdict was favourable, and an appointment was made for a short ride together at an early date.

I do not propose to follow closely the relations between master and pupil as exemplified by the events that followed. We all are, or all ought to be—to put it negatively—not without some experience in the matter. We have learnt, or ought to have learnt, that to lean *ad libitum* over the handles going up hill has a tendency to contract the respiratory organs; and further, that it is not advisable on every hill to begin by throwing one's legs over the handles, and to end by throwing oneself into the hedge. The first orthodoxical principles were gradually instilled into the youth's mind with occasional illustrations suggested more or less forcibly by the road, its surface, and diversities. Then the mentor was an inventive genius in his way, and had countless remedies of his own concoction against the two primary evils of bicycling—thirst and soreness. Unlimited, too, were the items of his paraphernalia, all of the most scientific kind; and the fervid manner with which he would preach their efficacy was enough to ensure respect and carry conviction even to the most hardened heretic. The worst of it was, that as fashion changes so did these ideas; some held sway longer than others, but almost in every case his mind, fertile in inventions, compelled him to abandon his old *nostra* for fresh improvements. Do what we will, time ever changes our opinions: the more firmly they appear rooted in our inmost self the more readily are they changed. We often hear a friend laying down the law in dogmatical fashion something in this style. Just listen to him: "A painted machine!"—with disgust—"Paint's always coming off; why don't you have a plated one like

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mine?" A few months after, his song is "Nothing like a painted machine; haven't I always said so? I wouldn't have a plated one for anything;" and so on. These are the kind of difficulties our tyro had to encounter in more or less a degree, and it was only unbounded confidence in his chief that bore him safely among the pitfalls of apparent contradiction until at length he was able to throw aside the leading-strings, and perhaps in his turn set up as an authority.

So much for the subject from a comical point of view; and here I would pause to apologise to any who may feel their susceptibilities wounded by a caricature limned in outlines gross and imperfect. After all, the model whose eccentricities stand out most conspicuously is none other than the writer himself.

Though my joints are beginning to stiffen, and my limbs to lose their youthful elasticity, I well remember the time when my blood would quicken and my pulses beat at the very sight of a bicycle. What countless pleasant recollections does not the vision even now conjure up! And all these I owe to the friend who first persuaded me by example and precept to *take to the wheel*. The youth who has been inspired early in life by some one or other with notions bicyclical, will be likely in after years similarly to incite others to like action, and thus may hope to experience the double pleasure of being himself a credit to his instructor, and when he has retired from active service with his "honours thick upon him," of seeing reproduced in his pupil a bicycling spirit as ardent as his own. DODO.

ASHRIDGE PARK, ETC.

A joint meet of L.B.C. members and friends at Hemel Hempstead would have taken place on the 28th October, but owing to heavy rain it was postponed till the 4th November, when luckily the weather was fine. I started on my own account from Kensington, and arrived at Watford before dark. Stones in some places very thick, especially near the Harrow Road Station, mud awful everywhere. I lighted up in Watford and pushed on to Hemel Hempstead. About an hour after my arrival the rest came from Hampstead, including J. W. Alison of ours; the others consisted of one double "tri.," a single, and bicycles. Having housed the machines, we sat down, a merry party of ten, to tea. The next morning was fine, but a very strong wind blew from the north-west. Our route lay through Waterend, Nettleden, Gaddesden Green, to Ringshal. Here two of the party, who would get out of calling distance, took the wrong turning, and went to Dagnal. We did not see them again for some time. From Ringshal we went down the side of Beacon Hill, past Ivinghoe, to Albury, then up the hill into the park, and made for the Bridgewater column. Tegetmeier had written for an order to go up it, so we made the ascent. The two missing ones joined us here. The view from the top was very fine, but the tents were not so various as usual, owing to the wet and high winds. Having regained our machines, we rode through the park and past the house back to Hemel Hempstead for lunch. About four o'clock the party broke up, Alison, Green, T.B.C., and myself going home through Watford, Oxey Lanes, and Kenton Lanes. The latter were in splendid order. We had a heavy gale behind us as well. Alison left us at Kenton, so Green and I went on together down the Harrow Road, to Westbourne Park, where we parted company. At Willesden Junction the gale blew both my lamps out; I had great difficulty in re-lighting. I arrived in Kensington a trifle wet, as it had begun to rain; the other seven went home *viâ* St. Albans. This is the third year that we have carried out this run with great success, and we all hope to do it many times again. A. H. KOCH.

EXCHANGE LIST.

For Sale.—Bicycle, 52-inch, W. Keen's "Norwood;" all bright except spokes and felloes. Roller bearings to front wheel, cone to back, spoon brake. Price £9. To be seen after 7.0 p.m.—J. B. Young, Woodlea, Fairfield Road, Croydon.

ECHOES.

The Dramatic is on a fair way to success, but there are a few members who have yet forgotten to apply for tickets.

* * * * * *

The gallery is a good cheap place for small boys and members' brothers.

* * * * * *

W. A. Smith and A. B. W. Whatton were elected at the B.U. Council Meeting to serve on the Sub-Committee, suggested by the latter, to inquire into the possibility of the B.U. taking upon itself the regulation on professional racing and the management of a professional championship. The other members of the Sub-Committee are Messrs. Hillier and Sturmey, and it is probable that one or two professionals will be asked to serve with them.

* * * * * *

When members wish to express the utter incapacity of an ex-Editor they should be sure that he has vacated the Editorial chair. It was more convenient that this GAZETTE should be brought out by the 1882 Editor, and it was amusing to see the "Genial Maclean" and him chuckling over the complimentary letters that arrived for the latter's successor, rejoicing in the prospect of "a properly edited GAZETTE."

* * * * * *

"But I am *Scruttoneering*" said a jocular member at the General Meeting, when the Scrutineers objected to his expressing his opinion on the validity of a voting-paper.

* * * * * *

The N.E. have *only* supplied six officers besides their two Committeemen this season.

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H. H. Sherriff, after seven years' bicycling and hard touring, and never having met with an accident of any consequence, has lately broken his leg in his own house whilst *dancing*. It is the more strange, because, being fond of athletics in all branches, he has taken a vigorous share in its dangers, especially in bicycling, and never been hurt. However, six weeks will see him about again, and it is not unlikely that he will be quite fit to take part in the Bath Trial Race. RAMBLER.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

BICYCLING IN SWITZERLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 252, VOL. V.)

(*c.*) THE GEMMI (7550 feet); that is, to the top of the pass and back for the sake of the view, which is quite unique and undoubtedly one of the finest in Switzerland. It is, however, no use going except in settled weather. I have only to add to the usual information of the guide books, that somewhere about half way up there is a nice little lake (green this time, not blue) in a retired nook quite close to though unseen from the path, in which you can get a delicious bathe if you want one. About two and a quarter hours' climbing from Kandersteg brings you to some open pastures on your right, with châlets ("Spitalmatt"). Shortly after passing these you come to a long straight bit of raised pathway on the side of which you will observe a little white granite stone. It indicates, I believe, the boundary between the Canton Bern and the Canton Valais. At this point you will notice on your right a smooth green sward narrowing up between two banks of limestone rocks and firwood, and looking as if it had been sometime a lake. Follow this up, and at the head of the glade some four hundred yards distant from the path you will find the little lake. The water is so clear that you will be entirely deceived as to its depth. A header may be taken with perfect safety from a rock jutting out into the water on the left-hand side; that is, it could be taken three years ago, but I daresay the amount of water varies with the season. I have a special interest in this little lake, for to its discovery I practically owe my life and that of my Zermatt guide. We were staying at Kandersteg, and were making an expedition up Altels, the base of which you reach by the Gemmi path. As we were walking along the path a little below this point we noticed on our left the remains of an avalanche spanning the glacier stream beneath us and forming an apparently secure snow bridge across it. Without this bridge the stream was impassable, and a very considerable detour was necessary in order to reach our mountain on the other side of it; but we saw that by its aid we should be able to make a short cut down the mountain and effect a great saving of time in the descent. We determined accordingly that we would return to Kandersteg by this bridge. But as we were descending the long monotonous slope of Altels my eye was riveted by this little emerald lake as it caught the sun and sparkled like a jewel in the middle of the wood. The idea of a bathe was at that moment irrestible, and so I countermanded the proposed short cut, and we came down the same way as we had ascended, crossing the stream higher up and making direct for the lake. After the bathe we proceeded homewards down the path and came to the point from which we had observed the snow bridge. At the very moment we got there we heard a sudden crash; the bridge dropped into the stream and split into a hundred fragments, which were hurried away by the impetuous torrent to the precipices below. Such would have been our fate but for this little green lake!

As regards time, you must allow from four and a half to five hours for the ascent of the Gemmi, and half that time for the return to Kandersteg, *exclusive* of halts. The earlier you start the better, not only because you will have a shadier walk, but because your chance of getting the view is so much greater. You ought to be on your legs by five a.m. at the latest.

All this might be done in *two* days if you were in *very first-rate* condition, and make early starts. Thus, leaving Thun at 5.30, you would be at the Blue Lake by about eight and the Victoria about 10.30, allowing for all halts. The Œschinen See would take you till two, and after a lunch you would reach the "Bär" at three, and have time for the Gasteren Thal before dinner. Then leaving Kandersteg at dawn (say at 4.30) you would be back from the Gemmi somewhere about 2.30, allowing for all halts; and after a rest you would start back for Thun at 4.30 and reach it about seven. But this is a mixture of bicycling and mountaineering in somewhat strong doses, and the employment of two distinct sets of muscles makes the business fatiguing. We all know, for instance, how hard it is to *walk* even a mile or two after a day's *skating*, and I expect most riders will feel similarly disinclined for bicycling to Thun so soon after seven or eight hours of stiff walking on the Gemmi. The best plan, therefore, is to sleep two nights at Kandersteg, giving the Gemmi a day to itself. You can then take the Blue Lake and the Gasteren Thal on the first day, the Gemmi on the second, and the Œschinen See on your way back on the third. Early starts, however, are an advantage under all circumstances.

The Kandersteg breezes, as they rush down from the glaciers above, are not only fresh and bracing but gusty and tyrannical, and you must not be surprised at finding yourself occasionally brought up sharp, or even blown over as you ride up the valley. Perhaps this keen vigour of the air may account for the remarkable development of observation and memory in the inhabitants. As I was wheeling up the Buhl Stutz this year, a boy, anxious (like everyone else in the Canton Bern) to seize any opportunity of earning coin, came up, and offered to relieve me of the task. He, as it

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were, claimed acquaintance with me on the score of having once seen me riding by two years ago. There was, of course, nothing remarkable in this, but I confess I was rather astonished when, after a momentary glance at the bicycle, he remarked: "That is the same velocipede, sir, you had with you before, *only you have got a new brake on;*" which was exactly the case.

§ 10. *The Simmenthal.*

Height. Feet.	Distance. Miles.	
1850	—	Thun (Thunerhof).
1850	3½	Gwatt.
2060	7	Brothäusi.
2290	10	Latterbach.
2400	11½	Erlenbach.
2410	15½	Weissenburg.
2720	21	Boltigen.
2800	24½	Garstatt.
3125	27	Zweisimmen.
3265	30	St. Stephan.
3480	35½	Lenk.

Take right-hand fork quarter mile beyond Gwatt; the hill lasts for a short mile only, terminating soon after a bend to the right; still, if you are meditating the seventy-one miles in the day, it will be wise to walk it, unless surface and wind are favourable. Half a mile beyond Brothäusi (or Brodhusi) the road to Wimmis crosses the Simme by a bridge on your left; you follow the valley and river straight on, it will keep twisting round to the right at the back of the Stockhorn. A mile or so after passing this bridge road forks. The left one leads down to Diemtigen; yours, the right, leads on to Latterbach, a long straggling village on ups and downs of road; the last hill in it had better be walked. There is no possibility of your mistaking the road elsewhere. You have the Simme on your left, mostly close to you, the whole way to Garstatt, where you cross it to re-cross it again three quarters of a mile higher up. The hill between these two bridges will give you a convenient relief from the saddle. This, and the hill in Latterbach, are the only occasions for a dismount, and the whole return journey may be made without once quitting the saddle. At Zweisimmen you still follow up the main valley, bearing down slightly to your left for the purpose. Between St. Stephan and Lenk a *loop* leads up on your left to the village of Matten, you keep the lower or main road, avoiding the village. There is not a single stage of this route which is not worth a visit for its own sake, so varied and delightful is the scenery, but the crowning point of all is Lenk, at the head of it, with the magnificent glaciers of the Wildstrubel contrasting with the green pastures below. Between Weissenburg and Garstatt you have ten miles of narrow and precipitous gorge where there is only just room for road and river. Should you not have time or inclination to make the whole course, any portion of it will make an enjoyable ride. The famous baths and hotel of Weissenburg, situated in a narrow chasm some twenty minutes above the road, are well worth a visit *en route*. Bicycles must be left at the roadside inn below. As places for refreshment you have for choice Weissenburg (Baths), Zweisimmen, Boltigen, and Lenk, the hotels at the two former being superior to the others. Notice the beautiful chalets in Erlenbach.

GERARD F. COBB.

Thunerhof, Thun, July, 1882.

(*To be continued.*)

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

BICYCLE UNION,

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION.

SIR,—I am requested by the Executive of the Bicycle Union to make public through your columns the fact that they do not propose this year to call the usual meeting of racing men to recommend a candidate for the post of handicapper. They have come to this determination on the following grounds:—

1. The Council of the Union is now so thoroughly representative in the south that there can be very little difficulty in ascertaining the opinion of all prominent racing men through the delegates to the Council of the Clubs to which such racing men belong.

2. As Mr. G. P. Coleman, the present handicapper, offers himself for re-election, the necessity for ascertaining the opinion of racing men is not so great as if an entirely new man must be chosen.

3. The time and labour required to call such a meeting is so considerable that the Executive in the present overworked state of their officials do not feel themselves justified in incurring it without obvious necessity.

The Executive have carefully limited their determination to this year only so as not to create any precedent against ascertaining directly the opinion of racing men.

The Executive will be glad to receive any suggestions from racing men or others as to candidates for the post of handicapper or the duties of the office to guide them in their recommendations to the Council. Such suggestions should be addressed to myself at the Union Office as soon as possible.—I am, yours truly,

WM. PYE-ENGLISH, Hon. Sec.

17, Ironmonger Lane, E.C., Jan. 6, 1883.

BINDING, ETC.

Covers for binding Vol. V. are now ready, price 4s.; also Title-page and Index, gratis. Members who wish to keep their Gazettes clean during the year can obtain Cases, price 2s. Back Numbers are supplied at 1d. each. Application should be made for the above to the publishers.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

H. H. S.—We much regret to hear of your accident.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be received not later than Tuesday, the 27th Feb., at 5 p.m.

Printed for the Proprietors by DARLING & SON, at the Minerva Steam Printing Office, 35, Eastcheap, London, E.C.—February 8, 1883.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 3.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. MARCH 1, 1883.
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The next Gazette will be published on Thursday, 29th March. Copy should be sent in not later than Tuesday, the 27th.

SWAN-SONG AND CACKLE.

A catching title is a good thing; so also is an enigmatical one. We venture to say with more than usual editorial confidence that, of the large and intelligent circle of readers who have been led by the merits of preceding editors to await the coming of their GAZETTE with eagerness, the vast majority will put one common question, and form one common resolve, on seeing the phrase at the head of this column. With one voice they will ask, "What on earth does it mean?" With one will they will determine to read the article and find out.

The title has its merits. It is not, as may be conjectured at first, the name of a new and enterprising firm of makers unrepresented at the Stanley Show. No blandishments of eager agents have induced the incorruptible Maclean to advertise anybody's patent washing machines on the front page of this non-mercenary journal. The title—for the secret must out at last—is intended to express by what Mrs. Malaprop calls "a neat derangement of epitaphs" the melancholy fact that this number represents the first feeble cackle of the new-born Editor, and that the L.B.C. has heard, to our sorrow be it spoken, the last official utterance, perhaps, like the swan's, sweetest at death, of Mr. F. M. Williams.

Such a conjunction enables us in pulpit fashion to divide our subject into two heads—the work of 1882 and the prospects of 1883. The second head we defer till some future number, when we propose to give utterance to the Editorial views on spelling, punctuation, and things in general. The first part of our theme is amply sufficient for any of our readers to grapple with at a sitting. But while to write of the GAZETTE during the last year leads inevitably to the virtues of its Editor, we are under considerable difficulties in dealing with the subject satisfactorily. West Drayton is a little too far from the wilds of Essex for a midnight journey to serenade the sleeper with "Oh, teach me how to praise thee, Fred!" Every method of writing suggests dangers. To say the post is difficult savours of conceit in the new Editor who has been chosen to fill it; that it is easy suggests lack of appreciation of the time and trouble the old Editor has bestowed on the work. To be enthusiastic about the merits of a man who combines great modesty with a very violent disposition, as Mr. Williams does, is to expose oneself to considerable danger of assault and battery; to be lukewarm in the praises of one so popular in the Club is to court dismissal, after brief but disgraceful tenure of office, by a Special General Meeting called by unanimous requisition of our members. Shall we adopt the tone of the *Saturday Review*, and say, "that in all fairness to the retiring Editor, while we have no wish to overlook or extenuate his undoubtedly grave errors, we must candidly confess that he has not been such a complete failure as was expected when he somehow got himself elected to the office." Or shall we take the pen of the

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Daily Telegraph and remark, after an exordium lightly touching upon Lesbia's sparrow, the Hounslow inquest, the Tower of Babel, and the Rucker tricycle, that "the fertilising power and civilising influence of the Editor's work rarely meets with its appropriate reward. Like the Man in the Iron Mask, or the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, his might is great, his name and features unknown. But when the identity of a wielder of leaders and shaper of paragraphs emerges from the fuliginous mist that closely and murkily enshrouds the editorial sanctum, meet it is that all honour be given him for his glorious work. And we doubt if ever, since Homer edited the chronicles of the Trojan conflict, since Dr. Watts bestowed his selective revision on that collection of sacred songs so entwined with the greatness of our Imperial England, down to the days of the pithy and powerful work of the pilot of our interesting contemporary, 'Dirty Cottonaceous Filaments, a Seminal Radiator of Caloric Intensity,'—if ever, during these aeons, such masterful skill of writing, such learned profundity of quotation, such unerring tact of selection, or generally such ineffable power of evolution, have ever been so transcendentally combined as in the person of the retiring Editor of this GAZETTE."

Seriously, however, we can say of Mr. Williams what he himself would wish to be said of him, but what to those who know him needs no saying, that "he did his duty in that station of life to which it pleased the L.B.C. to call him." It will be a bad thing for our Club if it ever becomes a mere Mutual Admiration Society, but it would be still more unfortunate if the hard work of any member in the service of the Club for a series of years were allowed to pass without a word of recognition in the columns of the Club GAZETTE. And thus we feel that we are only expressing in plain and simple words what every one of our members can say with the greatest sincerity, that the hearty thanks of the Club are due and are given to Frederick Monier Williams for his work for the L.B.C., and especially for the time and trouble he has bestowed on this GAZETTE during the past year.

COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee held on Monday, 12th February, the following gentlemen were elected members of the Club:—

Name and Address.	Proposer.	Seconder.
Walter Chas. Oswald, Duppas Hill, Croydon.....	J. C. Oswald.	H. G. A. Brown.
Harold C. Pigott, Elmside, The Avenue, Mill Hill Park, W.	W. A. Smith.	M. D. Rucker, Jun.
Francis Buchanan Smith, Woodlands, Sevenoaks.....	H. G. Morgan.	H. G. A. Brown.
John Russell Walter, Ford House, Wellington, Somerset	M. H. Jephson.	W. F. M. Buckley.
Reginald Cooper Willis, Ampfield House, Shooter's Hill Road, Blackheath	S. P. Smith.	F. C. Marten.

The resignations of Messrs. Norman Carr, H. T. Crosby, J. Franklin, G. B. Hill, R. Jacks, and F. H. Townend were accepted.

The resignation of Mr. D. T. Nops was accepted with regret.

Mr. S. P. Smith was elected to the Committee.

It was decided not to send a delegate to the meeting convened by the Finchley Tricycle Club for the purpose of discussing the advisability of road races, and admission to the public parks, etc.

The following gentlemen were appointed as a Race Committee for the present year:—Messrs. Beck, H. G. A. Brown, G. P. Coleman, Theo. Godlee, S. P. Smith, and O. Thorn, with Captain and Hon. Sec. *ex officio*.

On the motion of Mr. F. M. Williams it was resolved—"That every encouragement be given to tricyclists to join our Club, and that a Sub-Committee be appointed to consider the necessary alterations in Rules, and what form the encouragement shall take, especially whether the holding of a Road Trial for tricyclists is desirable." Messrs. Theo. Godlee, R. G. Francis, W. E. Naylor, A. L. Radford, W. A. Smith, and F. M. Williams were appointed for this purpose.

It was decided that the meeting with the O.U.Bi.C. and C.U.Bi.C. be held at Dunstable this year, provided it is convenient to the two University Clubs.

The opening run of the season was fixed for 17th March.

It was also decided that a Smoking Concert be held in March. Messrs. A. Lloyd, S. P. Smith, and O. Thorn were appointed a Sub-Committee for that purpose.

TRICYCLING.—IMPORTANT.

It will be in the recollection of members that at the Annual General Meeting a resolution in the following terms was agreed to as an amendment to W. A. Smith's proposition on the subject, viz.:—

"That the question of a Tricycle Road Trial, together with the general question of the position of tricyclists in the Club, and of any changes in Club organisation necessary to meet the growth of tricycling, be referred to the Committee to report on to a Special General Meeting to be held within three months from now, or as soon after as possible."

Acting on this resolution, the Committee has delegated to a Sub-Committee the consideration of the best form of encouragement to be given to tricyclists, with a view to inducing them to join our ranks; and further, what alterations, if any, would be necessary in our rules to carry out any such change, and also the desirability of holding a Tricyclists' Road Trial.

The Sub-Committee feel that they could not usefully make any recommendation or report without having before them the views of those members who have carefully considered this question, and of those who more especially favour the three-wheeler.

The time limited for the General Meeting is, however, very short, and I shall therefore be much obliged if any

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members belonging to either of the above classes will *at once* forward me their views on the general subject, that is to say, what form of encouragement, if any, should be offered, and whether a Road Trial should be organised.

ASHLEY BARRETT, Captain.

EASTER RUN FROM BATH.

I shall be glad to meet a large party of our men at the "White Lion," Bath, on Sunday, March 25th, for the annual run up to town next day.

ASHLEY BARRETT, Captain.

N.E. DISTRICT.

I hope that members of the "Little District" will do their best to turn out on the 17th March. The run is short and easy, and the destination comfortable; besides, we must try to make our average attendance at meets nearly as large as our average at Committees, if we can.

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

N.W. DISTRICT.

I shall be very much obliged if members will make *an effort* to attend the first run of the season to Shenley. The run is not a long one, and we shall get back by nine o'clock.

PALMER DALTON, District Captain.

S.E. DISTRICT.

For those energetic spirits who are anxious to rub off the rust of the past wet months, there will be two preliminary runs, starting from Croydon Central Station at 4.15, viz.: March 3rd—Downe; March 10th—Bletchingley. The less enthusiastic are respectfully requested to reserve their energies for the opening run to Orpington on March 17th, when members will have an opportunity of showing whether or no the District has fallen off from the good form it has displayed at the opening meets of previous years. Stephen P. Smith has again kindly consented to take charge of the Blackheath Division, and I think we may regard that as something more than a good omen for the ensuing season.

The opening run will be to Orpington, as announced elsewhere, the two divisions joining company at five o'clock on Farnborough Common.

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

S.W. DISTRICT.

Members of this District will please note that the opening run will be on the 17th March next, when we ride to Sunbury to meet the West. As the distance is short and the proposed route a very pleasant one, I hope that all members will make a preliminary effort to be present, in spite of wind or weather, and consequently that we shall secure a good representative gathering. No member who is going in for the Bath Trial should neglect to attend any of our Meets previous to that date if he looks for success upon that occasion. The Circular Run proposed for Saturday the 31st March is an exceptionally attractive one, and if the day be fine a large muster is expected. The route will be by Surbiton lanes, Long Ditton Church, Claygate, Ockshott, and Stoke D'Abernon to Cobham, where we tea at the "Red Lion."

R. M. GRUGGEN, District Captain.

DISTRICT MEETING.

At a meeting of members of the Western District, held at Dr. Langmore's house on Thursday, the 22nd ultimo, Mr. H. C. Pigott was unanimously elected District Captain *vice* D. T. Nops, resigned.

SMOKING CONCERT.

Members have already received notice of the above entertainment, which will take place at the "City Arms," St. Mary Axe, on Thursday, March 15th, at 7.0. p.m.

A first-class programme is being arranged, including glees, solos, and instrumental pieces by the most musically efficient members of the Club, as well as one or more recitations, and a novel feature in the shape of a conjuring performance by a member well-known in athletic circles for his skill in that line.

The price of the tickets is 1s. each. The number will be limited to 200, and early application should be made to O. Thorn, 11, Ladbroke Square, W., or A. Lloyd, The Winns, Walthamstow.

Members willing to take part in the programme are requested to write to Stephen P. Smith, 9, Morden Road, Blackheath, S.E.

Mr. Dutton, who accompanied and sang at the Dinner, will again help on this occasion.

DECLARATION

Whereas the undersigned have after due consideration been appointed Editors of this GAZETTE by a General Meeting of great collective wisdom as shown by such appointment

And whereas the undersigned although feeling themselves to be individuals of great intellectual and literary ability do not feel capable of supplying the GAZETTE for the year out of their joint and several heads Now these presents are to witness that we do call upon all our loving contributors and fellow members and especially upon W. R. Sewell R. G. Francis Theo. Godlee and Ashley Barrett their heirs executors administrators and assigns to furnish us forthwith with as much good and valuable matter as we may at any time happen to want And further to send us forthwith all information of whatever size shape or

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quality soever which they or any of them may meet with anywhere for use in this our said GAZETTE

And whereas sundry of our American cousins and papers follow the good and praiseworthy custom of keeping a fighting man on their staff to settle any little differences which may arise by reason of matter inserted in their said papers Now this is to give notice that I T. E. Scrutton do hereby undertake and am duly prepared to do all the fighting for this paper and accept all responsibility for anything not being quotations in a foreign language which may appear in the said paper and I Arthur Lloyd do hereby disclaim all responsibility for any of the contents of this paper and assign any share I may ever have had in the said responsibility to the said T. E. Scrutton and I do hereby absolutely refuse to do any fighting And we hereby give notice that all literary matter of any sort Club notices letters are to be sent to me the said Lloyd and I the said Scrutton do absolutely refuse to receive any of the said matters and propose to instantly resign if any of the said matters are forced upon me

Given in our Den at 35 Eastcheap E.C. in the City of London the first day of March 1883

T. E. SCRUTTON
A. LLOYD

L.B.C. DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

President: Theo. Godlee. *Committee:* Ashley Barrett, A. E. Buckler, C. C. Fitch, Frank Jolly, M. D. Rucker, Jun., E. T. Sachs, T. E. Scrutton, and F. M. Williams. *Stage Manager:* F. W. Morris. *Acting Manager:* R. M. Gruggen. *Honorary Secretary:* Alfred Barker.

The second performance of the above Society was held at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Tuesday, February 20th, when H. J. Byron's Comedy, "One Hundred Thousand Pounds," preceded by the Comedietta, "Withered Leaves," by F. W. Broughton, was represented before "a large and fashionable audience." The efforts of the members of the Society were much assisted by the charming and graceful acting of Miss Ivan Bristow and Miss Lucy Roche, the former especially winning all hearts; while, as Mrs. Barlow in the comedy, Mrs. Hodgkinson was much applauded for her natural and humorous impersonation of the character.

We append the casts in the two pieces performed, and some account of the evening's entertainment:—

"ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS."
By H. J. Byron.

GERALD GOODWIN	R. M. GRUGGEN.
MAJOR BLACKSHAW	E. T. SACHS.
SIR RUMSEY WATERS	ASHLEY BARRETT.
CHARKER	A. E. BUCKLER.
JOE BARLOW	H. S. NAYLOR.
PENNYTHORNE	FRED. W. MORRIS.
PYEFINCH	A. J. WHITE.
MR. FLUKER	C. C. FITCH.
GIBBONS	ALFRED HENRY.
ALICE BARLOW	MISS IVAN BRISTOW.
MRS. BARLOW	MRS. HODGKINSON.

ACT I.—Scene: Parlour behind Joe Barlow's shop.
ACT II.—Scene: A room in the house of Gerald Goodwin.
ACT III.—Scene: Same as Act I.
Time—The present.

"WITHERED LEAVES,"
By F. W. Broughton.

SIR CONYERS CONYERS	A. E. BUCKLER.
TOM CONYERS	R. G. FRANCIS.
ARTHUR MIDDLETON	A. BARKER.
CECIL VANE	E. H. WILKINS.
LADY CONYERS	MISS LUCY ROCHE.
MAY RIVERS	MISS IVAN BRISTOW.

The L.B.C. Orchestral Society kindly tendered their services, and performed the following selection of music during the evening:—

OVERTURE	"La Diademe"	*Hermann.*
VALSE	"Myosotis"	*Lowthian.*
ENTR'ACTE	"Dance de Mandolines" (For Strings only.)	*Burnett.*
LANCERS	"Rip Van Winkle"	*Planquette.*
DANSE	"Romaneska"	*Muscat.*

Conductor—FRANK JOLLY.

Shortly after 7.30 the curtain rose for the performance of "Withered Leaves," disclosing a pretty glen with a stream flowing at the back, crossed by a rustic bridge. Tom Conyers (R. G. Francis), having some years back had a misunderstanding with his father, Sir Conyers Conyers (A. E. Buckler), a white-headed Anglo-Indian of about sixty, has left his father's house, and at the time that our play depicts he arrives at the glen in company with his bosom friend, Arthur Middleton (A. Barker), who has before visited the neighbourhood, and on that occasion fallen in love with May Rivers (Miss Ivan Bristow). May, ignorant of Arthur's sentiments towards her, is engaged to Cecil Vane (E. H. Wilkins), who later on appears in his true character as the villain of the piece, who, whilst professing to be a bachelor, has in reality been married to Arthur's sister, and being disappointed in his hopes of acquiring with her a fortune, has broken her heart by coldness and neglect.

During his estrangement from his son, Sir Conyers has married a young wife, and whilst on his honeymoon with the new Lady Conyers (Miss Lucy Roche) visits the glen. The conjugal affection of the baronet and his lady, and the flirtations of Tom and his undiscovered step-mother, afford considerable amusement, which is intensified when Sir Conyers surprises Tom and Lady Conyers in a very compromising situation. Whilst Sir Conyers and his unrevealed son are settling their differences, an unexpected meeting between Arthur and Vane discovers to May the villainy of her lover. He is dismissed from her presence with scathing contempt, and Arthur, taking this opportunity to unbosom his long-concealed love, takes his rival's place in her affections.

Sir Conyers, irritated at the flippancy with which Tom receives his requests for an explanation, is about to thrash his unknown offspring, when Lady Conyers makes known the relationship existing between them, and with the

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reconciliation between father and son, and the approaching nuptials of Arthur and May, all ends most favourably.

After some admirable music from the Orchestral Society, including the "Iolanthe" Quadrilles, the curtain rises on the back room of Joe Barlow's (H. S. Naylor) grocer's shop in the Borough for the first act of "One Hundred Thousand Pounds."

Here Gerald Goodwin (R. M. Gruggen), having quarrelled with his uncle in Australia, Mr. Desborough (who has married again), at the commencement of our play is lodging. Gerald, whose shabby attire betokens the extent of the reduction of his finances during his vain seekings for employment, arrives on the scene just as Mrs. Barlow (Mrs. Hodgkinson) is trying to persuade Joe to get rid of their impecunious lodger before he gets into their debt.

Emboldened by the admission of Alice (Miss Ivan Bristow), Joe Barlow's niece, that she returns his love, Gerald forgets his desperate circumstances, offers himself, and is accepted.

Whilst the lovers are discussing ways and means with Uncle Joe, we are introduced to Pennythorne (F. W. Morris), a vulgar livery stable keeper, and a would-be suitor of Alice. Not being aware of her engagement with Goodwin, he importunes her for an answer to his suit, and is firmly but politely repulsed.

Mr. Fluker (C. C. Fitch), Uncle Desborough's lawyer, enters in quest of Goodwin, and mistaking Pennythorne for the hero, informs him of the death of his uncle, and his succession to the hundred thousand pounds. The joy of the livery stable keeper at this intelligence is more easily imagined than described, but his raptures are brought to an abrupt termination by the arrival of Gerald, and the consequent correction of Fluker's mistake.

Act II. commences with some amusing passages beween Pyefinch, the valet of Gerald (who is now the fine gentleman), and our friend Pennythorne, followed by the arrival of Alice, who has prevailed upon her uncle to bring her to view the surroundings of the man who professed to love her. Surprised by the unexpected return of Gerald, accompanied by Major Blackshaw (E. T. Sachs), she seeks refuge in an adjoining room. The Major, an astute company-monger and thorough man of the world, rallies Gerald upon his dejected appearance, and in the course of conversation elicits from him the confession of his affection for Alice, and the baseness of his neglect of her since he has come into his wealth. The Major sneers at the idea of his marrying at all, much less with a girl of such lowly position, and suggests, as he still loves Alice and matrimony is out of the question, an obvious course is open to him. Gerald, enraged at the libertine counsels of his friend, seizes him by the throat and demands a retraction of the objectionable words, and Alice, alarmed at the struggle, rushes from her hiding-place. The arrival of Joe in quest of his niece and the announcement of Sir Rumsey Waters (Ashley Barrett) and Charker (A. E. Buckler) further complicate the situation. Alice is led away by her uncle more dead than alive, and the self-invited guests endeavour to infuse a little life into their crushed host. Their efforts are aided by the entry of Fluker with the news of arrival of the mail which is to confirm Gerald's inheritance of the £100,000, but he is almost immediately followed by Pennythorne, who relates in breathless eagerness that Mr. Desborough, instead of being dead, has himself arrived. This intelligence creates great sensation amongst the guests, who bitterly reproach Gerald with the remembrance of the sums that they have advanced him, and of which they now see small chance of repayment. The denunciations of his quondam friends are put a stop to by the re-entry of Alice, who has heard the news, and her devotion in offering her fortune to retrieve his position throws into darker relief the selfishness of Gerald's false friends.

Act III. finds Joe and his wife in sad distress; for owing to the failure of speculations in some of Blackshaw's swindling companies they find themselves ruined. Joe, believing that Pennythorne is sincere in the avowal of his disinterested affection for Alice, persuades her to marry him, thinking that as Pennythorne is reported to be wealthy he will assist the family in tiding over their difficulties. Pennythorne, who is himself in the same straits, accepts Joe's advances with glee, thinking that Alice's fortune will put him on his legs again; and hastens off to get the licence, returning to find the bailiffs in possession and the family plunged in grief. He now learns that Alice's money has also been lost in the general wreck, and whilst he is denouncing the whole family as impostors he is himself arrested for debt by the sheriff's officer, Gibbons (A. Henry), to the great surprise of the Barlows. Whilst Joe is out endeavouring to procure assistance, Fluker introduces Blackshaw, who is hiding from his creditors and is disguised as a French count, to Mrs. Barlow as a proposed lodger.

The end is now at hand, for the arrival of a letter from Uncle Desborough, informing Gerald that Charker, who all along has benefited by the schemes of his dupe Blackshaw, has eloped with Mrs. Desborough, also holds out the wish of a reconciliation with his nephew.

The further news that Charker is captured, and that he absolves Blackshaw from all complicity in his frauds, paves the way to a generally happy ending; Gerald, restored to the favour of his uncle, pays Barlow's debts, and the curtain falls with the promise of the speedy union of Alice and Gerald, the happiness of the virtuous, and the usual discomfiture of the wicked.

We have not yet heard what the financial result of the evening may be, but judging from the crowded state of all parts of the house it should be very satisfactory. The Society are to be congratulated on a very successful evening, and we trust that their subsequent performances (may they be many, and may we be there to see all of them) may all reach the high standard they have set up for themselves by the first and second performances at St. George's Hall.

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NOTES FROM THE GALLERY.

BY A CANDID FRIEND.

I was the fortunate possessor, by purchase and not by gift, of a gallery ticket for St. George's Hall on the memorable 20th of February; and so, Mr. Editor, I claim the usual privilege of an Englishman to grumble at anything and everything, more especially as in secret I may confess that I spent a very enjoyable evening.

All the same, Sir, I don't consider "Withered Leaves" a success. I think the "withering" had gone a stage too far, and I am sorry it went on to a stage so near me. I don't know who was responsible for the choice of the play, and I do know how difficult it is to choose a good opening piece, but still the one chosen struck me as a poor play in itself, and especially unsuited to an amateur company owing to its long dialogues, enlivened by very little incident.

Then, Sir, I could hardly hear anything at first till the actors got used to the hall. Francis and Barker looked very nice, but I don't know what they were taking about—I certainly did hear the prompter once or twice. I thought, however, the whole cast, especially Francis and Buckler, did their best to enliven a very ungrateful piece, and Wilkins made the most of a difficult part.

I thought we were going to have some fun once, when there seemed every prospect of a fight between Barker and Wilkins; but that dash which the S.E. knows so well seemed to have been left in the S.E. for the night.

Now, Sir, my grumbling is over. The piece of the evening struck me as more of a success even than "Cyril's Success." It went admirably throughout, the first act especially so, and the care taken in rehearsals was fully rewarded.

The L.B.C. is indeed fortunate in possessing four such actors as Morris, Fitch, Naylor and Sachs. Of course, I am nothing if not critical, and the first two of those gentlemen will pardon my humbly suggesting a possible danger of over-acting on their part. Each of them struck me as a shade too noisy: I don't think Pennythorne was meant to be quite so vulgar, or Mr. Fluker to be quite so much of a windmill; having said which, I have nothing but praise for them. Their admirable playing together in the first act, notably the very effective entrance of Mr. Fluker and Pennythorne's outburst of joy on hearing of his supposed windfall were very fine pieces of acting, and their scenes with the Count Grawbowski (?) in the last act were highly amusing.

Naylor's impersonation of Mr. Barlow struck me as the feature of the piece; characteristic without being overdone, and with the most made of a very expressive face. His quiet retort on Mrs. Barlow—"If my hair is rough, at least it's my own," was most effective. A. F. White as the footman was also good, and Henry's make up as the bailiff brought down the house. One of the best pieces of acting in the play was Sach's rendering of Major Blackshaw, under difficulties. Gerald Goodwin nearly knocked him off his chair by an unexpected and dashing flank attack; and then—that cigarette!—I do hear tales about that cigarette, but of course I'd cut my tongue out sooner than divulge them.

As to Gerald Goodwin himself, I confess I can't imagine his being very attractive at any time; but I think Gruggen made him as attractive as possible, even at a sacrifice of dramatic effect.

A young lady near me was longing for the entrance of the interesting hero in rags and tatters in the first act, but was much disappointed when R. M. G. appeared, certainly looking as if he hadn't had anything to eat for a fortnight, but otherwise scrupulously well dressed. However, we waited with impatience to behold him as the "complete masher" in the second act; but even those scenes of reckless revelry, and unlimited zoedone with the labels carefully turned away from the audience did not rouse Gerald much until he went at Blackshaw with a vigour which would have done credit to the gamest bantam cock.

However, this is the groundless jealousy of the male mind, for I am sure the feminine half of the audience were Goodwinites to a——woman; and, indeed, one confessed to me that she thought Mr. Gruggen looked "very interesting."

Finally, I think that the Committee, the Society, the actors, and the Club are very much to be congratulated on their efforts. A very successful evening was certainly the result, and the ringing applause of the crowded house was a fit termination to the second performance of the L.B.C. Dramatic Society.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
March 17.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for CHIGWELL. ("King's Head.")	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45, & Tally Ho! Corner 4.30, for SHENLEY.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 4.0, for SUNBURY. ("The Magpie.") Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for SUNBURY. ("The Magpie.") Meet W.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for ORPINGTON. Meet Blackheath Div.	4.15, Old Lewisham Church for ORPINGTON. Meet Croydon Div.
March 31.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for		Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 4.0, for HARROW. ("King's Arms.")	Kingston Station, 4.15, for CIRCULAR RUN. Tea at CHOBHAM.	4.30, Croydon Central Station, or GODSTONE. Meet Blackheath Div.	3.45, Old Lewisham Church for GODSTONE. Meet Croydon Div.

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OUR FRANCO-SWISS TOUR OF 1882.

It has long been the opinion of those best qualified to give advice on the subject, "that if you have a story to tell, the most approved method is to begin at the beginning." In our case we find considerable difficulty in following this time-honoured usage, inasmuch as our expedition can hardly be said to have had a definite commencement, our start bearing more resemblance to a cunningly contrived handicap than anything else. Langmore, the limit man, having time at his disposal, set out a couple of days ahead of us, intending to proceed by easy stages until we overtook him; whilst on the other hand Buckler left town a day later than the main body. Whilst the last-named is hastening on his way to form a junction with the early starters, we will give a short account of the construction and aims of our expedition.

Our party consisted of the convenient number of four, viz., Dr. Langmore, N. B. Morris, W. J. Williams, and A. E. Buckler (the three last being survivors of the Pyrenean five of 1879). Morris, who had been over the ground before, fulfilled the duties of captain and guide, and also kept the bag. Our intention was to devote a week to the ride across France, from Dieppe to Neuchâtel, in which time we hoped, by the aid of a judicious piece of training through some of the least interesting country, to reach our Swiss cruising ground; the following fortnight to be devoted to a round through Western and Northern Switzerland, finishing with the Oberland.

While dealing with these introductory remarks, it may be as well to say that we took our cycles to Switzerland not with a view of doing any great distances or other feats worth recording as bicycling, but solely for the purpose of enabling us to get about from place to place; just as, without their assistance, we should have made use of diligences and hired carriages for the transport of ourselves and baggage.

A few words on the weather and the roads, and we shall be ready to start on our travels. It was our fate not only to follow the disastrous weather so prevalent on the Continent during the autumn, but also to have a large share of it for a travelling companion, so that in common fairness we must say that our experience of the roads was an exceptional one. Leaving out the almost perfect roads of Normandy, we rode mostly over wet and greasy limestone, worthy of Derbyshire. Sometimes we got a piece of dry riding, but generally the surface was so completely removed by the heavy rains, that after a few miles of what our medico pithily, if not politely, described as "blisters and blasphemy," we wished ourselves back again at the less painful mud-ploughing.

Morris and Williams left London on the night of the 15th September, and after a calm and uneventful passage landed at Dieppe the following morning. The route to Rouen has been travelled by too many members of the L.B.C. to make any description here needful. Pouring rain and heavy roads were our first experiences, a fitting introduction, as it afterwards proved. Nearing Rouen the steam trams are a great nuisance. At their passing places they take up nearly all the road, and threaten to Juggernaut the cyclist as they swing rapidly round the severe curves. The bleating of the penny trumpets, used instead of whistles, is rather comical. Distance to Rouen, 37 miles.

Here we tried the B.T.C. hotel—"Hotel de Commerce," but did not find it a first-class house. We were pleased to find a note from our truant doctor. "It is very nice to have a medical man with your party," said our friends at home—"So useful in case of accidents." So we thought when we found that the doctor was two days ahead and steadily ploughing along. The following day (Sunday) was pleasantly spent in a visit to the Cathedral, the fine church of St. Ouen, and the many places of interest in this city so closely connected with the annals of our own country.

Monday morning saw the three of us (for Buckler had joined company the preceding day) on our way in fair time. Everything was charming—bright sunshine and fine country, resembling in its wooded coombes Dorset or Devonshire, whilst every now and then, as our route followed the ever-winding Seine, we were reminded of some of the happiest pieces of Thames scenery.

Near the hundredth kilo stone from Paris there is a nasty piece of bad *pavé* over a bridge at the bottom of a steep hill; but thanks to information received from L., we were on the look out. We were not so lucky with a wretched gully half-way down another hill, for forgetting our warning until too late, we had an anxious half second, but fortunately escaped with a severe shaking. After this little excitement we kept a bright look out, and avoided like pitfalls in future. Dejeuner at Gaillon (26½) good.

The afternoon turning out badly—rain with tropical fury for a time followed by a steady downpour—we were not sorry to reach Mantes (49—"Hotel Cheval Blanc.") We now reaped the advantages of our comprehensive wardrobes, for all carried plenty of baggage (about 15 lbs. apiece). The extra weight is no doubt a drawback, but we think the luxury of a complete change, including trousers, slippers, and a tweed hat for the sun or for use when not riding, amply repays the additional labour in transport.

The next morning, affairs not looking particularly pleasing, we trained into Paris, and out again the other side as far as Melun, to avoid our *bête noir* the *pavé*. Just as we were starting after lunch, ("Hotel St. Nicolas"), down came the rain again; we seemed in good quarters, and there was no need to hurry. It ended in our staying. For some time we were quite contented with our lot, and contrived to make ourselves very comfortable. The dinner deserves a special mention; it was a masterpiece, even in this land of *cordons bleus*. The company were all townspeople, and interested

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us as much as our presence did them. Better hands at the trenches we never saw, and though we tried hard to uphold the honour of our country, only succeeded in making ourselves uncomfortable.

Melun is celebrated as the earthly resting place of those French kings whose reputation was not sweet enough to admit of their interment at St. Denis. It is also renowned for its b—flats, alas! unburied during our stay. But we are anticipating. The three of us were housed for the night in a rough tiled room over the kitchen. Lights were extinguished, and we tried to sleep, but sundry irritations prevented that wished-for result. Suddenly the *Capitaine* jumped out of bed, exclaiming "I can't stand this any longer!" and struck a light. A cry of horror ensued, which brought the N.W. official to his aid. A scene was disclosed which caused language "——." The invading army was establishing itself in force, swarming over the pillow in skirmishing order. The S.W. D.C. brought up the Gatling gun and discharged a heavy fire of Keating, which rather disconcerted the hungry *punaises*, who scuttled off as fast as possible. Although worsted for the moment, they held the position too strongly to be dislodged, and "M. le Capitaine" was forced to find other quarters in one of the adjacent beds.

The next morning an early start was made to make up for lost time, but our enemy the rain gave us no peace, and by the time we reached Montereau (20) we were pretty wet. A halt to admit of the weather clearing formed an excuse for *dejeuner*, but matters became worse instead of better, and the afternoon turned out the proverbial "cats and dogs." This was an opportunity not to be missed. We now knew we must avail ourselves considerably of the railway if we were to reach Switzerland by the end of the week, even if the weather improved. So we put on dry things, made for the station, booked straight away for Dijon, and, snugly ensconced in a comfortable carriage, smiled beamingly as the rain beat against the windows. Dijon, "Hotel de Bourgogne," good.

As we were now ahead of our programme, there was no need to hurry off the next morning. Starting, we ran to Dôle (30 miles), and spent the rest of the day exploring that town ("Hotel de Genève," rather expensive). Weather still unsettled and rainy. Friday morning was pouring wet. We waited some time for it to clear, and then gave up hope and started. Presently it gave over for awhile, but the improvement was only temporary, and before long it was coming down with its usual monotony. Near Mouchard we had a fine pig hunt. The victim was just such a specimen as one sees at Islington shortly before Christmas. He ran well and straight, keeping up his spurt until he arrived at his own farmyard (about a mile), and never was piggy more thankful to bolt into his sty than our poor blown porker.

By the time Salins was reached we were amongst the Jura range, and were well satisfied with the foretaste of the scenery to be expected further on. From Salins the road mounts up tremendously; the hill out of the town—5 miles long by the kilo stones—is a great grind. Darkness overtook us in a dense pine forest some way short of Levier (40½). Arriving at the village in the darkness, we were not particularly pleased with its appearance, and almost despaired of procuring quarters for the night. But after one vain attempt at a wretched looking *auberge* we unexpectedly obtained even luxurious accommodation, and, contrary to our former experiences of village *auberges*, not only fared well but slept comfortably. Levier is about 2500 feet above sea level, and it was bitterly cold. We had no doubt missed seeing some fine scenery to-day owing to the mist and rain.

The next day, Saturday, we rode through Pontarlier and by the lovely Val de Travers to Neuchâtel (47). After the experiences of M. and W. in Italy two years ago, we had been expecting some difficulty with the frontier Customs, but to our surprise we were permitted to sail past both the French and Swiss *douanes* without hindrance.

We were quite delighted to be at last in Switzerland, and one of our party who is contemplating an early surrender of his personal freedom went to the extravagance of announcing the fact by wire. This was, although by no means a fine one, the first day without rain since we started.

At Neuchâtel we stayed at the "Belle Vue," pleasantly situated at the edge of the lake, which we found a superior hotel in all respects, charges included.

Sunday was everything that could be desired, brilliant sunshine all day. M. and W. went in search of the English Church, whilst B. went to the native one. At the latter the service (reformed) was in French, and our representative not being very *au fait* in the language, could not make much out of it. By his own account the portion that he understood most about was the finish of the sermon, which wound up with *allez-vous-en*, followed immediately by a general stampede.

In the evening, to our great satisfaction, (for we were uneasy at not having heard of him), the Doctor arrived. He had pluckily ridden the entire distance from Dieppe, by himself, through wretched weather and over awful roads.

The next morning saw our small column *en route* for Lucerne. Our journey that day was to Olten (57). The road at first ran close alongside the lakes of Neuchâtel and Bienne. After passing through the town of the latter name we traversed for the most part a wide fertile valley, with pretty if not striking views on either hand. As we neared our destination, the horizon clearing—as it often does towards evening—disclosed on our right a grand prospect of big snow mountains all aglow with the rays of the setting sun.

Near Neuchâtel there resides a "tyke"—a great big smooth-haired brute—just such an animal that you hesitate to say a disrespectful word to—at least, unless you are on

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the other side of a six-foot wall, with many glass bottles on top. This dog may be an exemplary husband and a fond father, but he certainly was not at all polite to Williams, for he ran alongside him and tried to pull him off by the leg. Although sympathising very much with the troubles of W., who we thought must every moment succumb to the fierce onslaught of the enemy, and thinking that our turn would come next, we could not avoid smiling at the ridiculousness of the situation: W. riding with one leg pointing nearly to the zenith, whilst the dog, disappointed of his prey, made frantic springs at the elevated *beaux mollets*, the envy of the French belles from the Channel to the Mediterranean. We are, however, fortunately spared the pain of chronicling the catastrophe that seemed imminent, for the "tyke" was by this time too winded to continue the chase, and to our joy suffered the rest of us to pass unmolested.

We lunched sumptuously at Soleure; and, just as we were beginning to find out that many veal cutlets induce much laziness, in came the patron to say that two local bicyclists would esteem it an honour if we would allow them to accompany us a short distance. Of course we acquiesced, and after a little conversation the six of us rode off, much to the delight of the townspeople, who lined the streets and windows to see the show. Our new companions were excellently mounted on a light "D.H.F." and "Arab" respectively, so that with our heavy luggage and our morning's ride of some five and thirty miles, we rather dreaded the result should they force the pace. The unwished for always happens, so there was no alternative but to do our best. The doctor, whose digestive organs had raced ours in the difficult task of getting the better of our too recent repast, took the lead; whilst our Bath Medallist, riding quietly in the rear, in reserve, endeavoured to assimilate into his system the weight that pressed so heavily on his chest. The subtlety of of our strategy was soon apparent, for after a few miles W. went to the front, and, although the rider of the "Arab" put down his head and made several mad rushes, he succeeded in forging ahead. Soon after this the strongest rider of our Swiss friends suggested that it was time for them to return; so, after an adjournment to drink "bon voyage," we separated, well pleased with our new acquaintances and the afternoon's diversions. Hotel at Olten, "The Schweizerhof," good and moderate.

The following day we were early astir, but as usual did not get off until later than we intended. The distance being short (33½ miles) we contemplated getting into Lucerne by midday. The road for a short distance runs alongside the swiftly-rushing Aar, and then for awhile passes through a rather tame agricultural country; but before the old town of Sursee is reached, on mounting a ridge a change comes over the spirit of the scene. Close to us is the pretty lake of Sempach, with the neighbouring hills, trees and châlets, reflected on its placed blue surface; whilst in the distance the mountain peaks, rising like grim giants, tell us that we have reached our goal. Those of us who have not seen these wonders before are delighted with our first view of the Rigi and Pilatus, the latter sparkling in its mantle of snow. Again we have to record a canine episode. A beast of a dog rushed out of a farmyard full tilt at Morris. Into the wheel he banged; down came the crank on his uplifted jaws, and then the back wheel did its little best to complete the discomfiture of the brute. Luckily M. was going fast, and the momentum of the machine and baggage saved what might have been a serious accident. The next time this dog contemplates lunching on cyclists' legs he will doubtlessly show more science in his mode of attack.

Arriving at Lucerne we put up at the "Hotel Schwann" on the Schweizerhof Quay (recommended). Having still the afternoon before us, we sallied out to see the Lion, and other wonders of this most interesting town. We spent some time watching the drilling of the fire brigade. It is to be hoped that fires are not very prevalent, as, unless the men are a little smarter in action than in practice, the flames must have it pretty much their own way. The tactics of a big fat man amused us much. Each time the order was given to clear for action, he seized the spare nozzle piece, (a puny thing in his big grasp), and retreated to a quiet corner, with his burden at attention, only returning, (mopping his face as if he had been doing all the work), when everything was over and the gear stowed away again. In the evening we went to the Cathedral to hear the big organ, and spent a chilly hour in semi-darkness. The musical members of our party were rather disappointed; while the uninitiated thought the performance very grand. They told us at the hotel that most likely the instrument was played by a pupil of the organist; this would account for the verdict of our learned ones.

Wednesday, we spent on the lake; staying for an hour or two at Fluellen. The boats are very good, and amid the magnificent scenery our day was very pleasantly spent. On the return journey we landed at Vitznau, and after inspecting the railway started to walk up the Rigi, to spend the night on the summit. The rain, which we had almost forgotten, the last few days having been so lovely, came down heavily soon after we commenced the ascent, and before we reached the top we were beautifully moist. In addition to other discomforts, in the early darkness we had some difficulty in groping our way to the Rigi Kulm Hotel, and when we arrived things were not very cheering. It was bitterly cold, our clothes were very wet, and we had imprudently omitted to bring anything with us except our sleeping tackle. The vast hotel, all but empty, was most dismal, and the attention, (we suppose the lateness of the season in some measure accounts for this), most indifferent. After dinner, despairing of getting warm by any external method, for the comfortless German stove was but a poor apology for a fire, we consumed (what was called) whisky and

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chartreuse vert until we began to take a more hopeful view of things in general. We retired to roost early, in order that we might be ready for the sunrise. But the sunrise was distinctly a failure. We turned out of bed, but one glance was sufficient. It was snowing heavily, and the view might easily have been measured with a yard measure, or even a foot rule. In a twinkling we were back again snugly in bed, with only our noses exposed to the extremely bracing atmosphere. About midday we started on the walk down to Weggis, and the weather clearing we were rewarded with some fine views. Returning to Lucerne, we spent the afternoon examining the quaint pictures in the covered bridges.

It rained all night, and when we got up the next morning was still coming down, but fortunately gave over by the time we were ready to start. We skirted the lake as far as Alpnach, a pretty ride, and we daresay good going in fine weather; but we suffered some miles of sticky limestone mud in patience. It fairly beat record, and we had sampled some good specimens lately. After a time Sarnen is reached, and the road again takes to the water, running in close proximity to the beautiful lake (Sarnen) until the ascent to Lungern commences. Near here we were the innocent cause of a little diversion. Williams and the doctor riding some distance ahead of the other two, fell in with a man driving some cattle; a fine cow, frightened at the cycles, kicked up her heels and bolted; the man hung on to her horns, endeavouring to stop the skittish female, but it was only after he had lost his hat, broken his stick over her head, and uttered many strange oaths in an unknown tongue, that he succeeded in his efforts. Some little time afterwards, N. and B., quite unaware of this little performance, met the same pair. The result was almost identical, the unfortunate man again being dragged at express speed up the mountain slope. We lunched at Lungern, and immediately on leaving commenced the ascent of the Brünig. The road rises in long windings through a thick wood: the gradient is not steep, and the ascent from the village is not more than three and a half miles. We considered it child's play compared with some of the passes we negotiated in the Pyrenees; (the Tourmalet, for instance, was eleven miles to the summit, nearly 7000 feet, and pretty stiff the entire distance). We were able to mount some distance before the top (3396 feet) was reached, and rode for some way down the other side, until the brakes so punished our wrists that we were compelled to walk most of the remainder of the descent. At the bottom we doubled back up the valley to Meiringen (37¼). It had been raining nearly all the afternoon, and we were completely saturated by the time we reached the "Hotel Sauvage," (very good).

Before leaving the next morning, we paid a visit to the Alpbach and Reichenbach falls, which, owing to the wet weather, we saw at their best; though, owing to the height of the neighbouring cliffs, it was difficult to realise their true size. Resuming our journey, we ran down the valley to Brientz. Across the lake we had a distant view of the Giessbach, but had no time to visit that celebrated fall. From Brientz to Interlaken the road runs along the northern shore of the lake, and the ride was most interesting and enjoyable. The doctor amused us by coming to a standstill whilst crawling behind a drove of our friends the cows; a friendly wall saving him from falling, and the whole performance looked so premeditated that the uninitiated thought our friend was doing a little "fancy" for their amusement. We were much tempted at Interlaken by the fine display of shops. Fortunately for our exchequer we had no means of conveying any of the pretty things so enticingly displayed, but contented ourselves with adding a good many capital photos to our collection. On the windows of a pharmacy we discovered a most unique specimen of literal translation. It informed the passer-by that mineral waters were kept there "from the most *usited* sources."

Interlaken is a favourite and fashionable resort in the summer time, but at this advanced season (30th September) it was all but empty. The view, looking south from the Höheweg, of the Lauterbrunnen Valley and the Jungfrau, is most grand. It was here that we afterwards found that the local paper devoted its attention to us. The notice ran very much like this:—"There arrived here to-day four English gentlemen who are travelling through Europe with their velocipedes. They did not appear at all fatigued, and after lunch proceeded on their journey to Grindelwald."

The Grindelwald road follows the valley (save the mark) of the Schwarze Lutschine. The rise in the 12½ miles is 1600 feet. The gradients are trifling at first, heavy for some miles, and then ease off again before Grindelwald (3,468 feet) is reached. We think that Mr. Cobb, in suggesting the possibility of this stage being covered in the saddle, rather over-estimates the enduring powers of a rider. Our opinion is—and one of us tried it—that the piece below Burglauenen, where the road zigzags backwards and forwards across the gorge four times in a short distance, would give most riders the *coup de grace*. We had to walk a considerable portion of the ascent, but could no doubt have ridden more had the mud been less intense, and our luggage anywhere but where it was.

Arriving at our destination (33 miles, counting an error in our road out of Interlaken), we made for the "Hotel de L'Ours," and never before, as will be seen presently, did we fall so completely on our feet. Grindelwald lying as it does at the foot of the Eiger, Mettenburg, and Wetterhorn, is one of the most favourite starting places for mountain excursions, and although it was not our intention to go in for any *real* climbing, there are the glaciers and many other expeditions of great interest to which a few days can be well devoted, so we contemplated staying here for some little time. This being the anniversary of an eventful day on which one of our party was hatched, we celebrated the festival at dinner in Swiss champagne, which we can recommend. Presently we were further cheered by the arrival of two GAZETTES, and by a curious coincidence they contained Mr. Cobb's account of the route we had been following.

A. E. B.

(To be continued.)

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THE C.U.Bi.C.

Perhaps it may interest readers of the GAZETTE, particularly those who have the pleasure of knowing our ex-Captain G. D. Day, to hear that on Wednesday last (February 21st) he kindly invited the Club to come over to St. Ives to have tea at his house.

We were favoured with perfect weather overhead, but the roads were too heavy to admit of a large muster. Three miles out, nearly opposite Girton, the Captain snapped his treadle-pin and fell, involving another member in his ruin. The wind and road making it impossible to ride with one leg, he left the Club without a shepherd, and executed a weary tramp to Fenstanton (7 miles), where another treadle was awaiting him. Day was met at about half distance and piloted the Club to his house, where we enjoyed a luxurious tea and a long and very pleasant talk afterwards. A little before eight the moon was reported to be in working order, and the Club lit up and effected a start, accompanied by Day as far as Fenstanton. A strong wind behind, and the glorious full moon, made the run home a great contrast to the outward journey, especially to the Captain. There were present E. H. Brown, L. C. Carr, W. H. Fox, G. N. Latham, A. W. Rumney, A. B. W. Whatton, and J. S. WHATTON, Captain.

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

Under this head the Editors have asked me to give, shortly and sweetly, the latest and most startling information on the topics of the day outside our Club, for the education of our members in "cyclo-political" mysteries and the providing of copy for the GAZETTE.

The B.T.C. is dead—Long live the Cyclists' Touring Club. I hear *sub rosâ* that the poll of the Club has resulted in a change of name by a majority of two to one. It is notable that only half the members of the Club, *i.e.*, 3000, took the trouble to return their voting papers.

I also hear that the Club have taken central offices in London. This is a step which, in view of the mass of metropolitan members and the central position of London, was bound to come.

The next Council Meeting of the B.U. is fixed for Thursday, 8th of March. The place is that fixed for our Smoking Concert, the "City Arms," in St. Mary Axe. Except that the Officers and Executive for the year are to be elected at this meeting there is nothing very striking on the agenda. Mr. Todd's name appears for the first time as Honorary Secretary.

I am sure that the Council of the Union will express in some suitable way their sense of Mr. English's work as secretary. I know no man who works more and talks less than Mr. English, and that class of man ought to receive the utmost encouragement.

The Executive Report contains the information that the Championships for the year are fixed as follows:—

5 Miles Bicycle and 1 Mile Tricycle ...	30th June or 7th July, at Birmingham.
1 Mile Bicycle and 10 Miles Tricycle ..	14th July, at Crystal Palace
50 Miles Bicycle	21st July, at Crystal Palace
25 Miles Bicycle	Date to be fixed, at Cambridge.

G. P. Coleman, of ours, was re-elected Union Handicapper for London and the South at the last Council Meeting. I am glad to hear that he is already nearly overwhelmed with Easter handicaps. THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

* * * * * *

"O tempora, O mores." A quotation which has the great advantage of admitting of any interpretation that the reader chooses to give it. In this instance it signifies that time and the manners of the L.B.C. have brought about the usual annual change in the personality of the irresponsible and anonymous author of this column.

* * * * * *

The present writer feels it a great honour to succeed such celebrities as "Eavesdropper," "The Man with the Muck Rake," "Rambler," and the other great men of the past, and he trusts that, as in their case, so he may be allowed the usual licence in his Club jokes and his Club scandal. That licence is always tolerated by the Club good temper, and will, he hopes, always be restrained within due limits by the Club good feeling.

* * * * * *

It is true I am anonymous, and therefore irresponsible to the Club. The Editors however permit me to say that they accept fully the responsibility for anything appearing in these columns. (See the "Editorial Declaration."—EDD.)

* * * * * *

For our mathematical men. How many members of the L.B.C. make an L.B.C. orchestra?

* * * * * *

It is not true that the Orchestral Society will perform a fantasia on that well-known air, "For he's a *Jolly* good fellow," by the full strength of the Company at the approaching Smoking Concert.

* * * * * *

Aforesaid Smoking Concert will commence at 7.30, not 7.0, as previously stated.

* * * * * *

So great was the demand for tickets at the Dramatic Performance that I should advise members to apply at once, or they will find they are too late, as the numbers are limited.

* * * * * *

"Very fine. N.W. to N. strong gales" is to be the weather on May 14 (Bath Day, as the ex-Editor termed it); at least so it appears from a book of weather forecasts lately published.

* * * * * *

H. R. Reynolds, B.A., has passed the Intermediate Exam. of the Incorporated Law Society.

* * * * * *

The Yorke Prize, awarded annually to a graduate for the best essay upon some subject relating to the "Law of Property: its Principles and History in Various Ages and Countries," has been awarded to T. E. Scrutton, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

* * * * * *

It was excessively cruel on Barker, after he had—with an eye to realism in his character of riparian masher—ransacked the City for the most approved shape of tile, for a charming young lady in the audience to say sweetly, "Oh that I could have that hat for a few moments, *I should so like to sit upon it!*"

* * * * * *

The occupants of the boxes and front rows of the stalls say that the success of "Withered Leaves" depended to a great extent upon the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Sparkes.

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(N.B. Mr. Sparkes was the prompter.) The majority however plump for Miss Roache and charming Miss Bristow.

* * * * * *

In pleasant anticipation of being elected Acting Manager for the next Dramatic "Show," Gruggen has ordered to be painted a huge board, six feet by two, with the legend,

"NO STANDING ROOM IN THE BALCONY."

It will be wanted.

* * * * * *

One of our charming actresses remarked to me after her first acquaintance with an L.B.C. house, "What a kind, sympathetic audience." I confirmed her opinion, adding, that they came intending to be amused, and not to get their money's worth.

* * * * * *

All who did not hear Mr. Dutton sing "Oft in the stilly night" at our Annual Dinner should make sure of hearing him at the Smoking Concert. There will be no reason to press those who *did* hear him—they are sure to come.

* * * * * *

The Concert Sub-Committee have every reason to be gratified with the way in which members have come forward to enable them to make up a good programme. Nearly all the well-known performers who have so often made the success of our musical evenings will again appear, together with much new talent.

* * * * * *

Here endeth the first shedding of quills by the

PORCUPINE.

Correspondence.

ATTENDANCES AT RUNS.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—The many difficulties which have arisen from time to time in construing the regulations with reference to the attendance prizes have led the Committee to appoint a small Sub-Committee to revise these regulations in such a way as to remove these difficulties, and further to draw up a few rules which may enable the District Captains to draw up their reports upon a uniform basis, and thus render the various reports in future an accurate record of the *relative* attendances in the different districts. I shall therefore be obliged if all present and past D.C.s will forward me, for the guidance of the Sub-Committee, with as little delay as possible, a note of any difficulties which may occur to them in the meaning of the attendance regulations, and also a note of the method on which they have habitually calculated, if they have ever done so, the average and other attendances published in the Blue Book.—Yours truly,

Walthamstow. THEO. GODLEE.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—Allow me, on behalf of the Dramatic Society, to thank those members who so conduced to the success of our performance (February 20th) by their efforts and cordial support, thanks being specially due to the Orchestral Society and the stewards.

I would also request members to remit ME as soon as possible for their tickets, to enable me to close the accounts.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

ALF. BARKER,
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer Dramatic Society.

MARCH VALENTINES.

1. *To Racing Men.*
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque *nobilis.* (*Horace.*)

2. *To the New Tricycle Union.*
Comment, disaient-ils,
Eviter querelles,
Misère, et perils?
Dormez, disaient-elles.
(*Victor Hugo.*)

3. *Cortis in the Twenty Miles Match.*
ὡς οὔποτ' αὖθις ἀλλὰ νῦν πανύστατον.
(*Euripides.*)

4. *To Mr. John Browning.*
Hic ames dici pater atque princeps. (*Horace.*)

5. *To Riders who want Admission to the Parks.*
Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia, neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina. (*Horace.*)

6. *To the Suspended Amateurs.*
Methinks false hearts should never have stout legs.
(*Shakespeare.*)

7. *To Mr. H. H. Sherriff.*
Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas; navita Bosporum
Pœnus perhorrescit neque ultra
Cæca timet aliunde fata;
Miles sagittas, etc. (*Horace.*)

8. *To the Writer when Leading a recent Club Run.*
Procumbit humi *Boss.* (*Virgil.*)

J. S. W.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Arthur H. Rolls, Jun., Hampden Mount, Caterham Valley, Surrey.

H. L. Ryan intends riding down to Bath from London at Easter for the annual Easter Monday run, and would be glad to hear of a companion. An early reply will greatly oblige.

LOST, a Silver Bracelet, at the Dramatic Performance at St. George's Hall. If found, kindly forward it to Messrs. Darling's, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be received not later than Tuesday, the 27th Mar., at 5 p.m.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

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The next Gazette will be published on Thursday, 5th April, and will then appear weekly. Copy should be sent in not later than 6 p.m. on Tuesday, the 3rd.

CLUB RUNS; THEIR HISTORY AND THEIR LESSON.

It is appropriate to ventilate this subject at the time of issuing our first Meet Card for the present year, and in order to drive more fully home to backsliders the admonition with which we conclude, the latter shall be preceded by a few remarks on "The Natural History of Club Runs." Even in the dark ages, before the appearance of our GAZETTE, Club Runs existed (as may be gathered from fragmentary notices in contemporary papers), taking their rise, perchance, in that tendency of the early wheelmen to band themselves together for defence against the roughs and dogs of the period—their common foes. Some such idea at any rate, coupled with the desire for companionship, must have brought scattered riders together before they aggregated into clubs. The leading spirits in the latter soon found in the Saturday Run a valuable means of sustaining *esprit de corps*, and, enlightened as we may claim to be by the experience of past years, we can boldly assert that without its Club Runs the healthy life of a club must depart. The chance is then afforded of meeting distant friends and of making new ones, and many a warm friendship has been struck up between Club men who, but for the Club Run, would never have met at the Club Tea. It is at this frugal meal—severe in its Spartan simplicity—that the breast of the young athlete kindles to the fire of emulation, and, building castles in the air, he decorates their walls with Enamelled Medals and Silver Cups.

What though the eggs be hard and weak the tea? What though the veal be lukewarm and tardy in appearance? The L.B.C. man whose heart is in the right place sticks not at such trifles. They serve but to amuse, while he reflects that his suffering is as a fleabite to the anguish of his chief, on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of the happiness of all. Grumble he probably will—as an Englishman it is his duty to do so—but let him do it inwardly, "beneath a smiling countenance hiding his aching heart," lest his discontent demoralize others.

And then there is a sense of happiness, not to be readily described but none the less real, that goes with the homeward ride, when stars are beginning to peep through the warm evening air, when tobacco and small talk reign supreme and the District Captain has relaxed the severity of his rule. This to our mind is the best part of a Club Run. A *dolce far niente* pervades the party—for the flyers have ceased to vex, and have toned down to the gentler pace of their steadier comrades. The theme is a pleasing one, and the liberal support afforded to Club Runs proves that our members sympathise with them. But alas! our pot of ointment is not without its fly. There are those who vote the Club Run flat, stale, and unprofitable. To such let us say one word, and let us say it *ex cathedra*—GO TO A DOZEN OF THEM THIS YEAR! This will cure your disbelief; at least if you diligently strive, as we hold all should, to give and take fairly, and to make allowance for the failings of others, remembering that "to err is human—to forgive divine."

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COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee held on Monday, the 5th March, the following gentlemen were elected members of the Club:—

Name and Address.	Proposer.	Seconder.
Alfred Chas. Forster, 1, Cumberland Terrace, Lloyd Square, W.C.	W. W. Howard.	Ashley Barrett.
Alfred Acton Kelsey, 18, Pembury Road, Clapton	A. Lloyd.	R. B. Hough.

The resignation of Mr. H. S. Heal was accepted.

The resignation of Mr. Jno. Williams, Jun., was accepted with regret.

It was decided that the Club funds should provide the *Field*, *Cyclist*, and *Tricyclist*, for the Editor's benefit, when he should think necessary.

In reference to the proposal of the London Tricycle Club that they should hold a 100 Miles Trial in conjunction with the L.B.C. from Bath to London on Whit Monday, the Captain reported that T. E. Scrutton and himself had conferred with three delegates from the L.T.C., and had pointed out very forcibly, both verbally and in a subsequent letter, the grave objections existing to the scheme. He further reported the receipt of a letter from the Committee of the L.T.C. stating that they had resolved to abandon their proposed trial, on which it was unanimously resolved that the thanks of the Committee of the L.B.C. should be forwarded to the L.T.C. for their courteous response to our representations.

The Sub-Committee appointed to find a suitable office reported that they had engaged the use of one of three rooms at the "City Arms" Tavern, St. Mary Axe, for any number of nights not exceeding sixteen per annum, at the rate of £5 5s. per annum. The Committee thereupon approved and adopted such action.

At a meeting of the Committee held on Monday, 19th inst., the following gentlemen were elected members of the Club:—

Name and Address.	Proposer.	Seconder.
James Granville Boyer, 39, Highbury Hill, N..... ..	E. L. Boyer.	W. J. Williams.
Alexander Buckler, Gloucester House, Kingston Hill	G. P. Coleman.	A. E. Buckler.

The resignation of Mr. E. H. Carr was accepted.

It was decided that the Secretary of the L.A.C. be informed that we are prepared to take less than twelve guineas for the Stamford Bridge Grounds on 30th June.

In Memoriam.

We regret to record the death of one of our oldest members. CHARLES TAYLOR, of 180, Kennington Park Road, died suddenly on March 4th after a few hours' illness. He was elected in February 1875, and was well-known in the S.W. Division of the Club. We trust his family will accept our sincere condolences on their loss.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—IMPORTANT.

I beg to remind members that subscriptions for the current year were due on January 1st. I shall be pleased to receive all subscriptions not yet paid as early as possible.

151, Amhurst Road, Hackney. R. B. HOUGH.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. DISTRICT.

17th March. The opening run was among the most successful of that class of assembly which this District has enjoyed, as thirteen members in all took part in it. It was cold and cheerless at the starting time, and only three members started with the D.C. from the Corner, and rode by the upper road to Woodford and down Snake's Lane. At Woodford Bridge the Editor was waiting, and took part in the run to Chigwell, but did not wait for tea. Weeks came in soon after, having waited in Snaresbrook, and then various hard-training members who had been further afield dropped in one by one, the Captain finally completing the party. The later arrivals were damp, as rain began about 5.0, and the return journey, after a quiet smoke and chat, was also in the rain. The "King's Head" was frequented by more than one other Club, including the London Scottish. The District only managed five officers, which the D.C. considers a poor allowance. Present: Ashley W. Barrett (Captain), G. H. Gibbs, R. B. Hough, S. G. Hough, A. A Kelsey, Large, Lloyd, Long, Lyne, T. E. Scrutton, E. D. Sewell, E. A. Weeks, and

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

N.W. DISTRICT.

Our opening run was not very well attended, only ten members and two visitors putting in an appearance. It may be that some members have not yet started riding—let us hope that they have not given it up altogether. We started from "Jack Straw's Castle" six strong, and arrived at "Tally-ho!" without incident except a sharp shower of hail, which quickly turned into sleet and then rain. A short stay was made for shelter and to talk to our reinforcement, which brought our number up to twelve. At Whetstone we were again caught in a snowstorm, but found a friendly cowshed just in time. We turned to the left at the church in Barnet, and again to the left near Well House, and then on by Rowley Green to Shenley, where we arrived at 6.15 p.m. The descent to the watersplash is rather rough just now, but the roads further on were very good. Everything was extremely comfortable at the "Black Lion," and the time spent there was passed in the usual jovial manner. No time was wasted, however, as the roads were rapidly getting heavy with the water that had fallen in various forms during the afternoon. It is a pretty sight to see a dozen lamps alight (when they will keep so) winding through the trees, but we had to keep a sharp lookout, as

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the lanes were not too light. An easy pace was kept all the way home, the run terminating at 9.15 p.m. Distance 25 miles. PALMER DALTON, District Captain.

S.W. DISTRICT.

17th March. It might be said that the opening run of the S.W. District was numerously attended; it might be related that the weather was all that could be desired; it might also be affirmed that the District Captain graced the proceedings with his presence; but, as a candid correspondent, we must confess that the run was carried out by only two members, the weather was most unpleasant, and the District Captain was unavoidably absent. Under these circumstances, we think it best not to hazard our reputation for truthfulness by stating that our first run of the season was quite as successful as it might have been. Two members and an honorary member (with four legs) left Kingston at 4.30 and rode by Esher and Walton to Sunbury, where, at the "Magpie," they found a large muster of the W., the two Kinders and Hawley. After a satisfactory meal, pleasant conversation assisted by the usual consumption of tobacco made the charms of the fireside too apparent to be rashly exchanged for the cold drizzle out of doors. The homeward journey was short, and if the jam-like condition of the road, over which the river has been playfully rolling during the recent floods, is taken into consideration, it was certainly sweet as well. Present: H. L. Ryan and A. E. Buckler.

For the D.C. HIS DEPUTY.

S.E. DISTRICT.

On Saturday, March 3rd, six members joined in a pleasant run to Downe, where a good tea was provided by the landlord of the "George Inn." Present: F. L. Adam, G. F. Beck, A. Day, Alfred Herbert, S. E. Whealler, R. G. Francis, and Adam's fox-terrier "Trap."

Saturday, March 10th was cold and wintry. Only two men turned up at the starting place, and after spending some time in arranging a refractory tyre, made a short circular run. Present: W. C. Oswald and R. G. Francis.

The weather was more vernal on Saturday 17th March, the day of the Opening run; but frequent showers had the effect of reducing the attendance considerably. However, the thirteen who left the Fire Station at Croydon at half-past four were lucky enough to avoid a wetting, and occasional gleams of sunshine quite compensated for the muddy state of the roads. After a short rest on Farnborough Common, the Blackheath Division hove in sight—five in number, with Stephen Smith at their head, and when Orpington was reached a few stragglers coming in brought up the score to twenty-one, including one from the North West. The quality of the tea at the "White Hart," Orpington, was below the average, but the music and songs which followed helped to remove the impressions caused by a not over civil host and not too artistic waiters. Mr. James Doyle, of the Rovers B.C. kindly presided at the piano and his songs were generally appreciated, as were those given by Beck, Oswald, and Morgan. At half-past eight lamps were lighted and there was an almost universal stampede homewards. The O'Reilly made a desperate attempt to ride up to the meet from Brighton, but unfortunately the adverse state of the elements prevented his getting beyond Croydon. Present: F. L. Adam, A. Barker, G. F. Beck, C. A. Brown, H. G. A. Brown, R. G. Francis, Alfred Herbert, S. Herbert, E. H. Hindley (N.W.), H. G. Morgan, A. Morley, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, H. N. Sharp, F. B. Smith, S. P. Smith, S. E. Whealler, R. C. Willis, W. Wyndham, J. B. Young, J. W. Young, and three visitors.

It is to be hoped that those who were prevented by the weather from attending the Opening Run will have no such excuse next Saturday, when a good muster at the "Clayton Arms," Godstone, may be confidently expected.

R. FRANCIS, District Captain.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
March 31.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for CHESHUNT.	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45, for CHESHUNT. Meet N.E.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for HARROW. ("King's Arms.")	Kingston Station, 4.15, for CIRCULAR RUN. Tea at COBHAM.	4.30, Croydon Central Station, for GODSTONE.	3.45, Old Lewisham Church for GODSTONE.
April 7.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for EPPING.	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45, for EASTCOTT.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for RIPLEY. ('Anchor') Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for RIPLEY. Meet W.	3.45, Croydon Central Station, for WROTHAM.	'Hare & Billet,' 4.0, for WROTHAM.
April 14.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30 and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for UPMINSTER. Meet S.E. Blackhth. Division.	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45 and Tally-ho! 4.30, for MILL HILL.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for EASTCOTT. ('Ship.')	Kingston Station, 4.15, for OATLANDS PARK and WEYBRIDGE.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for EAST GRINSTEAD.	'Hare & Billet,' 3.45, for UPMINSTER. Meet N.E.

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BICYCLING IN SWITZERLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

§ 11. *Thun to Fribourg (viâ Bern) and back by the Valleys of the Sarine and Simme.*

A.—FIRST DAY.

Thun to Fribourg (or Freyburg), 41 *miles.*

As you will have to sleep out at Fribourg, send bag by train and get your ticket for it before starting. The two roads to Bern are given in § 4. If you have already seen Bern you will find the Kirchdorf road the best, as it leads into the Fribourg end of Bern, and you can ride straight on without encountering paved streets (you turn to your left at the top of the hill by which you come up into Bern). If, however, this is to be your only visit to Bern, most certainly take the Heimberg and Münsingen road and wheel through the town. The hill leading down into it may be ridden (brake essential), but don't forget the bears at the bottom.

Between Bern and Fribourg there is no occasion to dismount, but there is a longish rise of 350 feet between the ninth and twelfth miles which will give you some work, and you will have to ride down the big hill into Fribourg with caution, especially if it happen to be market day. The road passes through Nieder Wangen (3¾ miles), Törishaus (6½), and Lanthen (13¾) to Fribourg (20). If you are not prepared to ride the whole forty miles from Thun without a meal, arrange to make it in Bern, as I cannot recommend any place further on. An experiment made at Törishaus proved an utter failure. The hill by which you descend into Fribourg leads you down to the chief suspension bridge, but instead of turning at once to your right across it, it will be better to ride (or wheel) up the hill in continuation of your road another quarter of a mile to the further suspension bridge (Pont de Gotteron). After seeing this, return again and cross the other into the town. You must not career across this too rapidly, or you might be fined, as vehicles are only allowed to traverse it *au pas.* Beyond it there is pavement. As an early start will have to be made next morning, I recommend you to wheel up to the "Grand Hotel de Fribourg." It is at the far end of the town, not far from the railway station from which you will have to send your bag, and from which you will proceed on your journey by a road crossing *underneath* the railway just short of the station itself.

Of course you will go and hear the famous organ after dinner—it is generally played about eight, but you had better ask at your hotel (where you will get tickets) to make sure. If you are a musical critic you must not raise your expectations too high. No doubt it is a fine instrument in its way, and it is fairly well played, which cannot be said of many of the Swiss organs, but it is a very long way indeed from being the finest organ in the world, or from bearing comparison with any of our first-class English organs. The fact is, when we English go abroad making holiday, we leave our critical faculties behind us. The first effect of such a total change of scene and habits is to make us take a "rosy" view of everything, and sights and sounds seem to come to us through the medium of a mysterious glamour which invests them in many cases with attributes far transcending their real merits. When once, too, a reputation has been started in this way, and has received the orthodox ratification of the double star in Baedeker, no one ever thinks of questioning its claims, but is prepared at once to fall down and worship in rapt and reverent obedience. I do, however, think that it is high time that these Swiss organs should be a bit "blown" upon. The two best, so far as real quality of tone and workmanship are concerned, are those least publicly performed on, and therefore least known. The organ in the old (Protestant) Cathedral of St. Pierre at Geneva is a noble instrument, with rich broad diapason tone. It was built by an association of co-operative workmen in Paris some twenty years ago—an association, I regret to say, which did not survive the days of the siege and the Commune, and it is the only production of the Society with which I am acquainted. In the Cathedral at Bâle, too, is a good organ. Neither of these are such *elaborate* productions as those at Lucerne, Bern, and Fribourg, but they are superior in all the essential qualities of a good organ. The organ at Lucerne is a noisy, blaring, discordant thing, rendered still more painful to listen to by the astounding incompetence and bad taste of the performer; and as for that at Bern, it seems to me to be permanently in the condition in which a waiter at the Bernerhof once represented it to be, in reply to a friend of mine, who, on asking if there was to be a performance that day, was told, "No, sir! The organ, sir—she is sick!" The Fribourg organ has also a little of the "blare" about it, and is defective in the broad mellow undertone so noticeable in our English organs; but it is decidedly better than the other two, as well as better played. They have just had a new organ built for the parish church at Thun, and as there is still a debt on it I gave them a recital this summer in aid of the organ fund. The quieter work in the organ is exceedingly good, but the "reeds" are very inferior to those of English make. Whilst speaking of the church at Thun I cannot help recalling a characteristic display of Continental Protestantism on the part of the sacristan who admitted me to the church, and who kept a disreputable hat on his head and a filthy cigar in his mouth the whole time we were in it. After this you will be a little surprised to hear that the Church contains a regular altar with full canonical ornaments—crucifix, candles, etc. This, however, is the property of the "Old Catholics" who—some eight only in number, I am told—are allowed to use the church for their vernacular mass on Sundays. The only other church "ornament" in the place is a significant-looking *hour-glass* occupying the usual

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place of the crucifix in the pulpit. I never victimised myself with a Protestant sermon at Thun, but if the good people have to submit to an hour of such blatant twaddle as I heard a Sunday or two ago in the principal church at Zurich, I pity them.

B.—SECOND DAY.

Fribourg to Thun by Bulle, Chateau d'Oex, etc.

Height. Feet.	Distance. Miles.	
2100	—	Fribourg.
2210	5½	Ecuvillens.
2370	12½	Gumeffens.
2470	17	Bulle.
2370	19¾	Gruyère.
2390	21½	Enney.
2465	25	Albeuve.
2585	27½	Montbovon.
2650	29½	La Tine.
3200	33	Les Moulins.
3230	35	Chateau d'Oex.
3230	40	Rougemont.
3320	43	Saanen.
4180	46½	Saanen Mooser (top of watershed).
3125	51	Zweisimmen (see § 10 reversed).
1850	78	Thun.

Considering the amount of climbing to be done, as well as the distance, the above represents a tolerably hard day's work, and it is therefore necessary to start at daybreak. The earliest hour at which you could book your bag at the station would be 4.45, as a train leaves for Thun at 5.10, and you should certainly be ready with it then. But if it be in June or July, when day dawns earlier, I should not wait to book the bag in person, but should leave the hotel porter to do it, giving him at the same time a stamped envelope—addressed to the Thunerhof or wherever you may wish to send it—in which he will enclose the ticket for the bag, and post it at once in the "Poste Ambulante" attached to the same train. It costs about fifty or sixty centimes to send an ordinary bag to Thun. Of course you will settle your bill overnight, and, instead of ordering a regular breakfast at so impracticable an hour, have a roll and a glass of milk brought to your room when you go to bed for you to take before you start, and postpone breakfasting till you reach Bulle ("Hotel Cheval Blanc"). You will find this a useful plan on many excursions. Few things are so irritating to the system as to find the virtue of your own early rising rewarded by the pardonable dilatoriness of gaping waiters and yawning cooks, at whose mercy you entirely place yourself whenever you set your heart upon a regular meal at such an hour. The fresh morning air is in itself food and drink, and when once you are in the saddle you will be astonished to find how far you can ride before you begin to remember that you have had nothing but a crust of bread for breakfast. After 20 or 25 miles have been left behind, the rest entailed by a halt for breakfast is not unwelcome; the inn you arrive at is by that time in full working gear—everyone wears their brightest morning smile, and is in the most obliging and serviceable mood. There is sure to be some church or other building of interest close by for you to inspect whilst your meal is preparing, or perhaps there may be a stream to bathe in; if not, there will be the usual admiring and inquisitive crowd of natives to amuse you. In any case you will have the satisfaction of feeling that the time you are thus kept waiting for your breakfast is a time of useful rest after your first stage of riding, whereas to have to wait for it before you can start is only so much time lost.

There is no need for any special directions as regards this route; when once you have crossed under the railway and taken the road to the left to Bulle you cannot well miss your way anywhere the whole day long. From the third to the seventh miles out from Fribourg you must be prepared for some sharp ups and downs, which you will find it best to take with a rush. You had better walk some of the ascent up from La Tine, and there is a stiffish hill just through Les Moulins, but as you will dismount at Chateaux d'Oex (Pension Berthod) for your lunch and principal rest you may not find it necessary to walk this. I should wheel up the hill into Rougemont, as the road is rough and the village paved. The long hill up from Saanen to the watershed dividing the Sarine (or Saane) from the Simme has a very good surface if dry, and the gradient is not severe; still, on a long day like this, you will not be able to ride *all* of it. There is a path cutting off the bend, but you will find it rough work wheeling up it—still it *can* be done. The hill down to Zweisimmen is a most lovely bit of riding; but I shall never forget the mess I was in at the bottom of it from the splutter of the brake, for unfortunately my day's work was rendered additionally hard by a succession of severe thunderstorms, and consequent muddy roads. The hill is a continuous descent of 1000 feet in about four miles, or a gradient of 1 in 20, and if you avoid the diligence hour you are not likely to meet many vehicles on it.

You sometimes need to give an occasional eye to your bicycle when left outside the inn at which you halt. Whilst I was enjoying my breakfast at Bulle the local smithy was taking professional stock of my "Neues Fuhrwerk," and had already removed a screw or two with a view to an anatomical inspection of my bearings when I caught him redhanded at it. This is, however, the only occasion on which I ever found any real liberties taken. The favourite occupation of the boys, when you are not by, is to fix your brake on—a harmless amusement enough when once you have acquired the habit of invariably releasing it the first thing on coming out of the hotel. It will not take you long to acquire this habit—at any rate it will not be the boys' fault if it does.

Should you wish to make a two days' expedition of B, Chateau d'Oex would be the natural place for your halt, and you would send your bag on there from Fribourg. If properly forwarded it ought to be there by one o'clock, but when at Bulle, where the railway ends, you had better see that it has been transferred from train to diligence. The

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train reaches Bulle at 7.50. On the whole the safest plan would be to book it by train from Fribourg (4.40 a.m.) to Bulle only, and there get it yourself at the station whilst waiting for breakfast; then you can hand it on to the conductor of the diligence in person, and so insure its immediate transmission. This last process will probably have to be effected at the post office.

At Bulle, by the bye, you will not fail to wind up your breakfast with *Gruyère* cheese, for the sake of being able to remark to yourself with the waiter in *Punch* that it "grew here;" on the whole, however, you will come to the conclusion that (as with the fish at Yarmouth) the best of it all goes to London.

The above completes my list of bicycle excursions from Thun. But before passing on to Lucerne, my next headquarters, I will add a few other stray suggestions of a possibly useful kind, jotting them down just as they come into my head.

Baedeker mentions "Baths *in the Lake*" at Thun. There are none. There are only the river baths at the far end of the town, and very nice they are; but it is well to acquaint yourself beforehand with the "hours and regulations"—the hotel porter has them—otherwise you may find yourself there at an hour when they are reserved for ladies. Should this ever be the case employ your time of waiting by walking down the river to see a magnificent lime tree, by far the largest I ever saw. It stands in a meadow some ten minutes further on. There is a seat under it, and you will get a good view of the Jungfrau, etc., from the river bank.

Do not omit going to the Giessbach Falls on the Lake of Brienz. They are not accessible by road, but you can either (*a*) ride to Brienz and take a boat or steamer across; or (*b*), leaving your bicycle at Interlachen or Bönigen, you can walk along the south side of the lake (char road as far as Iseltwald and mountain path after); or (*c*) you can make it a day of rest, and go the whole way by (1) steamer, (2) train, (3) steamer, and (4) rope-incline. The falls will give you ample opportunity for making experiment of the following singular optical delusion. Stand facing one of them, not too close, and fasten your eye on some particular patch of water at the top; follow this with your eye fixed upon it down to the bottom of the fall; repeat the process, say, from fifteen to twenty times, then suddenly look at the bank at the side. You will find that it is palpably and distinctly *moving upwards* with great velocity. The last time I was there it rained in torrents the whole day, and we could not venture out of shelter, but looking at the falls from the covered balcony of the hotel, I found that with a little patient perseverance I could make *the whole hillside* move heavenwards in this way at a terrific rate. It is an optical delusion somewhat similar to that by which, when you are looking out of the window at a stationary train and it begins to move, you are driven to suppose that it is your own train that is in motion.

Another expedition you ought to make is to the *Schafloch*—mountain boots and alpenstock (or axe) required. Take the early steamer to Gunten, and ask for Johann Siegrist, a carpenter, as guide. As he is sometimes in Thun, it is well to inquire about him by post or otherwise (see § 5 A) beforehand. The landlord (Grabe) of the little inn at the landing stage can tell you where to find him. The Schafloch is one of those curious limestones caves—of enormous size—in which there is a "glacière," *i.e.*, a reservoir of ice all the year round. It is supplied partly by water filtering through from above, partly by winter snows which are drifted in by the wind, but mainly, I fancy, by the constant condensation going on in summer, owing to the contrasts of temperature between the iced air of the cave and the hot wind from outside. It is a most interesting place, and the walk to and from it is lovely. You will come down by the Justiz-Thal already alluded to, and will cross the scene of a considerable landship which took place in July of last year.

And now farewell to Thun. With Lucerne we will begin another chapter of our story.

§ 12. *Lucerne.—Circuit of the Lake.*

If you have already made the excursion (see § 8) to Lucerne by the Brunig and back by the Emmenthal, you will naturally ride there from Thun by the latter. If you have not, and wish to choose between the two routes, the only remark I would offer is that though the Brunig is the more sensational the other is to my mind the more enjoyable ride of the two. You must not go to Lucerne any time between the middle of July and the beginning of September without sending a wire early in the morning to order your room. When we were there this year in August the Schweizerhof and the National were sending disappointed travellers away at the rate of 150 a day, and on some occasions the hotel omnibuses had to do duty for "*chambres à* unlimited number of *lits*," after the manner of the bathing machines in *Punch*. My personal experience of the Lucerne hotels is limited to the two just mentioned, of which I slightly prefer the latter; but there are many other hotels in the place on a less extensive and perhaps less expensive scale; or, if you are going to make a prolonged stay, there are plenty of excellent *pensions* in and about the town. The objection, however, to the latter is that they mostly "dine early," so that if you wish to be out all day you would have to make special arrangements about your meals, and for this you would probably have to pay as much as if you were in a hotel. One advantage of the two big hotels is that they have *table d'hôte* as late as 7.30, so that you can get a longer day out. At the

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National they are particularly strong in ices, which appear on the *menu* at least five days out of seven and are exceptionally good. Perhaps it is on this account that I have a lingering preference for it over the Schweizerhof: the thought of them gives one such a delicious sense of consolation when you are worrying up a hot hill. It is also in convenient proximity to the Casino, where very creditable musical entertainment is provided. I should, however, warn thirsty members of the L.B.C. that the patronage of the "American Drink" bar at the National, which is presided over by a goddess attired in the full dress of the country, will be found a very expensive and unsatisfactory diversion. I hear the "Hotel du Lac" well spoken of, and as it is close to the railway station and the landing-stage of the principal steamers its situation is very convenient.

The first thing you should do at Lucerne is to master the routes and habits of the lake steamers. There are three sets of them. There are the big boats which go to Fluelen, at the head of the main portion of the lake, some calling at all places on the way on both sides, others only stopping at a few: then there are the two cross arms of the lake, the northern or Küssnacht bay, and the southern or Alpnach bay, each with a separate boat service. Again, there are three landing-stages, two on the hotel or north side of the lake, and another on the south side near the railway. On the north side the Fluelen boats start from a stage near the Schweizerhof; the other boats from one nearer the National. The Küssnacht boats ply from the north side only; most but not all of the others call at the railway stage as well, and you can always save time, as at Thun (see § 7), by using this stage rather than the other. After this explanation, which a reference to the map will render intelligible, you have only to tear out the page of your "Bürkli" which contains the boat time-table and keep it in your purse, and you will never be at a loss if convenience or necessity should at any time prompt you to a lift by the way. I use the word "necessity" advisedly, for though I have headed this section "Circuit of the Lake" there are physical difficulties in the way of performing it entirely on a bicycle. Some of the promontories jutting out into the lake are so precipitous that no attempt has yet been made to carry the road along them, and in other places where there is a road it is so exposed in wet and stormy seasons to landslips that its continuity is liable to be temporarily interfered with. Such, for instance, was the case this summer with the road between Gersau and Brunnen. You will be dependent therefore on the steamboat service to supply the missing links in your course. You can get excellent breakfast, lunch, etc., on board the Fluelen boats—a great convenience in case of an early start. I will now give the itinerary of the lake. Starting from Lucerne in the Pilatus direction, that is towards the south side of the lake, we have—

Distance. Miles.	
3¼	Horw.
6½	Hergiswyl.
8½	Stanzstad.
10¾	Stanz.
13¾	Buochs.
16½	Beckenried.

As far as Stanzstad the road is the Brunig road (see § 8A). After leaving Lucerne it does not touch the lake till a mile beyond Horw. Stanzstad is at the point where the Alpnach Bay begins. The lake here is so narrow that a bridge has been run across it. From Stanzstad you again quit the lake for the 5¼ miles to Buochs, as a big rocky promontory (the Bürgenstock, on which there is an enormous hotel) shuts you out from it. The precipitous N.E. arm of this forms the western or lower of the two "Noses," as they are called ("Untere," u. "Obere Nase"), the eastern or upper one being the portion of the Rigi between Vitznau and Gersau, across which again there is no road. In Stanz you turn down to your left-half, opposite the fountain—the continuation road is that to Engelberg. You will probably dismount at Stanz to see the Winkelried Monument and the Church—otherwise there is no need to get off, for the pavement is excellent, a very model of what street paving ought to be. I only wish our English paviors and street architects could be sent there to study it. As a general rule the paved streets of Swiss towns are very superior to those at home, and can be ridden with comparative comfort in at least two cases out of three, though sometimes, as at Rheinfelden for instance (see § 1), they are very bad indeed. At Beckenried your riding on this side of the lake ends, and you must transfer yourself to some other point by steamer. The road does indeed lead further on up to the Seelisberg, through the village of Emmetten, and past the little Seelisberg Lake, but it is a continuous ascent of 1350 feet. I have not been along it recently, but my pedestrian recollections of it years ago are those of a rough mountain track, quit unfit for bicycles. But it is possible, now that the Seelisberg and its big hotel have become such a fashionable resort, that it has developed into something better; in any case there is a proper carriage-road, though steep and zigzagging, from the Seelisberg down to the lake again at Treib. But the gradient of this descent, as far as I can estimate it from the map, must be an *average* of 1 in 13, which probably means 1 in 10 in places, so that it would require to be taken "gingerly." GERARD F. COBB.

Thunerhof, Thun, August, 1882.

(*To be continued.*)

EXCHANGE LIST.

Tricycle for Sale.—"Excelsior," by Bayliss and Thomas; run under five hundred miles. Ball bearings, gun metal hubs, lamp, etc. £9 10s. Alfred Henry, 57, Moorgate Street.

53-in. "Rudge," ball bearings to front and back wheels and pedals, Rucker's bent handles. Price £10. F. J., 37, Downs Road, Clapton.

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SMOKING CONCERT.

If we may judge from the large attendance at the "City Arms" Tavern on March 15th, and from the enthusiasm evoked by the various items on the programme, there can be no doubt about the success of the first and last official Smoking Concert of the past winter, and the result was very gratifying to the Sub-Committee instructed to promote it. In comparing it with similar entertainments given in the past at short intervals, it shows, we think, the advantage of not repeating them too frequently, and to give more than two during the winter, is in our opinion "killing the goose."

The company was not only more numerous, but more representative than usual of the various divisions of the Club. University and country members, heroes of the path and the Bath road, record-holders and potterers, active and lazy, met to take advantage of the free and easy character of the proceedings. A little too much licence was taken in this way, and less noise would certainly have been more in harmony with some of the songs.

Owing to the late arrival of some of the performers, and to the unfortunate illness of G. E. Schmettau, which necessitated the abandonment of two trios in which he was to have taken part, the first half of the programme underwent, as the Captain pertinently put it, "some slight variations;" but at half-past seven Mr. C. P. Little opened the concert with a pianoforte solo, "Norwegian Bridal March," W. A. Smith following with a song, "Jessie, the flower of Dumblane," which was given in his usual excellent style. The quintette, "Crown diamonds," was then effectively played, after which C. Y. Lyne and F. N. Large were warmly applauded for the duet, "The moon hath hid her light." Mr. C. P. Little succeeded in convulsing the audience by the humour with which he invested "The young man who went out to a party," and the room was not quieted until he had promised to sing again later on. Successes were also gained by the song, "Three merry men," by R. Newman, and the scherzo for violin and viola. C. Y. Lyne was quite himself in "I'm not myself at all," and Mr. H. Dutton again delighted his hearers with his sympathetic rendering of "Oft in the stilly night." At this point a break was made, and a very good one it proved, an honorary member, E. T. Sachs, giving a very clever conjuring performance; after exhibiting some wonderful card tricks, he produced florins from every impossible place with such skill that those who were sitting right under him were quite as puzzled as the rest. The applause when the performance was finished was so great that in order to silence it the conjuror was obliged to respond by showing the handkerchief-knot trick, which was done so skilfully as to baffle discovery.

The second part of the programme was then commenced with the duet, "Friendship," by the N.E. Inseparables, and after G. N. Latham had sung "Awful little scrub," Mr. H. Dutton sang "The meeting of the waters" with rare feeling. A valse by Labitzky was also well rendered by the Quintette. Loud applause greeted M. D. Rucker after he had sung "To Anthea," and Mr. J. D. Butler in "Medje," and Mr. C. P. Little in "The Chancellor's Song," from *Iolanthe*, both gained well-merited approval, as also did F. N. Large in the song, "My little sweetheart," and W. A. Smith in "Tell her I love her so," M. D. Rucker bringing a most enjoyable evening to a spirited ending by a recitation, in which he introduced a most astounding fall, only to be compared with a similar effort by the same performer between Upminster and Purfleet.

The room was crowded throughout, and the festive bowl circulated freely. Some slight difficulties were experienced with the ventilation, owing to the impossibility of satisfying at the same time the men sitting under the windows and the men on the other side of the room. Several serious illnesses were threatened, but we have not heard of their fulfilment.

DISCLAIMER

Whereas by a declaration bearing date the first day of March 1883 and made or signed by certain persons to wit T. E. Scrutton and Arthur Lloyd not therein described I the undersigned am called upon with certain other persons to do and perform certain acts deeds matters and things therein set forth for the convenience and benefit of the said two persons above named And whereas I in order to save myself any further trouble in the matter have decided to make and execute these presents Now I Theodore Godlee in the said declaration called Theo. Godlee DO HEREBY ABSOLUTELY AND IRREVOCABLY disclaim all responsibility or obligation to the said T. E. Scrutton and Arthur Lloyd or either of them to do make or execute any of the said acts deeds matters and things And further that if I do or may do any one or more of such things I will do the same for my own proper convenience and without admitting any liability to the said two persons or either of them And lastly that I will meet the said T. E. Scrutton for divers other purposes mentioned in the said declaration to wit to settle any differences that may arise between us in consequence of these presents at such time and place as we may mutually agree—[Come on—T.E.S.]

As witness my hand and fist this 17th day of March 1883

THEO. GODLEE

[NOTE.—"And, saying he would ne'er consent, consented."—ED.]

ANOTHER MARCH VALENTINE.

To a West member playing billiards at Sunbury after the opening Club Run.

Non habet leges.

(*Marcus Curius Canonicus.*)

(As it is computed that only three members understood the previous issue of Valentines, we hasten to inform our

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readers that the correct translation of the above is "It has not legs," and it is an expression commonly used among the *cognoscenti* when a ball does not travel as far as it should.)

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—We forbear to bring a blush to the highly respectable face of our esteemed contributor by appending his name to the above effusion. We print it as a sad warning of the extent to which jealousy of superior achievements may lead an ordinarily scholarly and appreciative mind.—ED.]

RACING FIXTURES.

Mar. 31.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
April 14.—Surrey B.C. at Surbiton.
21.—Lewisham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
28.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
28.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.
May 12.—Lincoln C. and F.C. Sports.
14.—Scottish Games and Bicycle Races at Stamford Bridge.
26.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
26.—West Kent Races at Crystal Palace.
June 2.—Surrey United at Crystal Palace.
2.—Anfield B.C. Sports at Liverpool.
9.—Pickwick Races at the Crystal Palace.
9.—C.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Cambridge.
13.—O.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Crystal Palace.
16.—London B.C. Races at Crystal Palace.

W. DISTRICT.

(Received too late for insertion with other Club Runs.)

We had a very fair attendance at the opening run on Saturday the 17th March, to Sunbury. Taking the wet afternoon into consideration, for only one or two escaped with dry coats on the outward journey, and none who attempted to return at night escaped the drenching rain that came down so persistently, nine West, one S.W., one N.W., and three S.E., making a total of fourteen, spent a very pleasant evening at the "Magpie;" several members varying the entertainment with the aid of cards, billiards, etc.

I would ask all who can, to attend as many runs as possible during the coming season, and to give as much of their support to the District as possible, and, by so doing, endeavour to raise our attendance from the state of lethargy into which it appears to have fallen. The runs chosen for the coming Saturdays are pleasant and various, and, given fine weather, nothing further should be wanting as an inducement to all members to support them.

Hoping to receive that support which I confidently hope for during the coming season,—Believe me, Yours faithfully,

HAROLD C. PIGOTT, District Captain.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

H. Muir, 86, Hunter's Lane, Birmingham.
H. A. Des Vœux, 2, Sussex Place, Kensington, W.

OUR FRANCO-SWISS TOUR OF 1882.

(Continued from p. 26.)

The first of October was the finest day this part of the country had seen for a month. L., W., and B., (for unfortunately M. was a little out of sorts), in company with a gentleman staying at the hotel, had a splendid walk to the top of the Wengern Alp. Our path skirting the base of the Eiger, we saw many fine avalanches. For some distance we had to wade through plenty of snow, which on approaching the summit (6,224 feet) was some three feet deep. This was quite a new experience for us, and we had plenty of fun laughing at each other's misfortunes, for, the ground being uneven beneath its treacherous covering, our falls were frequent and often ludicrous, sometimes both legs and an arm disappearing from view.

The last piece to the inn was a succession of flounders, and when we at last reached the summit, tired and panting with the novel exertion, we found that our progress had been watched with more interest than we could have imagined. An American gentleman his two daughters and little boy, (whom we had met two days back at Lungern), had ridden up from Lauterbrunnen (the snow being slight on that side), and having discharged their horses were about to commence the descent to Grindelwald on foot when they caught sight of us struggling up, the bad weather we were making taking them rather aback. Our opinion on the matter being asked, we could not, considering the many undignified attitudes we had involuntarily struck, conscientiously recommend the ladies to try the descent, although of course we tendered our assistance should they make the attempt. After considering the state of affairs for some little while they made up their mind to stay the night at the inn, trusting to the off chance of the surface of the snow freezing sufficiently hard during the night to bear them. We may add that they arrived at our hotel the following day, but from the reticence of the girls on the subject, and the heap of clothes to be dried, we guessed that the frost was a delusion.

The view from the Wengern Alp is one not likely to fade from one's memory in a hurry. The tremendous mass of the Jungfrau, covered with spotless snow, stands out against the clear blue sky, while the Mönch, the Silberhorn, and her other companions complete the beauty of the scene. The glories of the scene reminded us of a similar day three years ago, when we scrambled up to the lofty Porte de Venasque and gazed on the Maladetta, the highest of the Pyrenees.

The following morning in most auspicious weather we started, accompanied by a guide, fully equipped for a day on the Lower Glacier. Zigzagging up the mouth of the gorge for some little distance, we presently came to the commencement of the glacier and reached its surface by swarming up a moderately long ladder. In consequence of the large quantity of fresh snow the avalanches rendered

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the usual route skirting the base of the Mettenberg unsafe, and necessitated our proceeding by a new track, which the guide had to pilot out for us. At first, the ice being very much broken, we got on but slowly, as step-cutting is rather tedious work, but after a time the travelling was decidedly easier, and we made good progress. A little farther on a big avalanche, about the size of an elongated Hyde Park more or less, blocked the way, and had to be scrambled over. It was our intention to have pushed on to the Chalet of Zasenberg, "the last human habitation amongst the giants of the Bernese Alps," but by the time we had penetrated as far as the centre of the Mer de Glace the crevasses were so completely hidden by the deep snow that our guide did not think it prudent to proceed farther. Lunch seemed the most appropriate thing to do next; so the basket was unpacked, the wine immersed in the snow, and, thanks to the care of our thoughtful hosts at the Bär, we were soon busy with a capital meal. Having lightened the basket, we linger awhile contemplating the wild waste of snow and ice, hemmed in without visible outlet by majestic mountains. It is a grand sight, rendered more impressive by the extreme solitude in which we seemed to be the only living creatures. Nature can hardly be quieter—except when disturbed now and again by the dull roar of an avalanche—even at the North Pole. We returned by a lofty path along the cliffs of the Mettenberg. All of us were greatly interested with our day's experiences, and, with the exception of W., much enjoyed the fun of scrambling and sliding about. He, who is more at home on his cycle than swarming up slippery slopes and crazy ladders, says that "you'll never catch me on a glacier again; I'd rather ride another Bath Race." His verdict may be altered perhaps by this time.

What is more wretched than a thoroughly wet day away from home? In your own house you can always find plenty of occupation, but in a small village three thousand five hundred feet above the sea, enveloped all day in dense cloud, what is to be done? If you do brave the elements and go out, what is the profit? The view of clouds and mist can be seen to just as much advantage from the hotel door. Our hosts, ever on the alert to make us comfortable, seeing that the time hung heavily with us and that we were likely to smoke ourselves silly for want of other employment, fetched us out a rook rifle, and, a target being quickly improvised in front of the porch, we had some capital fun. This, with sundry small excursions to the village, beneath the big carriage umbrella that covered the four of us, to watch the smith—a clever young fellow—fit a new spoon to W.'s brake, which had worn through, helped to pass the time away. Indoors we condoled with our American friends on the miserable state of affairs, and derived a good deal of amusement from some of their remarks. Asking them as to their intended movements, we had: "I guess if it gits fine we'll take a run up the *Glazier*," followed by, "Wal, I don't care much if it don't; we're goin' on to Chamouny, and I reckon there are plenty of *Glaziers* there!" A. E. B.

(To be continued.)

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

The B.U. Council Meeting resulted in the usual amount of talk, though a very decisive rebuke was administered to one "orator" in his place among the rejected candidates for the Executive, while another only found himself eleventh out of the sixteen elected. S. P. Smith and H. R. Reynolds, of the L.B.C., were re-elected on the Executive; T. E. Scrutton resigned his office of Treasurer and his seat on the Executive.

* * * * * *

The election of President was marked by some very childish opposition, happily coming from very junior members of the Union. W. A. Smith was proposed in opposition to Mr. G. E. Cobb, the founder of the Union, and his proposer conveyed to the meeting the impression that McCullum had been consulted and consented to stand. It is only fair to say that our well-known member had distinctly refused to allow himself to be nominated for the post.

* * * * * *

The Birmingham Championship has been definitely fixed for the 7th July. There is some doubt as to the Cambridge fixture, which may, I hear, be transferred to Oxford or London.

* * * * * *

The Pickwick B.C. hold their race meeting on June 9th, at the Crystal Palace. Their Invitation Race is to be a Half-mile Tricycle Race. I should imagine it is about as unfair and dangerous a distance as could be selected for that course.

* * * * * *

One of the recent B.T.C. candidates writes that he is 69 years of age, and has ridden 53,111 miles—35,493 on bicycles and 17,618 on tricycles—without an accident, and without having caused an accident. Can any of our members beat this?

* * * * * *

There is some suggestion of the B.U's. changing its name, to keep pace with the C.T.C. (late B.T.C.).

* * * * * *

H. G. A. Brown, of ours, was appointed one of the Auditors of the B.U. for last year's accounts. The Treasurer is quaking.

* * * * * *

E. R. Shipton, one of our members, has become Secretary of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club, a financial arrangement having been made which enables him to devote all his time to the Club. He has also been elected a member of the B.U. Executive. THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

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Correspondence.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—The following details may perhaps be of interest to members :—Financially our performance was a fair success, there being a balance of about ten guineas to the credit of the Society.

The following papers were represented at our performance :—*The Bicycling Times, Tricyclist, Bicycling News, B.T.C. Gazette, Cyclist, Chronicle, Daily News, Era, Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News,* and *The Referee.*

Two stall tickets each were given to the Oxford and Cambridge Universities, the Belsize, Druids, Pickwick, Stanley, Surrey, Wanderers, and the West Kent Clubs, and the majority, on acknowledging the same, cordially congratulated us on our success.

About 600 tickets were taken at the door, two-thirds of which were stalls. Forty-one members subscribed to the Society this year.—Yours truly, ALFRED BARKER.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—While yielding to no one in a desire to encourage the accession of tricyclists to our ranks, I can scarcely believe that we shall succeed to any extent in so doing. Numerous influential Tricycle Clubs are now established in the metropolis: it is only reasonable to conclude that riders of the three-wheeler, the great majority of whom are of a different stamp to bicyclists, will join those clubs exclusively devoted to their own form of cycling, in which they would be associated with companions of their own calibre. As for any alteration in the established rules and regulations affecting our Bath Trial, with a view to a similar one for tricyclists, there appears to be a very general feeling in the Club that such a move would be, to say the least of it, premature, and, as far as I can learn, unpopular. Excluding two or three old members who (temporarily, let us hope) have exchanged the bicycle for the tricycle, we have no new members who are exclusively tricyclists; surely it will be quite time enough to adopt fresh departures for the Bath Trial when we find that we have amongst us a number of tricyclists of the stamp likely to enter for such an ordeal. I forbear discussing the question of the twelve hours' time limit proposed, but I think it is pretty plain that the 100 miles on the Bath road should be *easily* accomplished under that time on some of the fast machines now turned out.—I am, sir, yours faithfully, "BREFNEY."

March 11th, 1883.

[NOTE.—We shall be glad to hear from some of our tricycling members on this subject.—ED.]

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—In September last I ventured to call the attention of the Club to the liberality of those in authority in giving away more gold medals every year than the rules of the Club, as printed in the Blue Book, permit. Now though, by strictly interpreting the rules, we should most probably have to reduce the number of medals, I do not believe that the framers of the existing laws ever intended that less than ten medals should be given each year to non-medallists except in the case of the "Enamel" being won by an old hand; and I really think at the Special General Meeting, which is to be called before long, the Club should be asked to alter the phraseology of the Bath-day regulations so as to legalise the action of the officers in past years, and allow the spirit of the present law to coincide with the letter.—Yours, RED TAPE.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

The property master at the recent Dramatic Show says: "You can imagine my feelings when, after being slated by the Treasurer for purchasing 'dry Monopole' instead of Gooseberry, it is libelled by your candid friend in the gallery as 'Zoedone with the labels carefully turned away.'"

* * * * * *

A member evidently not quite up in our traditions asked me the other day: "Do the District Captains stop away from Meets if it is wet?" I smiled at his innocence in supposing such a thing, and of course answered, "Never!"

* * * * * *

SCENE AT SMOKING CONCERT.

Dramatis Personæ—P. and W. (two members well known in the S.E. District). Small Boy.

ACT. I.

P. and W. order two coffees; and then each tells Small Boy "the other gentleman will pay." Small Boy distressed.

ACT II.

P.'s kind heart relents; he calls boy secretly and pays for *both* cups. Small Boy retires grateful: P. feels virtuous.

ACT III.

W.'s kind heart relents; he calls boy ostentatiously and pays for *one* cup, referring him to P. for the other. Small Boy grins, and gives the money to P. Tableau.

Curtain falls on P. triumphant; W. discomfited. Small Boy grinning.

* * * * * *

I hear that a proposal will be made at the Special General Meeting to prohibit members of the Club from being members of any other metropolitan bicycle or tricycle club, with an exception in favour of honorary members of such clubs.

* * * * * *

Suburban 'Arry, on seeing lamps of the N.W. District on Saturday night: "'Ullo! 'ere come the "Lights o' London."

* * * * * *

I hear that the ex-Captain nearly electrified the N.E. at their opening meet by appearing in a complete suit of unattached uniform—and a blue cricket cap! In view of his D.C.'s conservative principles he refrained, and contented

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himself with a mongrel pair of nether garments, justified as being the "new Club cloth."

* * * * * *

No one appreciated Sachs' conjuring at the Smoking Concert so much as the two small "buttons" who waited on us. They followed him about open-mouthed; when the great magician extracted a florin from the ear of one of them, he promptly retired into a corner and counted his takings for the evening to make sure he had not been mysteriously robbed. Sachs' request for handkerchiefs brought both boys up with a rush of "serviettes," as E. T. S. politely put it.

* * * * * *

Our visitors at the Smoking Concert were unanimous in declaring they had never heard anything like our instrumental quintettes.

* * * * * *

I hear that several of our racing men make their first appearance this year on the racing path at Stamford Bridge on Saturday.

* * * * * *

A member's brother, E. P. Powell, won the Quarter-Mile at the Inter-University Sports.

* * * * * *

H. R. Reynolds is reported to have achieved his smallest on record by only riding 30 miles during a fortnight in February; 30 yards would have been enough for me.

* * * * * *

Again there is a sound of wedding bells in the air; but this time the wind is not in the South-East quarter, for I hear that it is a popular member of the West district who is about to enter the holy estate.

* * * * * *

I also hear of a similar ceremony, likewise to take place next month, in which an ex-N.W. official and committee-man of long standing will play the leading character.

* * * * * *

I hear our Editor has become a "pro." The B.U. should inquire into this.—[Impudence. Ed.]

* * * * * *

Suggested second title for March Valentines:—

"A Latin word, a Greek remark, and one that's French."
Iolanthe.

* * * * * *

Sachs would be a most valuable member at a Club run, at that awkward period of the evening when demands for sums of 2s. 3d. cast a gloom o'er our souls. His power of producing florins from nowhere would then be really acceptable.

* * * * * *

The experience of the last three years shows that the season should open with a General Meet at Blackheath. Last Saturday, for the third consecutive time, the Blackheath Division went to the opening run, leaving fine weather behind them, and found rain and mud awaiting them six miles off; on their return they found, as in 1881 and 1882, that no rain had fallen in their absence.

* * * * * *

Probably few S.E. men were aware on Saturday that the "White Hart," Orpington, is the favourite summer haunt of writers engaged in preparing pantomimes for the lower class of London theatres; this is however the fact, and amply accounts for the circumstance that the chops, eggs, and marmalade made their "entrées" by trap-doors in the floor. The waiter had also imbibed the spirit of the place in more sense than one.

* * * * * *

T. E. Scrutton has been appointed Professor of Constitutional History and Law at University College, London.

* * * * * *

I hear from Mentone, what all the Club will be glad to learn, that Arthur Herbert's health is improving in the "sunny south."

* * * * * *

"I know you by the waggling of your head."—
Much Ado About Nothing. Act, II., Scene 1.

Somebody rudely suggested that the above would be very applicable to one of our most prominent racing men

* * * * * *

A "Humber" well known in the South West, which has carried its owner some 14,000 miles, has at length succumbed to a curb-stone. The rider's attention was fixed upon—— but I promised I wouldn't tell.

* * * * * *

At Lawrence's, opposite Exeter Hall, the Smoking Concert Sub-Committee were besieged by the Salvation Army; the latter, however, hastily withdrew on hearing the quantity of whiskey with which it was proposed to demoralize the guests.

* * * * * *

Daggers and dynamite are quite enough for my weak nerves, without the terrible blow that the honorary Secretary has given them.

* * * * * *

In the wake of Cupid's dart, accept a congratulatory quill from the PORCUPINE.

SMOKING CONCERT.

The Sub-Committee wish to thank very sincerely the members who contributed to the success of the above entertainment, especially F. Jolly and C. Y. Lyne, who undertook respectively the organisation of the instrumental and the choral departments.

They also feel that they owe much to the help of several visitors, including Messrs. C. and E. Cockerell, Springmuhl, Little, Butler, and Dutton.

Members owing for tickets or refreshments are requested to forward the amounts in stamps to Stephen P. Smith, 9, Morden Road, Blackheath.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be received not later than Tuesday, the 3rd April, at 6 p.m.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 5.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. APRIL 5, 1883.
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The next Gazette will be published on Thursday, 12th April. Copy should be sent in not later than 6 p.m. on Tuesday, the 10th. All contributions to the Gazette are allowed to pass by book post, provided they are in no way of the nature of a letter. It is as well to have them endorsed "MS. for Press."

THE DISTRICT CAPTAIN.

Last week we spoke of Club runs, and this week we propose to refer to a prominent feature of Club runs—the District Captain. We have heard it said that "a conscientious District Captain has as hard work as the Hon. Sec.," but it must be added that the originator of this remark had been a D.C. but never an Hon. Sec., and persons more likely to judge of both positions fairly are sceptical on the point. There is no doubt, however, that if a D.C. does seriously set himself to make his District successful he has not an easy time of it. We ventured to say last week that the healthy life of the Club was dependent upon the Club runs; we may almost add that the healthy life of Club runs depends on the District Captain. We say this without any wish to unduly magnify the office, but rather with a desire to impress upon the D.C.'s the very serious responsibility which rests upon them. First and foremost among their duties is regular attendance at meets, in which we may fairly say that past D.C.'s have been well up to the mark, as last year the attendance medal was taken by the D.C. in every District but one, and in that he was only one point behind the medallist. Then it is always necessary to keep up the interest of members if possible by some change in destination or in the routine of Club runs, paperchases and picnics being fair samples of the method of arriving at this latter result. The means adopted to induce attendance in different Districts will naturally vary with circumstances. One man may effect wonders with postcards, while another may find personal applications possible and more effective, but we fancy the time has gone by when a D.C. can sit still and expect his District to flock to meets without any encouragements.

It is in the actual conduct and pace of runs, however, that his responsibility is most apparent. A D.C. may increase or diminish the attendance more than is sometimes imagined by too wild a rush, which disheartens the beginner, or by too funereal a crawl, which disgusts the flyer, and unless he can duly regulate his District he may as well give up the attempt to make his year of office successful. So far District Captains may perhaps think we are directing our remarks rather pointedly to them, but in conclusion we have this to say to the rest of the members, if the duties of the D.C. are difficult, it rests with you to lighten them. The ideal D.C. would only have to ride at the head of a District and preside at the frugal tea at its termination, spending the rest of his days in peace and quietness. Let all members, therefore, endeavour to obtain for the District Captain a near approach to this ideal, and we venture to promise that they will themselves reap the benefits of their efforts.

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FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
April 7.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for EPPING.	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45, for EASTCOTT.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for RIPLEY. ('Anchor') Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for RIPLEY. Meet W.	3.45, Croydon Central Station, for WROTHAM.	'Hare & Billet,' 4.0, for WROTHAM.
April 14.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30 and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for UPMINSTER. Meet S.E. Blackhth. Division.	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45 and Tally-ho! 4.30, for MILL HILL.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for EASTCOTT. ('Ship.')	Kingston Station, 4.15, for OATLANDS PARK and WEYBRIDGE.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for EAST GRINSTEAD.	'Hare & Billet,' 3.45, for UPMINSTER. Meet N.E.

April 21.—HALLIFORD. General Meet. Times and places of starting to be published in the GAZETTE.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. DISTRICT.

31st March. This district did not manage so good a muster to meet the N.W. as might reasonably have been expected from the fine weather and pleasant destination. The Captain and two other members left the Corner with the D.C., and proceeded by Higham Hill to Chingford, the Captain and Lloyd negotiating the hill up to the church. The Editor joined us at this point; and in the fruitless effort to avoid stones the District made a long circuit by the "Forest Hotel" and High Beech and so to Waltham. The Treasurer, who had come by the direct route, joined the District at Waltham Abbey, but the Editor had left just before, so we were only five strong going into Cheshunt. However, three more were waiting at the "Green Dragon," and we were hardly off our machines when the N.W. rode up. Tea was as usual good and cheap, if simple, and the attendants very attentive. It was just dark as the District started home, Lyne and Stunt returning chiefly with the N.W., and the main body making their way over much loose stones *via* the direct route between Waltham and Chingford, meeting S. G. Hough near the former town, and reaching Walthamstow about ten o'clock. Present: Ashley Barrett (Captain), R. B. Hough, S. G. Hough, A. A. Kelsey, Lloyd, Lyne, T. E. Scrutton, E. D. Sewell, G. N. Stunt, Weeks, and

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

S.W. DISTRICT.

The sentiments expressed in the leader in our last issue, entitled "The Natural History of Club Runs," we trust will always apply to the S.W. District, and we must earnestly hope that our young athletes, in the construction and mural decoration of any "airy castles" they may conceive, will not lose sight of the great duty they owe to their Club and neglect its Saturday Runs.

Without any fear of causing disappointment we can, doubtless, safely promise to visitors to the S.W. a better and more tempting spread than the melancholy indication of an indigestible skeleton Club tea contained in the interesting article above referred to. The district force mustered at Kingston Station three strong, and after allowing ample time for any possible addition to the ranks, but without securing any welcome reinforcements, the company commenced its circular run. For the convenience of any members or visitors who may arrive late at Kingston, I propose to leave a card upon the mantelpiece opposite the booking office at that station, containing the latest information for tardy members, as to our numbers, direction, and place for tea, so that if by any chance the destination of the district were to be modified or altered by the wish of a majority at the last moment, others desiring to join us would, by this arrangement, be enabled and perhaps encouraged to do so.

It is a melancholy fact that this short circular and attractive run had charms for only three members, but this was all that could be recorded when we took to the sunny lanes at Surbiton, and pursued our wayward course through Claygate, Ockshott, Stoke d'Abernon, and Church Cobham to Cobham proper, where we stayed for tea at the "White Lion." The surfaces of the lanes we traversed were variable, and the combined mud and rough roads afforded us opportunities for healthy exercise. The frugal repast at Cobham was below our usual average, except in the matter of charges. An hour and a half was devoted to amusement here, which included much of the fragrant weed, and after this period—with only two lamps to do duty for three—we took to the main Portsmouth road, and reached Kingston about 8.30 p.m. Distance 20 miles. Members present: A. L. Gruggen, H. L. Ryan, and

R. M. GRUGGEN, District Captain.

Next Saturday we run to Ripley to meet the West at the "Anchor"—that favourite *rendezvous* for all the wheel world—and I earnestly hope that all our members will make a point of being present themselves and use their influence to induce others to follow their example.

S.E. DISTRICT.

The last day of March was quite a *butterfly* day, but there were several butterflies of the two wheeled order who refused to be enticed out by the sunshine which graced our

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second meet. Not that energy was wanting in the South East, but the energy was localized, and confined to a few. The O'Reilly rode up from Brighton; Douglas Smith started from Oxford, and turned up at the Fire Station to the minute, looking as fresh as paint and as hard as nails; and J. S. Whatton came down by road with the latest news of the doings of racing men at Stamford Bridge. The ride out was conspicuous by the entire absence of the conventional, men dropping in in dribblets of twos and threes. Altogether seventeen members and three visitors sat down to tea at the "Clayton Arms," nor was the traditional veal absent from the festive board; in fact it may be looked on as quite a *genius loci*, second only to the time honoured ghost. Songs and recitations followed, in which H. G. A. Brown, L. Potter, J. C. Oswald, Schmettau, and Stephen Smith were to the fore. The complete harmony of the scene was only marred by the absence of not a few familiar faces who have come to be associated with this, one of the favourite meets of the year. At about half-past eight the party broke up, and Croydon was reached without misadventure. Present: A. Barker, G. F. Beck, C. A. Brown, H. G. A. Brown, R. G. Francis, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, A. L. Potter, J. F. Potter, L. Potter, The O'Reilly, C. F. Schmettau, H. N. Sharp, D. R. Smith, S. P. Smith, J. S. Whatton (W.), S. E. Whealler, and three visitors.

The next run is to Wrotham, in the Blackheath country. That division will, it is hoped, show their appreciation by turning up in force. The Croydon Division will start at 4 punctually, and meet them at Farningham at 5.15. Wrotham is also easily accessible to the Sevenoaks contingent. We shall have tea at the "Bull," one of the best Inns in one of the most picturesque villages in Kent.

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

W. District.

March 31st. Remembering the fact that the average attendance of this District at the 24 meets last season was 6.37, some may have been disposed to think that the D.C.'s remarks about a "state of lethargy" in the last number of the Gazette, were rather uncalled for. But the fact that on a fine afternoon, with dry roads, and a short run, only one member appeared to kéep the D.C. company, seems quite to justify the statement. Perhaps the run was *too short*, and those to Chenies and Leith Hill will show a better attendance. Let us hope so.

The Western members got to Harrow about 5.30, and had just made enquiries about tea, when Alison appeared from the opposite direction. The view from the churchyard was beautifully clear. The "King's Head" gave us a capital two shilling meat tea, and a very pleasant evening was spent afterwards in company with some musical members of the Chiswick Club. Altogether it was voted a very enjoyable little run. Present: J. W. Alison, J. W. Langmore, and

H. C. Pigott, District Captain.

THE ROAD TRIAL.

I shall be glad to receive the names of any gentlemen who will kindly volunteer to time the competitors on Whit-Monday at any of the following stations, and to learn at which place they will undertake to be present.

Devizes	21	miles	from	Bath.
Marlboro' Hill	35	"	"	"
Newbury	53	"	"	"
Reading	69	"	"	"
Maidenhead	83	"	"	"
Slough	—	"	"	"

Ashley W. Barrett, Captain.

THE LATE CHARLES TAYLOR.

I cannot let the sad news of Charles Taylor's death go by without writing a few lines—which I feel sure will be thoroughly endorsed by all who knew him—as to his many admirable qualities.

Mr. Charles Taylor joined the L.B.C. when it was quite in its infancy, and continued until his lamented death to be one of the few who, from such an early period as 1875, took a lively and thorough interest in all its doings. He was a firm supporter of the S.W. Division, and his genial face was well known in his Division. So many Club Runs had he attended, that at last a S.W. Run was not looked upon as complete without the pleasant jovial face of Charles Taylor.

I have had the pleasure of two short tours in his company, and never in all my 'cycling experience have I come across a more genuine, openhearted, and unselfish companion; and now that he has departed this life I feel, with his other companions, that we have lost a friend of no mean value, and one whose like we may not often meet again.

W. T. Hill.

OUR FRANCO-SWISS TOUR OF 1882.

(Continued from p. 38, and concluded.)

Early the next morning M. and B. were off to the Faulhorn. W.'s feet having given way a bit with the two heavy days' walking, it was not prudent for him to attempt another stiff day, so he and L. stayed behind. Leaving the valley close by the Bär we soon commenced the ascent in earnest. Our guide, the same that we had on the glacier, seemed determined to test our abilities to the utmost, for, scornfully disregarding the paths, he marched us straight away up the side of the mountain. We covered the first 2000 feet in the hour, and at this rate of progression were soon amongst the snow. In places it was frozen hard and the going was capital, but as we neared the top it was not only soft but deep (about five feet) as well, and we plunged about a good deal. Arriving at the summit (8803 feet) there were too many clouds about to admit of our seeing much of the splendid panorama with which we ought to have been rewarded, but we saw quite enough to make us wish for more. After hoisting the L.B.C. colours, lunch was the order of the day, and luckily we had brought it with us, for the inn was deserted, only an outbuilding being left open for the shelter of travellers. It was freezing hard, and it was only by keeping on the move that we were able to maintain the circulation. In these mountain expeditions we derived great benefit and instruction from an aneroid B. had

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brought with him. Several times during the earlier and wetter stages of our trip we thought seriously of heaving this "Jonah" overboard, but could not quite agree whether it was the barometer or the sun-hats that attracted the rain, so both were spared, and in the end both paid for the trouble of transport. Our downward route was varied by striking towards the Great Scheideck. This change gave us the full benefit of the snow. Where the surface was frozen hard we got along merrily, glissading down the steeper slopes like express trains; but for a greater portion of the way the upper crust was so fragile that it let us through at nearly every step, rasping our shins sweetly in the process. Presently we swung down an almost perpendicular piece of greasy turf, and passing close by the fine Muhlbach Fall after a while rejoined the valley. W. and L. had been having a good time of it. After a turn at practice with a chamois rifle of the Swiss military type they joined a shooting party for the afternoon, but did not meet with any very marked success, although seven guns and two dogs were on the war path.

The time had come for us to commence our homeward journey, so the next morning we got out our neglected cycles, and prepared ourselves to depart from the mountains amongst which we had spent so many happy hours. An ancient writer says, "Call no man happy until he is dead;" we say, after a fair share of experience, "Consider no hotel satisfactory until the bill comes." The "Hotel de l'Ours" stood even this test most satisfactorily. Our comfort had been studied in every way, and the charges were most moderate. After cordial "good byes" from our obliging hosts (the brothers Boss), we commenced the 12½ miles descent to Interlaken. Little did we think that, as we reluctantly took our last look at Grindelwald, before a month had elapsed this pleasant little village would be devastated by a hurricane the like of which fortunately is not often seen in Europe.

From Interlaken we ran close alongside the Lake of Thun, a pretty ride over the best piece of road we had seen in Switzerland. We spent some little time in Thun examining the quaint streets and shops, getting photos, etc., and after lunch went on to Berne. There is always a feeling of melancholy as the mountains are one by one dropped behind, and we experienced the truth of the lines—

> "As when the traveller, with reluctant feet,
> From Alpine summits passes to the plain,
> Turns and looks upward from the vale, to greet
> The Eiger or the Jungfrau once again,
> Towering above the snow-capped mountain chain,
> So turn I lovingly ——."

An uneventful ride brought us to the top of the descent into Berne (47½). From this spot the view of the city is most striking. Before entering the town we had a look at the famous bears. They look jolly enough, and so they ought to, considering the comfortable annuities they enjoy. Walking over the *pavé* to the hotel (Schweizerhof), a dog took an affection to the doctor's calves. One subtle insinuation of his toe beneath the brute's nether jaw and the animal, turning a somersault in the air, landed on his back in the middle of the stream that runs down the main street; (exit dog).

Friday saw the division of our party. Morris, our guide, philosopher, friend, and banker, (leaving the rest of us to push on to Neuchâtel to complete our Swiss round), having time to spare returned to Grindelwald, where he had a very jolly time of it climbing, walking, and chamois-hunting; the only drawback being that unfortunately, by the upsetting of a dogcart into the river, he lost his multum the contents of his portmanteau and his overcoat—a catastrophe which at one fell swoop reduced his wearing apparel to the clothes he stood up in. We, the survivors, riding by a cross country route, reached Neuchâtel safely, (our friend the "tyke," whose house we had to pass, not being at home), and left by the afternoon train for Paris. Proceeding to Dieppe, we crossed by the day boat and landed at Newhaven between nine and ten p.m. W. went up to town by the boat train, leaving the doctor and B. to enjoy a much needed night's repose, and to ride home the next day.

Our little story is ended, and there only remains to add a few words for the benefit of those readers who have not as yet bicycled on the other side of the silver streak. In England the touring cyclist meets with but scant civility. He often deems himself lucky if a native hurls at him a hard word or a coarse jest instead of a half brick. The hotel landlord loves him not; his cycle is consigned to the sweetly smelling stable, and himself very often to the attic. But cross the channel—how differently we are treated. The labourer leaves off breaking his stones to raise his hat; the street boy grins and wishes *bon voyage;* the sentinel presents arms; the officer salutes the uniform; the village priest politely bows; whilst the hotel proprietor, all smiles, stands our cycles in the hall, or perhaps in a spare *salle à manger*, and produces the best of everything for the "gentlemen with the velocipedes." If, then, you like the description, go next summer and try for yourself.

A. E. B.

THE EASTER RUN FROM BATH.

In spite of the biting N.E. wind, the party found by the Captain at the "White Lion" on Sunday evening was larger than is usually collected there at Easter. There were H. G. A. Brown and Douglas Smith, who had ridden down by easy stages; A. S. Morris and Hewitt, who had been riding in company for the two previous days; H. L. Ryan, who had ridden down alone; while Charles Newman, Barker, and Walter Meyer had accompanied the Captain in a circuitous archæological ramble. Of the doings of this last party prior to its arrival at Bath something may be said. Its *rendezvous* on the evening of Good Friday was

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Winchester, and there were to be found about 10 p.m., fighting their battles o'er again in the smoking room of the "George" hotel, John Kinder, Fred Williams, Barker, Chas. Newman, Meyer, and the Captain. The first three men had ridden straight down before the wind, through Alton, and talked much of mighty flies down never-ending hills; Meyer had travelled alone for the most part, while Newman and the other man had run through Silchester and Basingstoke. At the former place they had visited the ruins of Calleva, the lately explored Roman city on the estate of the Duke of Wellington, but the terribly cold wind prevented them from staying long in its deserted streets. The recently exhumed tesselated pavements are now very perfect, but it is to be feared that the weather and the earthworms will ere long serve to break them up. The bronze and iron implements exhibited in the small museum are few in number and of no very great interest, but probably the best specimens are removed and shown elsewhere. A handy guide-book to the place might also with advantage be placed at the disposal of visitors—the more so since at present the only source of information is a resident rustic of apoplectic appearance and intemperate habits. On the following day, Saturday, a short run only was made, from Winchester to Salisbury; so short, indeed, was it, that the two *Flyers* were compelled to expend their exuberant energy in walking till midnight around the Cathedral city. The two married men trained home, greatly to their companions' regret, leaving Meyer and the Captain to attend evening service and the Turkish Baths. On the following day Bath was reached, after riding through Amesbury and across the Plain. The ruins of Old Sarum Castle were scaled, and mighty steep they were. This is now a table mountain; but before reaching its top a deep fosse has to be crossed. Unfortunately the hill is surrounded by arable land, and the suspicious inhabitants guard it so jealously that any assault, to be successful, must be planned and executed with much vigour and skill. Unaware of our danger, we were descending carelessly and in happy ignorance of our peril, when our right front was attacked by a formidable person with a large stick, who was afterwards discovered to be an uncle of two small boys that had guided us across his fields. The latter were rewarded with sixpence for so doing, while their angry relative was subsequently appeased with beer at a neighbouring inn. Before reaching the bottom of the lower slope our flank was turned and retreat almost cut off by more agriculturists. A bold stand, however, was made, and Amesbury at length was reached with thankful hearts. There can be no doubt that, though Salisbury may be dull, its surrounding inhabitants are most truculent and far from simple. Future visitors to its old castle had best make their explorations under cover of darkness. This at least is the opinion of one of our party not unversed in the wily strategies of savage warfare. Over the Plain the air was keen, cold, and clear, as it always is. Stonehenge was sighted, but not visited, though Yarnbury Castle was well explored. Then a hare was coursed, but unsuccessfully, and Bath at length reached in good time for dinner and a subsequent stroll. On Monday morning a start was effected at eight o'clock, but unfortunately without Walter Meyer, who had scalded his foot rather severely by an unfortunate accident. The *oolite* was sticky and so greasy that in Devizes Morris fell and had to train home. The party soon tailed out, as *sauve qui peut* seems always the motto on the *via sacra*. Smith and Hewitt about Silbury Mound disappeared, though, as the tombstones say, they were not lost, but gone before, since at Reading Hewitt was reported to be "still plugging Douglas Smith." Later accounts from Oxford relate that the latter reached Maidenhead in 7 hr. 5 min., and then rode on to Oxford (114 miles), the latter part against what was described as a "roaring tempest." The others reached home safely by various means and at various times, Newman riding all the way up with that profound contempt for the train that always characterises him, others of weaker moral fibre not disdaining its aid; and one there was, since this narrative is nothing if not truthful, who scorned not to ride therein from Reading to Paddington. The name of this degenerate shall never be revealed by the veracious, and, since his Easter holiday, voracious historian of this *Easter run to Bath*.

A. W. B.

EASTER RUNS.

On Easter Monday, A. Lloyd started from Walthamstow at 3 a.m., and rode through Colchester and Ipswich to Stratford St. Andrew, Suffolk (85). Returning home by the same road he was caught in a snowstorm near Chelmsford, but continued till the gathering darkness, and the depth of the snow, obliged him to seek refuge in a wayside inn. Distance ridden, 147 miles.

R. B. and S. G. Hough started from Kew Bridge at 8 p.m. on Thursday, with E. D. Sewell, and were blown down with the dust to Reading, where they stayed the night. Next day, E. D. Sewell left them, and they proceeded to Bath. On Saturday they rode over bad roads to Warminster, thence good to Salisbury, where they met Price and Lown, with whom they went on to Bournemouth, meeting E. D. Sewell and a friend. Stopped there over the Sunday, riding home with Sewell and friend through Southampton and Basingstoke on the Monday. Total Distance, 286 miles.

Oliver Thorn rode to Newbury on Friday, and next day on to Hungerford, back to Newbury, then to Shaw, Hampstead Norris, Goring Bridge and Heath, Reading, Maidenhead, and home. Roads in splendid condition, and most pleasantly varied country.

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A. H. Koch, Alison, Hindley, Price, Lown, and McCullum Hill started from Kew on Friday morning, and rode through Staines, Windsor Great Park, Wokingham (lunch), Silchester (old Roman remains of which are wonderful), and on to Newbury for the night. On Saturday, A. H. Koch, Alison, and Hindley parted with the rest and rode to Hungerford, Savernake Forest, Collingbourne, Ducis, to Amesbury and Stonehenge, thence back to Amesbury and on to Salisbury, where they stopped the night. From here to Romsey and Winchester, and thence through Titchborne to Alton for the night. Home on Monday by Farnham, Aldershot, Chobham, Chertsey, Hounslow, etc. About 230 miles.

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

The racing season has set in with its usual severity. Bank Holiday witnessed a large number of race meetings, and the official handicapper had his hands full.

* * * * * *

Last year's scratch men were not very successful. At Coventry, Lowndes could not beat 3 min. 5 secs. in his heat, the final being won by Auster of the Speedwell with twenty-five yards start in 2 min. 58½ secs.

* * * * * *

At Leicester, Moore, the One and Twenty-five Mile Champion, was second in the three miles, taking over ten minutes to cover the distance; and at Brighton, Gaskell from scratch could not do anything in either the one or three miles, his three mile time being over 10 min. 15 secs. The final of the open mile was won in 2 min. 54 secs. by a local man with 120 yards start.

* * * * * *

At Taunton, Whish and Fry both failed to come off. J. R. Walter, of Ours and the O.U.Bi.C., took second prize in the five miles with 400 yards start, the time being slow.

* * * * * *

The Fifty Mile Professional Championship at Leicester was won easily by the Frenchman, De Civry, in 3 hrs. 13 min. 14 secs; but in the Ten Mile Championship he was quite outpaced, and Howell won a good race by three yards from Wood of Leicester in 33 min. 34½ sec.

* * * * * *

The Executive of the B.U. have elected A. R. Sheppee, of the Hornsey B.C., their Chairman; Hampton Roberts continues Librarian; and H. R. Reynolds is still responsible for all the dangerous hills in the country.

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G. P. Coleman has been appointed Official Timekeeper to the B.U.

* * * * * *

As the touring season will soon begin, members should know that the B.U. Reference Library is open free every Monday and Friday, from 6.30 to 8.30 p.m. It contains the 1-inch ordnance survey of the whole of England, as well as every road-book that has yet appeared, and bound volumes of all bicycling literature.

The first Spring Meeting of the L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge last Saturday resulted in another win for a L.B.C. man, Buckley easily securing first prize in the mile handicap with twenty-five yards start, in the fast time of 2 min. 54⅘ secs. O. Thorn, with seventy yards, ran second to Buckley in his heat, and F. L. Adam was third in the same heat. Wyndham and Leeds also ran.

* * * * * *

Gaskell was scratch, but could do no better than about 3 min. 5 sec. Mr. Griffin's handicapping was slightly eccentric; F. L. Adam was asked to *give* Buckley ten yards! The three heats were processions, and the final was won very easily, Medcalf (95 yards) being second, and H. F. Wilson (75) third.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

Correspondence.

A NOTE OF INTERROGATION.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—Does the down of youth adorn the upper lip of J. S. W., or do the snowy locks of age enframe a wrinkled face? Is it as a simple lad, or is it as a miserable misogynist that he has involved the wrath of Saint Valentine by addressing verses to the sterner sex?—verses, too, not in the language of love, but in that of ancient Rome and Greece.

Oh! J. S. W., what a wail of woe went up from female relatives of the members of the L.B.C., when they found within the innocent pages of the GAZETTE something that they *could not understand*. Yes, there was the sharpest prick that goaded us to madness. You will perhaps remark, we might have asked to have them translated. This is my experience, and it is far from a solitary one. I asked a relative—a solicitor in large practice. He had forgotten his Latin! I sneezed twice, so sent for a medical man of great renown. He had forgotten his Latin!! I provided a dainty dinner, and invited a barrister. He had forgotten his Latin!!! I bought some jam tarts and sent for a schoolboy. He did not learn Latin!!!! I was baffled, but not defeated. Armed with Smith's smaller Latin Dictionary, I began upon No. 1. But, alas! many of the words could not be found, and some were spelled rather differently. No matter! On I went, and this is the result of my labours:

When swiftly along a dusty course
A body of men
Impetuously seek a goal,
To aid yourself avoid their wheels,
If you would win a famous victory.

That sounds all right, and no doubt Horace bought his experience in a chariot race, as he flourished rather before the age of bicycles. I pass at once to No. 8. This is, I should think, dog Latin, and "Procum" is the strange name of the dog.

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The leader of a recent Club Run is doubtless a tease, and was justly punished for irritating poor "Procum." Therefore the line—

"Procum bit you my boss."

If my translations are not correct, pity rather than blame me, for having dug amongst a cemetery of a dead language only to bring up bones that will not fit. You may perhaps think this is written with a quill from the porcupine (Hamlet's, not Sir T. Browne's), but it is not so.

My spirit is sad, not fretful. If Latin and if Greek appear in the first number of a new edition—or it may be more correct to say a newly edited GAZETTE—where, oh! where will it cease? Equations and logarithms will be succeeded by a little dentistry, or extraction of roots. Tours will be abandoned; the racing path a cindery desert; and instead of animated discussions on hubs and backbones, each man will sit amongst the ruins of his machine, vainly endeavouring to square the circle of his spokeless wheels!

Can visions of prophetic woe
To deeper depths of dullness go?
A voice from Eastcheap echoes "No!"

A. W. OMAN.

[NOTE.—The Editor offers his most humble apologies to his fair contributor for going beyond the limits even of the "Higher Education of Women." His excuse is that the GAZETTE is addressed mainly to cultured males, and it is matter of notoriety that every candidate for the L.B.C. is required to speak fluently at least six languages, of which three *must* be dead ones. The GAZETTE, however, will never be dull so long as it is enlivened by the pen of A. W. OMAN.—ED.]

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

I hear from Salisbury that some of our touring members like their oysters a little mixed.

* * * * * *

The N.E. had the pleasure of introducing the Captain to Chingford Hill, High Beech, and other obscure parts of the North-East on Saturday. I hear that half the District rode up Chingford Hill in magnificent form, and nearly scrambled to the summit of the bed of a waterfall at Fairmead that calls itself a road.

* * * * * *

I am glad to hear that the N.E. District Captain and the Editor have made up their little differences, and entered into a defensive treaty "for taking of their *dolce far niente*." The leading article is, "that the two contracting parties will dismount together at the foot of every hill they may meet when out on a run and walk up the same, notwithstanding any rash attempt of the Captain and Sub-Editor to break a blood vessel by riding up the said hills."

J. R. Walter scored the first prize for the Club this year at Taunton on Easter Monday.

* * * * * *

There is weeping and wailing in the editorial sanctum over the terrible muddle the West District Captain's Run in last GAZETTE got into. I hear the Editor is going to give himself a month's warning in consequence.

* * * * * *

N.B.—All the editorials are not written by the Editor.

* * * * * *

To be elected a member of the Club on the 12th, and District Captain on the 22nd of the month, is about our quickest on record. At the same time it means that the new District Captain occupies a very difficult position; and in wishing the West District Captain every success, I need hardly ask our members to make allowance for those difficulties.

* * * * * *

I hear that one of our members was elected Secretary of the leading Swimming Club first, and elected a member afterwards. This beats Pigott's record.

* * * * * *

Marlborough Hill is a good stiff one, and is very seldom ridden. On Easter Monday a local bicyclist seemed fairly surprised when C. Newman rode up it with ease, and without a swerve of his wheel.

* * * * * *

It is reported, and confirmed by the Captain, that the N.E. D.C.'s lamp was alight without intermission from Cheshunt to Walthamstow. The report is unlikely on the face of it, but the police are investigating the case.

* * * * * *

The Joint Meet at Cheshunt had arrived at that point by five or six totally different routes, and all sections had decided to go back some other way "to avoid the loose stones."

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I am glad to hear that H. H. Sherriff has so far recovered from his accident as to be able to ride twenty miles on Easter Monday, and that there is some chance of his riding on Whit-Monday.

* * * * * *

It is curious to note the crowd of traditions and legends that now hang about our *via sacra*. Here is the corner, they tell you, where Reynolds, Thorn, and Butler fell. Here it was that Appleyard began to cut record. At this tree Marlborough Hill pulls every competitor out of his saddle. Here Wynne lost his enamelled medal. From this cottage the ubiquitous Chippindale requisitioned tea and crockery for the competitors. All lovers of sport, in and out of the L.B.C., will rejoice that nothing has yet occurred to interfere with our *Road Trial*, and no one can rejoice more at the courteous response of the *London Tricycle Club* than—Your omniscient, PORCUPINE.

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RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

April 14.—Surrey B.C. at Surbiton.
21.—Lewisham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
28.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
28.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.
May 12.—Lincoln C. and F.C. Sports.
14.—Scottish Games and Bicycle Races at Stamford Bridge.
26.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
26.—West Kent Races at Crystal Palace.
June 2.—Surrey United at Crystal Palace.
2.—Anfield B.C. Sports at Liverpool.
9.—Pickwick Races at the Crystal Palace.
9.—C.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Cambridge.
13.—O.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Crystal Palace.
16.—London B.C. Races at Crystal Palace.
16.—Private Banks at Catford Bridge.
23.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
23.—Clapham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
30.—Speedwell Sports at Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham.
30.—A.A.A. Championships at Lillie Bridge.
30.—Brixton Ramblers B.C. at Crystal Palace.
July 7.—Crewe Alexandra A.C. Meeting.
7.—Belgrave B.C. Races at Stamford Bridge.
7.—B.U. Five Mile Bicycle and One Mile Tricycle Championships at Birmingham.
7.—Lewisham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
7.—Belgrave B.C. at Stamford Bridge.
14.—B.U. Ten miles Tricycle and One mile Bicycle Championships at Crystal Palace.
14.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
19.—Crichton Three miles Invitation Race at Crystal Palace.
21.—Fifty miles Bicycle Championship at Crystal Palace.
25.—Eastbourne B.C. Races.
Sept. 15.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.

EXCHANGE LIST.

Strong 48-inch "Challenge" Roadster, suit those wishing to learn, or for first season. Will stand any amount of knocking about. Price £3, or exchange for bound numbers of *Bicycling News*, or other Cycling papers. Apply—H. H. Sherriff, Holly House, Mortlake.

For Sale.—50-inch "Norwood" (Wm. Keen), in capital condition, bent handles, ball bearings both wheels. Cost over £18. Price £7.—H. H. Sherriff, Holly House, Mortlake.

GLEANINGS FROM A CLUB TEA TABLE.

That McCullum has been seen on *two* wheels again.

* * * * * *

That the Bath Trial is to be hotter than ever.

* * * * * *

That all the Club cracks intend running.

* * * * * *

That our President will go into training for the event.

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That the N.W. Captain has arranged for a fair wind, and has ordered a "sixty" in consequence.

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That we are going to beat record at Dunstable in May.

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That Meets are to be better attended than ever this season.

* * * * * *

That in view of the last paragraph proving correct, District Captains are blackballing all inns not furnished with breakfast cups.

A NOVEL SPIN ON THE GOODWIN SANDS ON A BICYCLE.

A visitor, Mr. Palmer Dalton, a member of the London Bicycle Club, took a novel spin on his bicycle on the Goodwin Sands on Tuesday morning. They launched from the shore in Mr. Porter's galley "Undaunted" near the pier at five o'clock in the morning, this being necessary to meet a suitable state of the tide when the sands would be hard and dry. On arriving there Mr. Dalton was soon landed and mounted his bicycle, and took a spin for about a mile and half across the Goodwin, which afforded a capital track for the machine, the sands being as hard and solid, but much smoother than a trip on land. His further progress was stopped by one of the gullies which abound there. After having spent nearly an hour in the keen frosty air, Mr. Dalton with his boat's crew returned to the shore, where they arrived about eight, with appetites sufficient to enable them to partake of and enjoy a good breakfast. The boat's crew consisted of three boatmen, including Mr. Geo. Porter as coxswain. A small bundle of the sand was secured by Mr. Dalton for conveyance to London. The keepers of the light ships were observed with their telescopes watching the movements of the gentleman on his bicycle with great interest, and no doubt wondering as to the object of his visit. —*Kentish Telegram.*

EDITORIAL NOTE.—We regret that at the time of going to press no separate account of the N.W. run has been received.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be received not later than Tuesday, the 10th April, at 6 p.m.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

OUR LAZY FRIEND.

In recalling our expeditions—bicycling and otherwise—there will be few amongst us who do not remember having, at some time or other, undergone that extreme penance to an energetic soul, the being yoked with a lazy companion. Next to the grumbler a lazy man is perhaps the worst company, especially if one's tendencies lie in the opposite direction. The friend may be a capital fellow in all other respects; he may not abuse you if the weather or roads turn out, as they will sometimes, execrable; and he may not hold you responsible for the direction of the wind; nay, he may be "as jolly as a sandboy" when rain mud and wind are at their worst; but if you know him to be of an undoubtedly indolent disposition let no such man be trusted or travelled with.

But let us suppose that you do not follow the advice here disinterestedly offered; and you, the early riser brimming over with superabundant energy, take as your companion on a tour this friend who is a sluggard, a lotos eater, in fact a species of moral brake. Of course an early start is fixed for the first morning; and the sun has scarcely shown his intention of rising when, eager to be off, you fling off the clothes and turn from your bed into your tub. After much vigorous splashing you are beginning to array yourself in your bicycling garments when a thought strikes you—"I must go and see after X." You burst precipitately into his room, dash up the blinds, fling open the window, and then turn your attention to the object of your solicitude. He sleeps—peaceably, and apparently undisturbed. But look at those tightly closed eyelids! and listen to those gentle suspirations long drawn out! Are they real or only the affectations of slumber? "Now, then! up you get!" And you yell the words into his ear in stentorian tones almost loud enough to waken the dead. A yawn—a stretch—and instead of answering briskly to your summons he only turns over with a faint groan. "Oh, I say, do get up! It's past five, and *such* a lovely morning." Thus you address him in more conciliatory tones, and, as you think, bring him to book, for he answers, briskly enough, "All right; leave me, there's a good fellow, I'll be down in half a minute." If you are a novice in the art you *will* leave him, and will be unfeignedly astonished when you return in a quarter of an hour's time to find him once more wrapt in the arms of Morpheus or to hear him tumble out of bed as you turn the handle of the door. An hour or so will probably have been wasted by the time you have got your victim down stairs, though of course, as you gain in experience, your efforts may meet with better success; but it is the old story of bringing a horse to water,—you may forcibly eject him from his drowsy couch; you may dowse him with cold water; you may pour out upon him the vials of your wrath; you may use the oblique shaft of sarcasm, or the direct volley of abuse; you may silently sneer; but you will never succeed in getting him up to time. Every morn-

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ing, regularly as clockwork, there will be the same process to go through. And you must not imagine that when he is once downstairs your labours are ended. This or that nut will want tightening, and he has lost or mislaid his spanner; the machine will want oiling, and his oilcan is not to be found anywhere. By the time you and your friend are well under weigh you will feel as if you have done a good day's work, and be proportionately grumpy. But even here your troubles will not end. After every meal his song will be, "Just another pipe; just another five minutes." Every hill-top will have a fine view, and every fine view furnish an occasion for a lounge and a cigarette; and at last you will come actually to dread the very sight of a grassy bank, a shady nook, or a public-house sign, for fear they may remind your friend that he wants a nap or a drink.

The time you had mentally apportioned to lunch and tea will increase to a most alarming extent. He will not be hurried; and at the end of the day's march you will find yourself far short of your supposed destination, and with little to show for the day unless it be your own vexation of spirit. A sigh of genuine relief will probably escape your lips on the completion of your last duty for the day—that of getting your friend to bed in decent time, the difficulty of which will be only less than that of getting him out of it next morning.

It will, I dare say, be objected that a wise man should adapt himself to any circumstances; but where the adaptation involves one half of the difficulties I have attempted to describe, the wiser man *(experto crede)* will be he who prefers not to wear out his very existence in attempting to eradicate in a few days those lazy habits his friend has been studiously acquiring for years. "DODO."

[NOTE.—We shall be glad to receive a defence of the estimable class of individuals attacked by our esteemed contributor in a way suggesting that any of them who went touring with him had a very bad time of it.—EDD.]

ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

In accordance with the decision of the Annual General Meeting, the Annual Race Meeting will take place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, 16th June. The following events will come off:—

One Mile Open Handicap.
One Mile Members "
Two Miles for the Ladies' Challenge Cup, open to members only. (Scratch).
Five Miles Open. (Scratch.)
Ten Miles for the District Challenge Cup. (Scratch.)

The 16th June is a half-crown day, but members will be able to obtain tickets of the Sub-Committee at the reduced price of 1s. 6d. Further particulars will appear in future issues.

E. S. PRICE.

THE GENERAL MEET.

The arrangements made by the District Captains for the General Meet at Halliford on April 21st are as follows:—

The N.E. will leave Lea Bridge Road at 3.0 sharp (there will be no Meet at Syborn's Corner). They will proceed to "Jack Straw's," where they should join the N.W., who meet at that point at 4.0. The two Districts proceed together to Kew.

The W. meet at the "Coach and Horses," Kew, at 5.0, and proceed with the N.E. and N.W. to Kingston Station.

The S.W. meet at Kingston Station at 5.30, and ride with the N.E., N.W., and W. to Halliford.

The S.E. (Blackheath Division) meet at Lewisham Church at 3.15 sharp and join the Croydon Division, which leaves Central Croydon Station at 4.0 sharp and proceeds direct to Halliford.

No District is expected to wait more than ten minutes for another District; and in the case of the S.E., no law will be allowed by the Croydon District.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee, held on Monday, 9th April, the following gentlemen were elected members of the Club:—

Name and Address.	Proposer.	Seconder.
Wm. Richard Boyer, 9, Brownswood Road, South Hornsey.....	E. L. Boyer.	W. J. Williams.
Geo. Southey Hewitt, 89, Cambridge Gardens, W.	H. M. Hewitt.	A. S. Morris.
H. F. Willock Ravenshaw, St. Leonard's Mount, Malvern Link, Malvern	S. P. Smith.	D. R. Smith.
Harry Scott, Wythburn, Woodville Gardens, Barnes	W. A. Smith.	E. Scott.

It was unanimously resolved that the name of Mr. H. R. Boyce be placed on the list of honorary members of the Club.

It was decided that the Hon. Sec. be requested to write the Manager of the Crystal Palace Company recommending that a stand be erected as soon as possible for the accomodation of spectators at bicycle races.

THE ROAD TRIAL.

I shall be glad to receive the names of any gentlemen who will kindly volunteer to time the competitors on Whit-Monday at any of the following stations, and to learn at which place they will undertake to be present.

Devizes	21	miles	from	Bath.
Marlboro' Hill	35	"	"	"
Hungerford	44½	"	"	"
Newbury	53	"	"	"
Reading	69	"	"	"
Maidenhead	83	"	"	"
Slough	—	"	"	"

I thank Alfred Herbert for kindly offering to time at Marlboro' Hill.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

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FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
April 14.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30 and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for UPMINSTER. ("Bell.") Meet S.E. Blackheath Div.	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45 and Tally-ho! 4.30, for MILL HILL.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for EASTCOTT. ('Ship.')	Kingston Station, 4.15, for OATLANDS PARK and WEYBRIDGE.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for EAST GRINSTEAD.	'Hare & Billet,' 3.45, for UPMINSTER. Meet N.E.
April 21.—HALLIFORD. General Meet. For times and places of starting see page 50.						
April 28.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for HAVERING. ("Orange Tree.")	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45, for RICKMANSWORTH. Meet W.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for RICKMANSWORTH. ("Swan.") Meet N.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for VIRGINIA WATER.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for RIVERHEAD.	4.15, Old Lewisham Church, for RIVERHEAD.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. DISTRICT.

7th April. If the whole riding force of the N.E. could have been concentrated in one point there would have been a fine muster; as it was only eight sat down to tea, but the skirmishers were out far and wide, and sighted a variety of members from time to time. Seven members left the Corner, but even in Leyton Long discovered a violent squeak, which culminated in his hind tire coming off, so he retired: the District in ignorance went easy for him for miles after. In Buckhurst Hill Keynes found family ties too strong, and retired homewards. On the hill, however, the Editor came to hand, and a party of six riding three deep, with three ex-Captains to lead, was a somewhat imposing sight. At Goldings' Hill one of these ex-Captains treated the others worse than they care to express, as in breach of a solemn covenant he insisted on riding up the hill. Fortunately Kelsey also achieved the same effect, however, and they were revenged. Just after the "Wake Arms," Weeks and a friend on a double tri. were met, but refused to join, and the six rode into Epping, the leaders indulging in some questionable racing at the finish. The Editor promptly went home to tea, but the party were reinforced by S. G. Hough, C. Y. Lyne, and A. Lloyd, making up the eight, who rode quietly home in the cool of the evening by the direct road, which was fairly good for the first time this five years. They nearly suffered shipwreck by two unruly hay carts, but beyond feeling a little "all-overish," escaped without damage. Besides those who actually took part in the run, E. D. Sewell is believed to have gone to Epping *via* Chelmsford, but he did not come to hand in time; Baldwin was sighted by two members, and Harold Smith by one riding in the vicinity. J. G. Fowler, too, was at Abridge, but forgot the destination of the run; it is very pleasant to hear that he is on the road again. Livingston and his brother were about on a double tri, and are reported to have met with a nasty accident; altogether we might have mustered eighteen—but we didn't. Present at the run or some part of it: G. H. Gibbs, S. G. Hough, Jolly, Keynes, Kelsey, Lloyd, Lyne, Long, Rucker, T. E. Scrutton, and the District Captain. Present in other parts of the District: Baldwin, J. G. Fowler, Livingston and friend, Harold Smith, and Weeks and friend.

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

N.W. DISTRICT.

The meet at Cheshunt on March 31st was only attended by eight members; but although the numbers were small yet we had a good run. Four members left "Jack Straw's Castle," and at Tally-ho! Corner four more men joined. We then went through Barnet and Potter's Bar, and turning to the right passed to the left of Northaw and on by Goff's Oak to Cheshunt, where we met the N.E. District at 6.25. A good tea was provided at a very moderate rate. After a pleasant chat we made a start for home at eight o'clock by way of Theobald's Park, Forty Hill, Enfield, Winchmore Hill, Southgate, and Tally-ho! The lanes were very dark, but we managed to get along all right with the aid of our lamps, although we went a little out of our way. The run terminated at 10.15 p.m. Distance thirty-five miles. Present: Alken, Dalton, Elgood, C. L. Hill, Jackson, Lown, Tulloch, and W. J. Williams.

PALMER DALTON, District Captain.

Saturday, April 7th. We had a very jolly run to Eastcott, the attendance being slightly better. Our route lay through Burrows, where Jackson and Williams joined us, and across the Brent Reservoir to Friern Farm, thence by Kingsbury, Kenton, Harrow Weald, Pinner Station, and Pinner Green to Eastcott, where Barnett, Hindley, and Stunt turned up. At the "Black Horse" we were well received, and had a very good tea at the small cost of one shilling each. This is an inn that should be patronised. After an extremely jovial tea we started home at 7.45 p.m., and kept a steady pace all the way home *viâ* Pinner, Harrow, Kenton, and The Hyde, the run terminating at 9.15 p.m. The roads on the whole were pretty good, but near Harrow care is necessary, owing to the Metropolitan Railway extension having destroyed the road. Distance twenty-seven miles. Present: Alison, Barnett, Dalton, C. L. Hill, Hindley,

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Jackson, Lown, Stunt, Tulloch, W. J. Williams, and one visitor.

PALMER DALTON, District Captain.

W. DISTRICT.

Saturday, 7th April. Four members assembled at Savernake Cottage for the start which was made at 4.15 p.m. After going a short distance we came up with Hawley, who had ridden from Hampstead in "extra fast time." The Richmond road was found to be scarcely rideable owing to the tramways—the curse of this district—and Indian file had to be resorted to for a couple of miles. At Richmond O. Thorn was waiting for us. We followed the direct road to Ripley *viâ* Kingston, Esher, and Cobham, which requires no description from me, as being too well known by everyone who has ever crossed the modern velocipede. Passing Cobham, several machines were conspicuous *outside* the "White Lion," and recognised as belonging to the S.W., but how they got there history does not relate, for we could not believe that the owners of these machines were *inside* the hostelry which is only eight miles from the start. I would remark that the pace was more conducive to pain than pleasure, as the rivalry of Leeds and Thorn knew no bounds, and required an extra effort on the part of the D.C. to maintain his position at the head of the team. (Query.—Would it not be better for D.Cs. to ride last instead of first?) Fourteen in all sat down to a good tea at the "Anchor." Afterwards, Hawley, Thorn, and Naylor departed for Aldershot, and the main body for town. An enjoyable ride home took place, marred only by the involuntary dismounting of Meyer at Surbiton, who, however, fortunately escaped with a shaking only. We parted with the S.W. at Kingston, and continuing on reached Richmond, where the D.C. left the major portion consisting of Whattons, Meyer, and Langmore, and rode *viâ* St. Margarets, Isleworth, and Brentford to Acton, thus avoiding the execrable Richmond road. Distance 43 miles. Roads very dusty and stony at Ham and Red Hill. Present; J. W. Langmore, W. Meyer, O. Thorn, E. Naylor, J. S. Whatton, A. B. W. Whatton, E. Scott, Leeds, J. D. Belfield, (W.) A. Hawley, (N.W.) Gruggen, A. E. Buckler, Ryan, (S.W.); and

H. C. PIGOTT, District Captain.

N.B.—Please note that on special recommendation the "Black Horse" will be the rendezvous at Eastcott, and not the "Ship" as previously stated.

S.W. DISTRICT.

The meeting at Kingston Station on Saturday consisted of three members of the West—including a tricyclist—and three S.W. men, a fair average contingent for us; and if the two visitors who had promised to favour us had fulfilled their engagement, we should have indeed made a goodly show! The tricyclist, starting first, led the way at a good speed to Cobham, where we waited for a possible contingent from the West District, which, it was understood, was coming in considerable force. We had not long to wait here before the West arrived in close order, six strong, evidently bent upon being first at Ripley, for in taking advantage of the lead they gained by not stopping, they are to be congratulated upon the very successful and highly creditable riding they displayed in maintaining it until "tibbles" was reached at about 5.45 p.m., where the two districts met very shortly afterwards. Thirteen members and one visitor sat down to a good and plentiful tea, which apparently gave very general satisfaction at a minimum outlay of 1s. 3d. per head. About 8 p.m. the company began to separate, and as several members—tempted by the very favourable weather—elected to continue their rural researches further, only some eight men remained to return to Kingston. This, with only one trifling misadventure, was accomplished in a little over an hour. Distance from Kingston 24 miles. Members present: A. E. Buckler, A. L. Gruggen, H. S. Ryan, and R. M. Gruggen, etc.

The run next Saturday is to Oatlands Park, near which is situate a very interesting cave, most elaborately and tastefully decorated with shells of almost endless variety, and arranged in elaborate devices at, I understand, fabulous expense. This was visited by us last year, and was greatly appreciated; after which we go on to Weybridge for tea, where we again hope for a good muster.

S.E. DISTRICT.

Six men started from Croydon on Saturday, under a bright sky, for Wrotham. Farningham was reached *viâ* Orpington and Birchwood Corner, but Alfred Herbert had been left inhaling the healthy breezes on Hayes Common. The Blackheath Division were found waiting on the bridge, and our numbers would have been increased by five had not Stephen Smith and Morley been obliged to turn homewards. The opposing heights were scaled in loose order, and after falling in with the Sevenoaks contingent the main body reached Wrotham about seven o'clock, where H. R. Reynolds was found waiting. A capital tea was provided at the "Bull," but we had no time to linger; so at half-past eight lamps were lighted, and we made the best of our way homewards by Ightham, Seal, and the "Polhill Arms." Unfortunately, the looseness of the roads in places and the absence of a moon delayed us considerably, but the different sections eventually reached home safely before midnight. Present: G. F. Beck, A. Day, Alfred Herbert, S. Herbert, H. G. Morgan, A. Morley, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, H. R. Reynolds, F. B. Smith, D. R. Smith, S. P. Smith, S. E. Whealler, C. Wigan, R. C. Willis, four visitors, and

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

The Captain has kindly promised to be present at our next Run to East Grinstead; and in order to give him a hearty welcome, members are requested to make a special effort to attend the Meet.

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BICYCLING IN SWITZERLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

The Rigi, or northern side of the lake, naturally divides itself into two sections, owing to the absence of a road berween Vitznau and Gersau.

(1.)

—	Lucerne.
5¼	Meggen.
8½	Küssnacht.
10¼	Greppen.
12¾	Weggis.
16	Vitznau.

(2.)

—	Gersau	The Axenstrasse.
4½	Brunnen	
8¼	Sisikon	
12½	Fluelen	

This is by far the most interesting side of the lake, and can be traversed by a bicycle the whole way except along the "Upper Nose" between Vitzuau and Gersau, where the boat must be taken. Two miles out of Lucerne the road forks: you take the right-hand road nearest the lake. The map will show you a shorter road turning up over the hill a little beyond this fork, and as you look at the road itself from the fork it has all the appearance of being the main road, with telegraph posts etc. along it: do not however be enticed by it. Both roads have to mount, but you can easily ride up the hill on the road nearest the lake; the other is steeper and longer, and it is moreover a comparatively new road which has evidently never come into fashionable use, for the stones are all on it this year with grass growing between them just exactly as they were two years ago, rendering the descent on the other side an extremely uncomfortable piece of riding. In Küssnacht the way is troublesome, as you are apt to bear too soon to the right and so get down to the steamer stage from which you have to come back again. I can only give as a general direction to make a tolerably wide sweep to your left through the town. The proper turn to the right begins to mount and will take you a bit above the lake. You can continue in the saddle to Greppen, but here (at a bend by a church) you will find the road rough as well as steep, and a walk of half a mile or so is desirable. This is the only bit on either side of the lake necessitating a dismount. The hill down to Weggis is nowhere very steep, but there are generally a lot of foot passengers about. Both it and the absolutely level 3¼ miles to Vitznau are splendid riding. Next to the Axenstrasse, which will be described presently, this is the loveliest bit of road I know anywhere; in one respect, perhaps, it is superior to the Axenstrasse, as you are riding quite close to the water's edge all the way,—so close in fact that one day, when the lake was a little rough, I got quite a splashing from the waves. Although I shall always contend that having regard to the *middle* and *far* distances the views on the Lake of Thun are superior to anything else in Switzerland, there can be no question that as regards the *near* distance the Lake of Lucerne, with its precipitous banks and its incessant changes of shape and colour, is the most picturesque of all; and it is nowhere seen to such advantage as from a bicycle. At Vitznau you ean leave your machine and steam up the Rigi to lunch if the day be fine; but it is not an entertaining expedition in bad weather. It will give some notion of what the weather has been this year in Switzerland when I state that we were twelve days at Lucerne without once seeing the top of the Rigi.

The road between Gersau and Brunnen is well made, but exposed to frequent landslips: you must not therefore be surprised at coming across bits of new road in a temporarily unrideable condition, and I have a very vivid recollection two years ago of some decidedly deep extemporised water channels, one of which very nearly gave me "a buckler." The road from Brunnen to Fluelen is best known as the "Axenstrasse," and it is perhaps unrivalled as regards both nature and art. It is carried along the precipitous eastern bank of the Bay of Uri (as the head of the lake is called), in a succession of ups and downs, twists and turns,—along rocks so steep that in many places you look direct down into the blue water often some 500 feet below you. The road is safer than most for riding purposes, for being in such an excessively dangerous situation greater care has been taken to protect its edges with a continuous low stone wall, so that no bad carriage accident is likely to occur In several places the road is carried actually *through* the cliffs by tunnels. These can all be ridden, but you must sit well back and keep a firm hold of your machine. Whether it is due to the winter snows being blown into them and drifting in uuequal masses or not I cannot tell, but the road inside these tunnels consists of a succession of hillocks and hollows, over which you go "bump, bump, bump" in the dark in a style sufficient to frighten you out of your saddle if you did not know that it was possible to surmount them in safety. The first time I rode through them two years ago was at the end of a long and very fatiguing day on the St. Gothard, and I was so tired that I determined nothing whatever should induce me to dismount, and I would sooner be spilt if it came to that; hence I learnt, what otherwise I might not have learnt to this day, that there is no occasion to be alarmed at these tunnels. The principal dip in the ride is down to the village of Sisikon, where, as at Brunnen and Fluelen, you are at the level of the lake. The intervening rise on either side is, I should guess, about 500 feet or perhaps more, but I have not been able to ascertain it accurately. The surface of the road, except the tunnels and a few yards here and there, is simply splendid. When we were on it the other day we had taken the steamer to Fluelen. The steamer was due at Fluelen at 3.0, but did not get in till 3.5. After disembarking its passengers and taking a fresh load on, it was to start again at 3.20 and go

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direct back to Brunnen in a perfectly straight course of 6¼ miles. They are fast boats, and our course was not only 1¾ miles longer and all hilly, but we had a strong wind against us. We were also obliged to dismount and wait at least three minutes at a level crossing for the St. Gothard express. Nevertheless, we were on the landing-stage at Brunnen waiting for the steamer 17 minutes before it came up, having done the 8 miles—hills, wind, tunnels, and train notwithstanding—in 42 minutes. This would have been impossible but for the excellence of the surface. I do not know whether the steamer officials had any bets on the subject this time, but they were most utterly incredulous when we told them at Fluelen that they would have to pick us up again at Brunnen, and when they saw us on the landing-stage their faces wore very much the same expression as that of a country farmer whom a conjuror has invited to partake of a plum pudding brought out of his own hat with his watch in the middle of it. On the occasion of this ride we put a Swiss dog to flight, for a wonder. He was coming along the road towards us, but on seeing us instantly put his tail between his legs and fled precipitately for nearly three miles: we saw him at every distant corner squinting round to see if we were coming, and the moment we appeared down went the tail and off he scampered again till he finally took refuge at the back of a chalet which was, I presume, his home; he was so thoroughly frightened that he did not even come out and bark at us after we had passed, as most pot-valiant hounds would do.

The Axenstrasse is a portion of the road leading by the St. Gothard Pass into Italy. Names, distances, and levels of this famous coach road are easily ascertainable from Baedeker. It is of course perfectly *possible* in midsummer to cross into Italy with a bicycle by this road or by the Simplon, but a great deal of dismounting will have to be encountered. These two roads, as well as the Rhone valley road and the Furka Pass at the head of it, are in many places mended with very inferior stuff,—miscellaneous kind of stone rubbish fished out of the nearest glacier stream,—and they wear badly in consequence. The more eastern passes into Italy are much firmer and better. The St. Gothard road does not begin to rise steeply and continuously until you leave Amsteg, which is 11 miles beyond Fluelen and 350 feet above it. From this point to the summit of the pass the distance is 23 miles and the rise 5200 feet, an average or resultant gradient of 1 in 23, which means (allowing for some of the miles being level or even occasionally down hill) that you will have 15 miles or so with a gradient varying from 1 in 15 to 1 in 20. Were the surface of the road good, no doubt a good proportion, perhaps half this distance, might be covered in the saddle; but though some bits of the road are fair enough, its general character is inferior, so that you would not probably get more than five or six miles of riding the whole way, and that only in fragments involving constant dismounts. Two years ago, when I was on it, the road was no doubt in an exceptionally bad and dangerous condition, owing to the constant traffic of heavy wagons carrying stone and iron for the construction of the railway; the opening, however, of the latter, with its consequent diminution of the coach traffic, weakens the chance of any permanent improvement in the condition of the road, as the authorities have now less interest in maintaining it than they had before. Altogether, therefore, to those who meditate a descent into Italy my advice would be to pack self and machine in the train at Amsteg and get out at Airolo. It will be better to select one of the stopping trains and not the express, as the luggage-vans will be less crowded. The descent from Airolo to Bodio, where the valley of the Ticino begins to be fairly level, is 2800 feet (distance 20 miles), and I could see from the line this summer that some rough bits of road would have to be encountered. In such descents as these however occasional dismounts would in any case be required for the purpose of cooling your brake. The roads in North Italy, especially about the lakes, are exceedingly good; but in summer in a dry season they will be found *very* dusty, and in many cases there is a deficiency of shade about them. They would be far better riding in April, May, the latter part of September and October, than in the intervening months.

GERARD F. COBB.

Thunerhof, Thun, August, 1882.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—May I fill a corner of your valuable and widely circulated periodical, (the butterman takes it every week and sends it wrapped round my morning sausage), with a suggestion that will give the Committee fits, and make the leader of the Conservative Opposition, (need I say I allude to the North-East District Captain), his hair stand on end? It is this, sir. We have some very good long-distance riders in our club. The record on roads for twenty-four hours is in a very unsatisfactory state. Could not the Club, about three weeks after Whit Monday, organize a twenty-four hours' ride for our members, say on the Bath Road? Medals might be offered to all beating a certain distance; say a bronze medal for 160 miles, silver for 200 miles, and gold medal for beating record, which is about 220, I believe. I think we should be surprised at the distance that would be covered. Why, sir, a wretched THING (capitals, please, Printer) that has almost the same relation to a bicycle that a costermonger's donkey has to a race-horse—a "Facile"—does somewhere about 200 miles in the twenty-four hours. What ought H. R. Reynolds to do? to say nothing of our President, Douglas Smith, and others whose name is legion. On Easter Monday one of our members rode 147 miles in sixteen hours. I hope that this letter may at least result in eliciting an expression of opinion from our long-distance members.—I am, sir, yours truly, ROADSTER.

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To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—I desire to bring before the notice of your readers a proposal of a very revolutionary nature, but one which it is my sincere conviction would be for the Club's good, to wit, the dismemberment of the West District. I do not of course remember the reasons which led to the formation of it, and I am in the unfortunate position of "Little Bo Peep" in that "I don't know where to find them," but I do know that, as far back as my perusal of the GAZETTE goes, there has been in the West, and perhaps still more in the South-West District, a constant and painful straining to keep up appearances, and generally to keep things going. Before passing to probable results of a change, let me say what I should like to see done. Let the four Districts follow the example of the other great powers, and go in for a partition of Poland on a small scale by taking the Great Western Railway from Paddington as a division, and giving all the country north of it to the N.W., and south to the S.W., and let the rest of the line (to the east) be that which at present divides the N.W. and W. I cannot help thinking that many advantages of some such scheme will immediately present themselves to your readers; the following are only a few :—

1. Symmetry. Can anyone say why London should be divided north and south, as it is, through Charing Cross, and two Districts be made of the one side, and of the other three?

2. Attendance at Meets. I believe that the chief reason why men in the W. and S.W. do not turn up is that they are never sure of meeting a respectable muster, and when they submit to the restraint and other disadvantages of Club runs as opposed to unorganised riding, they like to be rewarded by meeting a large number of friends, and by having a sort of social gathering.

3. Racing. The membership of the W.D. would be divided about equally; but of the racing members, while those such as Buckley and Jephson who belong to the West in virtue of residence at Oxford would go to the N.W., the majority would help to create and maintain a racing team in the S.W., which (barring Griffith, who, I understand, has permanently retired) is almost destitute of path riders.

4. Accessibility of the present W.D. from both sides. The Thames forms for the eastern half of the Club a natural and practically impassable dividing line, but on the other side of the "line drawn north and south of Charing Cross" this is not so, for not only does the river meander in a way that quite unfits it to perform such an important duty, but it is bridged at every few miles, and either side is equally accessible to the average member of the W.D.

I want to know what is the *raison d'être* of my District? Does it exist simply on account of the difficulty of establishing a satisfactory boundary line between its neighbours, because, if so, I claim that the G.W.R. is ready to supply a long-felt want, or is there some other reason which I have entirely failed to grasp? Finally let me say that I am sure it is owing to no want of energy on the part of its officers past or present that this undoubted stagnation exists, but that it appears to me to be due to the inherent wrongness of our territorial arrangements, which the establishment of a scientific frontier would go far to rectify.—I am, sir, yours faithfully, J. S. WHATTON.

April 5th, 1883.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

April 14.—Surrey B.C. at Surbiton.
21.—Lewisham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
28.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
28.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.
May 12.—Lincoln C. and F.C. Sports.
14.—Scottish Games and Bicycle Races at Stamford Bridge.
26.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
26.—West Kent Races at Crystal Palace.
June 2.—Surrey United at Crystal Palace.
2.—Anfield B.C. Sports at Liverpool.
9.—Pickwick Races at the Crystal Palace.
9.—C.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Cambridge.
13.—O.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Crystal Palace.
16.—London B.C. Races at Crystal Palace.
16.—Private Banks at Catford Bridge.
23.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
23.—Clapham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
30.—Speedwell Sports at Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham.
30.—A.A.A. Championships at Lillie Bridge.
30.—Brixton Ramblers B.C. at Crystal Palace.
July 7.—Crewe Alexandra A.C. Meeting.
7.—Belgrave B.C. Races at Stamford Bridge.
7.—B.U. Five Mile Bicycle and One Mile Tricycle Championships at Birmingham.
7.—Lewisham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
7.—Belgrave B.C. at Stamford Bridge.
14.—B.U. Ten miles Tricycle and One mile Bicycle Championships at Crystal Palace.
14.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
19.—Crichton Three miles Invitation Race at Crystal Palace.
21.—Fifty miles Bicycle Championship at Crystal Palace.
25.—Eastbourne B.C. Races.
Sept. 15.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.

HALLIFORD.

I hope the N.E. will remember its traditions and turn up in force at Halliford. It might be nearly a long enough run even for our Skirmishers.

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

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QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. Browne.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer seeks the advice of Mr. Punch as to his budget proposals.

C. of E. (producing MS.). "Well, sir, I thought bicycles and tricycles——

Mr. Punch. "Won't do. They are a bother to the horses of the rich, but give a deal of pleasure to the small City clerk and the artisan. Leave them alone."—*Punch.*

* * * * * *

I wonder whether the two individuals the N.E. saw on Golding's Hill last Saturday were "small City clerks," or "artisans." Their elegance of language was only equalled by their reckless way of dismounting.

* * * * * *

The North East kept up its reputation as the Official District by riding with three former Captains of the Club in the front rank of the Meet. How is that for majestic grandeur? And there was an ex-Secretary behind as a reserve.

* * * * * *

If the Epping police had not been very forbearing, the Epping magistrates would have to deal with three former members of the B.U. Executive on a charge of furious riding. "It was all the D.C.'s fault, please, sir."

* * * * * *

The treaty between the N.E. District Captain and Editor has broken down, owing to treachery on the part of one of the contracting parties. The Editor won't let me say which.

* * * * * *

I hope members are keeping Saturday, the 21st, clear for the Halliford General Meet. The weather has been so bad at the last two Meets at Halliford that we may expect good luck this time, and—a strict secret—Halliford is a capital place to stay the night, and have a long row on the river on "one day next week."

* * * * * *

Honours are pouring on L.B.C. men. C. R. Hutchings, our well-known ex-Secretary, has been, after a severe contest, elected one of the Bournemouth Improvement Commissioners. We trust his abilities will not overlook the interest of bicyclists and tricyclists in the state of the roads.

* * * * * *

Innocence.—Well-known racing member to road rider, whom he had been taking along the Ongar road at about seventeen miles an hour:—"What sort of pace do they go at, at the Club Meets? Do they go much faster than this?

* * * * * *

At the North West Meet on Saturday, a 60 and a 58-inch went straight for one another; the shock can only be compared to the Charge of the Heavy Brigade.

I hear, also, that the North East had a close shave of being annihilated at Buckhurst Hill, when two carts swept down within about three inches of their line.

* * * * * *

As over a dozen old medallists will probably start on Whit Monday, it is as well to undeceive our uninitiated members who seem to think that the tenth medallist will be about the twentieth at the finish. An extended knowledge of the old medallist dispels the illusion. He generally rides hard till he finds his chance for the enamelled hopeless; whereupon he retires into the first respectable inn he sees, orders a big dinner, disposes of it at his ease, and rides slowly in when everyone else has left the winning post.

* * * * * *

I was always a favourite with the cook, and consequently I generally find my bicycle what she calls "tidied," and the lamp trimmed ready for the Saturday Run. The other day the worthy old soul got rather mixed with her bottles, and replenished the lamp with furniture polish instead of the usual sperm. I will draw a veil over the darkness of the night, the spluttering lamp, and the pardonable expletives.

* * * * * *

I hear Livingstone of the N.E. has had a very nasty accident with his double tri., and I am sure the Club will be anxious to hear how he is getting on.

* * * * * *

The tricycling Sub-Committee has met at last, and will report to next Committee, so we may hope to hear of the Special General Meeting before long.

* * * * * *

Some members of the Committee had a benefit on Monday, as a series of Sub-Committees followed the General Committee, and one member asserts that after four hours of it he went home and dreamt committee all night long.

* * * * * *

Those who oppose smoking at Committee meetings say the above inordinate elongation of Committee meetings is the direct result of the new rule that smoking is to be permissible.

Porcupine.

If the member to whom the sovereign was entrusted at Ripley would kindly give the same to the West D.C., he would oblige O. G. M. Leeds.

EXCHANGE LIST.

53-in. "Rudge," ball bearings to front and back wheels and pedals. Rucker's bent handles. Price £10. F. J., 37, Downs Road, Clapton.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

GENERAL MEETS.

"Yes, General Meets are all very well," says Slinker, "but I don't see the fun of toiling over miles of rough roads to meet a lot of fellows whom you don't know, and who don't care a pin whether you speak to them or not. Let me have my quiet trundle by myself, or with the particular friend who thinks with me, and does care for my company." Slinker is not bad at choosing a pair of kid gloves, or in grumbling over spilt milk, but give him something to do for his Club and he hides his light under a bushel, professing much but doing little. Now just compare him with Slasher, who is not less zealous of the Club's good name than he is of his own: he confesses there may be some inconveniences in attending the General Meets, but he soon shows how he enjoys doing his part: he is liked by all who know him; he pleases himself in trying to please others; while we have men like him in the Club there need be no fear of any permanent falling off in Club-love. Fortunately Slinker has not many disciples, for he is slowly but surely losing his influence, and laziness—as it always must in the end—is giving way before healthy work: members are beginning to realise forcibly the fact that in a large Club like ours, scattered all over London and its surroundings, it is wise to take advantage of every opportunity that presents for strengthening the vitality of the Club by bringing all our men together in friendly intercourse; and is it not difficult to conceive how this end can be accomplished in a more natural or more agreeable manner than by the skilful organisation of a few General Meets during the riding season?

So far our remarks have applied to the duty of the thing and the "opposite side," but now we may as well inform our doubting members that there is a deal of pleasure, actual pleasure, to be got out of a General Meet. It is always, to say the least, a jolly gathering, where we are sure to meet some of our friends from other Districts; ceremony need not be and is not studiously observed, for membership must always be held to be a free pass to mutual recognition, so that acquaintances can and ought to be made amongst members previously unknown to each other,—and if acquaintances, why not friends? Who knows but that the seeds of many a staunch friendship may be sown at our General Meets, as they certainly have been already in many instances at our ordinary runs? Then we earnestly hope that those members who have not hitherto attended them will really make up their minds to try for themselves,—that they will come determined to please and be pleased,—and they will at least have the satisfaction of knowing they have done what they could to support the Club, not in a trifling but in an important matter, for does not the Club's growth, its very existence, depend upon the efforts of its individual members?

This is no pathetic appeal, as our friend Slinker would very likely call it: it is only a plain statement of what we believe to be the simple facts, and we have no doubt whatever that those men who come to Halliford next Saturday, animated with the feelings we have endeavoured to portray, will return home well pleased.

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THE GENERAL MEET.

The final arrangements for the General Meet at Halliford on April 21st are as follows :—

The N.E. will leave Lea Bridge Road at 3.0 sharp (there will be no Meet at Syborn's Corner). They will proceed to "Jack Straw's," where they should join the N.W., who meet at that point at 4.0. The two Districts proceed together to Kew Bridge.

The W. meet at Kew Bridge at 5.0, and proceed with the N.E. and N.W. to Halliford *viâ* Feltham.

The S.W. meet at Kingston Station at 4.30 p.m. sharp, and proceed to Halliford.

The S.E. (Blackheath Division) meet at Lewisham Church at 3.15 sharp and join the Croydon Division, which leaves Central Croydon Station at 4.0 sharp and proceeds direct to Halliford.

No District is expected to wait more than ten minutes for another District.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

HALLIFORD.

N.E. District. Some members will probably proceed direct *viâ* Tottenham, so the party at the Lea Bridge Road are encouraged to start.

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

THE ROAD TRIAL.

I shall be glad to receive the names of any gentlemen who will kindly volunteer to time the competitors on Whit-Monday at any of the following stations, and to learn at which place they will undertake to be present.

Devizes	21 miles from Bath.
Hungerford	44½ " " "
Reading	69 " " "
Maidenhead	83 " " "
Slough	89½ " " "

Alfred Herbert will probably be at Marlboro' Hill, and W. A. Smith at Newbury.

As competitors have never yet been timed at Devizes, I should feel greatly indebted to any member whose energy will induce him to undertake this arduous task.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

BATH TRIAL.

Members are reminded that entries for this event must be made in writing to the Secretary on or before Monday, 30th April.

E. S. PRICE,

"Homelea," Greenhill, Hampstead.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

A. C. Clements, Woodside, Linkfield Lodge, Redhill, Surrey.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. DISTRICT.

14th April. The account of this run may lack the accuracy of detail which sometimes is observable in N.E. reports, from the fact that unavoidable causes prevented the D.C. from attending at the Corner at the time appointed; it is stated however that four members as usual left that spot, proceeded *via* Red Bridge to Ilford, and thence by the back lanes, which were more than awfully dusty to Upminster. They did not know where to wait for the S.E., so they didn't do it. It also appears that two or three other members arrived by divers other routes, two visitors being present on a double tri. One at least of the skirmishers came *via* Chelmsford, which they as a class believe to be on the road to any place on earth, and, later still, when the S.E. B.D., had joined the party at the "Bell," the Captain, kept in town by urgent occupation, arrived just in time for tea, having come by the main road, which he said was execrable, though subsequent appearances were against him. The D.C. meanwhile did not leave Walthamstow before 6.0, and coming by Chigwell Row found it loose decidedly; by 7.30, however, he had reached the haven of rest, and had time to make a substantial tea and perform divers duties of his office before the rest of the party would consent to start. Ultimately, eighteen in all, the party returned, taking to the main road, and finding it in really capital order *for it*. The company separated at Ilford, and made their divers ways homeward. Present: besides the S.E. B.D., Arnott, Ashley Barrett, A. C. Forster, G. H. Gibbs, Kelsey, Lloyd, Long, Lyne, Stunt, Weeks, two visitors, (Letchford and Whitford), and

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

W. DISTRICT.

Saturday, 14th. Though somewhat stormy looking, Leeds and Thorn were at the starting point in good time, showing by their personal appearance their desire to confute my last week's remarks anent their riding. Starting at 4 o'clock, we proceeded by the lanes to Hanwell, thence to Greenford by a somewhat circuitous route, thus avoiding the main road. Up Greenford Hill we experienced the novel spectacle of being chased by a bridleless horse, which apparently enjoyed the unusual sensation of seeing three bicyclists flee before it at top speed, thus reversing the order of affairs. Following the Ruislip road for about a mile, we branched to the right for Northolt, in preference to continuing along the Ruislip road. The surface was, however, very bad, the long period of dry weather having played havoc with the usually good surface of these lanes. We arrived at Eastcott first, (5.15), and took possession of the "Black Horse." A quarter of an hour later Dr. Langmore and Meyer hove in sight, the latter looking like some knight of the past ages who had descended from his pedestal at the British Museum, for he bestrode a velocipede which brought to the minds of all the oft-related tales of the primeval ages,

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so ancient was the implement (of torture?) If anyone has a glass case for disposal, please apply without delay to the owner of above. A little later Williams and Naylor arrived, thereby swelling the number to *Seven*, not so bad after so discouraging an account by J. S. Whatton. A very nice little tea was provided at the "Black Horse," but owing to the *ravenous* state of the *N.W.* on the preceding Saturday, the landlord was compelled to abolish the proverbial 1s. and charge 1s. 3d., care will therefore be taken for the future not to follow the N.W. to any of their favoured resorts. An early start was effected, following the road to Ruislip and thence to Ockenham, joining the main road between Hillingdon and Hayes, at which juncture we parted from Williams and Naylor who proceeded to West Drayton. Nothing occurred to mar the even tenor of our ways, excepting the roughness of the roads from Hillingdon to Slough and Ealing. Here I parted from the others after a very enjoyable afternoon, adding yet another success to the much despised West. Present: Dr. Langmore, Leeds, Meyer, Naylor, Thorn, Williams, and Pigott.

I would ask particularly all members to make a point of being at Halliford next Saturday for the General Meet, and by so doing endeavour to prove that the W. District is capable of making as good a show as the other districts, notwithstanding the futile attempt being made to disfranchise us.

H. C. PIGOTT, District Captain.

N.W. DISTRICT.

Although the run to Mill Hill was short, there were plenty of hills to make up for it. Four men started from "Jack Straw's Castle," and at Tally Ho! Corner four more joined, amongst whom we were glad to see R. Newman again. We kept along the north road as far as the foot of Barnet Hill, and then turned off past Bingham's to Barnet Gate. The long hill here was ridden by some, and then we turned down towards Highwood Hill. This was ridden by all at a rather fast pace, in fact rather too fast to be pleasant. At Mill Hill we were very well treated at the "Three Hammers," where Alison, Price, and Lown rejoined after a short excursion of their own. After tea we had some singing, and then started home, the run terminating at about 9.15 p.m. Distance, 18 miles. Present: Alison, Dalton, Jackson, Lown, R. Newman, Price, Tulloch, Williams, and one visitor.

PALMER DALTON, District Captain.

S.W. DISTRICT.

Four members and a visitor met at Kingston Station for the run to Weybridge and Oatlands Park; the route selected was over Kingston and Moulsey bridges, thence through West Moulsey and Walton to our first destination in Oatlands Park. As previously stated, our ride on Saturday was to include a visit to a very celebrated grotto, situate in Oatlands Park, and close to the Hotel of that name. The grotto at once strikes the visitor as a unique structure of its kind, and affords to the artist and geologist food for thought and careful study. The interior of this meandering and cavernous shell-house is most tastefully decorated in elaborate patterns, with countless varieties of white shells, combined with Devonshire spars, and a more valuable combination termed Red Serpentine. Star-fish and other representatives of the "finny tribe" are here most carefully imitated and executed upon the walls and ground of the caverns. As the general history of this extraordinary place was most ably described by A. E. Buckler, after a district visit here last year, in the GAZETTE of the 17th August (Vol. V., No. 24), I will therefore merely supplement his historical description by a few further details we collected on Saturday. The Duke of Newcastle was the original owner, and as the grotto is reputed to have cost £40,000 it was a valuable property; but tradition says that the noble proprietor, who was addicted to habits of gambling, had through a run of ill-fortune at cards (Nap.?) to make over his interest to the Duke of York in discharge of debts thus incurred. History does not appear to relate whether or no the rendezvous of the "noble gamblers" was within this enchanting fairy retreat. An ample bath (8 by 6 by 5 feet deep) within the cavern was constructed during this second proprietorship for the exclusive use and pleasure of the Duchess of York, who seems to have spent much time here. The caverns were evidently intended as a place of cool retirement from the possible scorching suns of summer, and would consequently seem to be a more appropriate luxury for more southern and sultry climes. The light spars are arranged in drops from the top, and convey the idea of suspended icicles; thus the notion is decidedly cool, in spite of the varying temperature of the caverns. These drops appear to be first formed into shape in wood and plaster, and the spars and shells afterwards stuck on. The visitor can at once readily realise the immense labour such an elaborate arrangement must have entailed, but, that three Italian workmen should have expended twenty years of their lives upon the task—as they are reported to have done—seems almost incredible. In the centre of the first and principal cavern is an uncomfortable but stately chair of English oak, used by Charles II., and around this central object are grouped four wicker ones, containing elaborate silken cushions, upon which are worked various patterns of seaweed and shells by the Duchess of York herself. Graceful statues also adorn this chamber. The fireplace in one of the numerous recesses is also worked in shells, but seems an almost unnecessary adjunct to this luxurious edifice. Those of our members who have not yet visited, but who perhaps have frequently passed this curious place, I certainly recommend to call upon the next opportunity; it is a pleasing novelty that well repays the visitor. Our duty completed in this respect, we continued our run to the river side and emerged close to Shepperton Lock, where we found a very good inn and

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ourselves quickly supplied with tea. Soon after the conclusion of this satisfactory meal we were recognised by Maddox of the Wanderers, who had seen us at the dramatic show, and whom we were glad to learn had not only attended but positively enjoyed the performance. We were pleased to see H. H. Sherriff had so far recovered from his recent accident as to be able again to ride with us, and to hear from E. J. Sherriff that he had not given up all idea of riding again this year. At 8 p.m. we left Shepperton Lock for Kingston, and followed the loose and occasionally stony road through Weybridge, Walton, Apps Court, and Moulsey, reaching Kingston soon after 9 p.m. Distance from Kingston about 21 miles. Members present: A. E. Buckler, E. J. Sherriff, H. H. Sherriff, "Arry" Ryan, H. R. Best, visitor, and R. M. Gruggen, District Captain.

The run next Saturday is to Halliford, and as this is a General Meet I hope as many members as possible will be at Kingston Station at 5.30 p.m. (sharp) to ride with the other Districts.

S.E. District.

Saturday was to have been quite a *gala day* in the South-East, for the Captain had promised to join the run. The slight rain in the morning had laid the dust; the sun peeped out just at the right moment; the D.C. was mounted on a brand new machine—all in honour of the occasion; but it was all to no purpose! The main body waited half an hour in Croydon for our noble chief, and it was not until after arriving at East Grinstead that we learnt the sad news by telegram that *most important* business prevented his being present. Considering that the Blackheath Division had gone over the water into Essex, and that this is one of our longest runs, the attendance was a good one. Rucker, Hindley, and Wyndham, came down from London; The O'Reilly showed his usual energy by riding up from Brighton, and Morgan and F. L. Smith rode across from Sevenoaks. The racing element was well represented by Adam, Beck, Jephson, and Wyndham, and the goodly show round the tea table might compare favourably with the meets of former years.

The party broke up gradually, some men leaving for home soon after tea, while others stayed later to assist in the musical line; and it was somewhere about eleven when the last light disappeared over the Railway Bridge. Present: F. L. Adam, A. Barker, G. F. Beck, Alfred Herbert, E. H. Hindley, (N.W.) M. H. Jephson, H. G. Morgan, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, A. L. Potter, The O'Reilly, M. D. Rucker, Jun., H. N. Sharp, F. B. Smith, S. E. Whealler, W. Wyndham, four visitors, viz: Mc.Crae, Paull, A. Potter, and F. Williams, and R. G. Francis, District Captain.

It is to be hoped that the South-East will show up creditably next Saturday for the general Meet at Halliford. We shall leave Central Croydon Station at 4 o'clock sharp, and in order to avoid Kingston macadam, take the road through Sutton to Ewell, where J. Kinder has promised to be at the "*Glyn Arms*" at five o'clock, and pilot us over some excellent roads by way of Walton Bridge.

Blackheath Division.

April 14th. East Grinstead is considered too long a journey by some members of the Blackheath Division, and accordingly a meet with our N.E. neighbours at Upminster was arranged for their convenience. Four members and two visitors left the Heath, but one being unwell had to turn back at Woolwich. After crossing the river the remaining five proceeded by very loose lanes to Beacon Tree Heath, where the N.E. are usually met; as however they did not come in ten minutes, the visitors tore themselves away from the sweet scents of that particularly uncomfortable-looking locality and made for Upminster, where they arrived safely, excepting that one of the visitors, a Marlborough College boy on a 48in., was thrown in the well-known water jump near Romford. On meeting the home District the Blackheathens were much disappointed to find that their D.C. was absent, but before tea was finished they were gladdened by the unexpected arrival both of him and of the Captain himself. The latter did the visitors the honour of accompanying them back as far as the Albert Dock. Present: A. Day, F. Kinder, S. P. Smith, N. C. Willis, and two visitors.

The Captain very much regrets he was unavoidably prevented from riding to East Grinstead on Saturday last to meet the S.E. men there. He hopes they will forgive him for this time.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
April 21.—Halliford. General Meet. For times and places of starting see page 58.						
April 28.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Havering. ("Orange Tree.")	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45, for Rickmansworth. Meet W.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for Rickmansworth. ("Swan.") Meet N.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for Virginia Water.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for Riverhead.	4.15, Old Lewisham Church, for Riverhead.
May 5.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Hoddesdon. ("Old Salisbury Arms.")	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45 and Tally-ho! 4.30, for Colney Heath.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for Thames Ditton. ("Swan.") Meet S.W. and S.E.	Kingston Station, 4.30, for Thames Ditton. Meet S.E. and W.	4.30, Croydon Central Station, for Thames Ditton. Meet W. and S.W.	3.45, Old Lewisham Church, for Thames Ditton. Meet W. and S.W.

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BICYCLING IN SWITZERLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)

§ 13.—*Lake of Zug.*

Distance. Miles.	
—	Lucerne.
7	Root.
10	Rothkreuz.
13½	Cham.
17	Zug.
18½	Oberwyl.
23	Walchwyl.
26½	Arth (or Art).
31½	Tells Capelle.
32¾	Küssnacht.
41	Lucerne.

(Variations in height unimportant.)

You leave Lucerne by the Zurich road, which turns up by the Lucerner-hof. There is no possibility of mistaking your route in this expedition, nor are there any hills requiring a dismount when it is taken in this direction. If the direction be reversed a short dismount may be found needful in the "Hohle Gasse," leading up to Tell's Chapel. You cross the line at Rothkreuz. We came up at a moment when a train was engaged in shunting, and, strange to say, the barrier was not up. By means of some capital practice for a slow race we managed to retain our seats till we could just tail the last carriage as it eased up, and we promptly crossed behind it before the engine driver had time to reverse. "Oh! those English!" I heard the station-master exclaim, far too much amazed at the apparent temerity of our proceeding to venture on any official remonstrance. Cham is the great centre of the Anglo-Swiss condensed milk business, and we noticed all the way along the road the milk tins which are set down and taken up by the company's carts on the roadside at points nearest the farms. Perhaps it is principally owing to this constant traffic that the bit of road between Rothkreuz and Cham is invariably out of condition. It is just one of those occasional bits which are needful to help one to appreciate how good the Swiss roads as a rule are. We met two of the company's carts full of empty tins coming along. The driver of the hindmost cart had affably condescended to leave his own team and occupy a seat on the box of the first cart for society's sake. Swiss horses seem to go crazy whenever they are left alone, and the consequence was that although the first team took to us quietly enough, the hindmost, directly we got up, bolted clean up into the cart in front of them, and a general scatteration of milk cans ensued. That driver will smoke his pipe in vigilant solitude for the future. The church at Cham is worthy of inspection. Zug is a charming little town (paving, walk), and you will get an excellent lunch at moderate charges at the "Falcon," just at the corner of the open square in the centre of the town. The handsome new Government building close to the lake is worth a visit, if only for the sake of the view of the water from its windows. Up to this point the road (for a Swiss road) may not have been found particularly interesting, but for the next 13 or 14 miles as it skirts the lake it is most enchanting. The water of the lake is very transparent, far more so than that of Lucerne, and the banks, though not so steep and imposing, are exquisitely beautiful. In Arth you must be prepared for a perfect army of dogs. You will also come upon a bit of cobble paving, but it is too short to necessitate a dismount: the bend in the street prevents your seeing how short it is. You must be prepared for some stiff bits of work three miles beyond Arth, especially a hill leading up to and beyond a level railway crossing; but there is no need to dismount, unless it be for stones. If you have a taste for inferior works of art in honour of that rather mythical personage William Tell, you will halt at the chapel which is on your right as you come up a bit of hill. The steep shady hill leading down from it called the "Hohle Gasse," or "Hollow Lane," will remind you of Devonshire after a mild fashion. It is not a thing to strike the English eye as specially remarkable, but it is exceedingly unlike a bit of Continental roadway, and this is probably the secret of its reputation. When riding up it in the reverse direction one day we met the matrons and maids of the village coming down in procession from the chapel chanting an "Ave" and telling their beads. Our appearance had much the same effect on them as the intrusion of a dog, a bird, or even a butterfly in church has on an English congregation, namely, that everyone seemed to regard it as a welcome and legitimate excuse for a relaxation of devotional tension, and a diversion of the current of mental energies into more secular and possibly more inviting channels.

§ 14.—*Northern side of the Rigi.*

Height.	Distance. Miles.	
1425	—	Lucerne.
1425	8¼	Küssnacht.
1355	14¾	Arth.
1725	16¾	Goldau.
1850	17½	Top of Hill.
1480	18¾	Lowerz.
1510	21½	Seewen.
1690	23½	Schwyz.
1425	27	Brunnen.

This excursion may be abridged by taking the boat to Küssnacht, as well as back from Brunnen, or on the other hand, it may be lengthened by returning to Lucerne by any section or sections of the Lake Round, already described in § 12. To Arth the road is the same as § 13 reversed. In Arth you turn to the right; the paving is very slight; no occasion to dismount. A mile or so beyond, road forks: take the right. From here to Goldau, and beyond it, there is a considerable amount of climbing to be done, but all rideable if the surface is in good condition, and if you are not going to make too long a day of it. The road traverses the scene of the great landslip at the beginning of this century, and few sights are more calculated to impress one with the prodigious character of the forces of nature. You will still see the scar, as it were, of the slip high up on the

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Rossberg on your left, and the wilderness of boulders through which you keep mounting on the Rigi, or right side of the valley, was forced *up hill* all this distance. Some of the hills down to Lowerz are steep and tortuous, but do not last long: they would probably have to be walked the reverse way. The little islands on the lake of Lowerz are very charming, but the colour of the water is more peculiar than beautiful. In Seewen bear to your left and cross the line; you will mount slowly up into the Schlag Strasse, a fine road leading from Schwyz to Sattel: turning into it to your right you reach Schwyz in about 1½ miles. In Schwyz you had better dismount before turning the corner at the church, as the pavement, though fairly good, becomes steeper. Across the open square on your right, facing the church, is the "Rössli" ("Cheval") where two of us had soup, omelette, and a bottle of Asti Spumante for the moderate charge of 4f. 70c. The road leading straight down at the side of the inn is the road you will take to Brunnen. You should go and see the church whilst they are getting your lunch ready. The road to Brunnen is nearly all down hill. Just before we neared the village of Ibach, as we were coming down a good pace, we saw about 150 yards in front of us a regular whirlwind. Dust, leaves, and sticks were suddenly caught up, and after eddying round and round at a terrific rate were swept up *en masse* into the sky, where they as suddenly disappeared. By the time we came up (after slackening a bit) everything was perfectly still, but some 40 yards of roadway were left as smooth and bare as a sheet of glass—not a particle of detachable matter in any shape or form was visible. I wonder what would have happened to us had we been just a quarter of a minute earlier: perhaps I might have been enabled to treat your readers with a section on the condition and gradients of the roads in the moon.

GERARD F. COBB.

August, 1882.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

Re WEST DISTRICT.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—I have the greatest possible respect for Mr. Whatton, but as a member of the West District I feel bound to object most strongly to his scheme for cutting us up; and I will deal *seriatim* with regard to the advantages which he claims for his proposal—

1. Symmetry. I think Mr. Whatton has overlooked the important fact, that of the 128 members living north of the Thames, 91 are placed on the west side of the line drawn through Charing Cross, so that the existence of two Districts on one side, and only one on the other, is by no means an inexplicable point.

2. Attendance at Meets. Sir,—I venture to state that, under whatever rule the country composing the W. and S.W. Districts may be, the river will always prove a rival to the road.

3. Racing. The line proposed by Mr. Whatton would, as far as I can judge by looking at the map, and from personal experience as to the dwelling places of members, give nearly all the 39 members of the West District to the S.W.; thus, with the exception of any man at Oxford who chanced to belong to the Club, the N.W. would not be much better off than it is at present.

4. Accessibility of the present W. District from both sides. I was not hitherto aware that the meandering course of a river unfitted it for performing the office of a boundary, nor did I know that the divisions between the Districts ought to be impassable. But, perhaps, such ambitious designs may have been put into the heads of the surrounding Districts, that in order to keep our freedom it may be necessary for us to destroy the bridges over the Thames and dig a canal up the Edgware Road.

With regard to the *raison d'être* of our District, I take it to be that as a certain number of our members live more in the heart of London, and are consequently somewhat differently placed with regard to meets from members of other Districts, it is more convenient that they should form a District by themselves, than be amalgamated with members living in the suburbs.

In conclusion, let me protest most strongly against the extinction of the W. District as being a step utterly uncalled for, and, moreover, one which in all probability would be most objectionable to the majority of the members concerned. We all know Mr. Whatton to be a most enthusiastic bicyclist, and one who has the welfare of the Club most thoroughly at heart, but, bearing in mind a previous correspondence on this subject, I think he has allowed himself to be somewhat biassed by the numerous tram-lines between his own house and Savernake Cottage.

—Yours truly, DISTRICTUS.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—As one of those who fought and bled in the revolution of 1876, the outcome of which was the birth of the Western District, I have taken upon myself to reply to Mr. Whatton's proposal, and to point out to him the *raison d'être* of that District, which is briefly this: The Club was formerly divided into four divisions—N.W., N.E., S.W., S.E., and the rendezvous for the Club meets of the respective districts were, N.W., Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead, N.E., top of Lea Bridge Road, S.W., Kew Bridge and Kingston Market Place (alternately), and S.E., Croydon. It was found that the great majority of the N.W. members resided in the neighbourhood of Hampstead and Maida Vale, and the greater portion of the S.W. members lived at or near Surbiton or Richmond. A very considerable minority of these two districts, however, resided at Kensington, Chiswick, Willesden, and Acton, and to attend the

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meets of their respective districts, these members, most of whom were employed in the City (and could not leave their business before two p.m. at earliest), had to get home, change their clothes, and ride, in the case of the N.W. district, distances varying from six to eight miles, and in that of the S.W. from four to ten miles, to join their respective Club meets, and this was found to be impracticable, both on account of the distances to be ridden and the bad roads over which they had to travel, and so the Western District was formed to meet this difficulty. The same arguments hold good now ; the distances are the same, and the roads (as old riders too well know) are worse, and a ride from Kensington or even Acton to Kingston is sufficient to arouse the wrath of even so amiable and even-tempered a man as the writer of this article. What with greasy macadam from the watering—No—Hydrostatic machine, bad surfaces, and tram-cars, not to speak of that exquisite specimen of local road mending, which forms the connecting link between Petersham and Ham Common, the surface of which reflects such credit on the Richmond road surveyor, that eight miles has few attractions. Now as regards attendances ; this year, up to the present, the average is about eight per meet, out of a total of thirty-five members, which is satisfactory, and it must be remembered that we have fewer members in this district than any other, save the S.W., in addition to which fifteen of our number never now by any chance attend Club runs, either having given up riding or because they race regularly. Surely, therefore, an average of eight out of a possible twenty is very good, and I will ask the question : Does the pleasure of a Club run consist in a long string of riders, the last half of whom are smothered in the dust which the wheels of the first raise, or in a more compact little body, all of whom are personally acquainted ? The best plan, when practicable, is to meet some other district at tea, and this will be carried out as much as possible during this season.

Again, we have just elected a new District Captain, who is also new to the Club, and who has to win his spurs. Is it too much to ask all members of the district (not excepting even the district visitor), to rally round their newly elected chief, and, by their regular attendance at their weekly runs, place the little Western District in as high a position among the attendance averages at the end of the season, as it has held, and does hold still, in the list of prize winners.—Yours truly, W. A. Smith.

THE RACE MEETING.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

Sir,—Allow me to express my regret that the Race Committee have so far departed from the traditions of the Club as to shorten the distance of our Open Handicap to one mile.

The only advantage of this change is the largely increased number of entries which is probable.

Against this is to be set the disadvantages of a lengthier programme, and of the introduction on our course of an inferior class of riders. The tendency of all clubs lately has been to shorten their handicap distances, with the result of bringing out a class of racing men who can do nothing but spurt, and doing nothing to encourage staying power except among such men as can fairly enter into scratch races. Our Club has been the conspicuous exception ; we have cared more for the improvement of racing than for the benefit to our balance sheet of large entries ; and we have steadily adhered to the rule of giving a handicap of a distance ranging from five to two miles. The best men of the year have entered for our handicaps ; the men who have not entered and who will now enter are the inferior men who can only travel a short distance with a long start.

In the interests of sport and of the reputation of the Club I protest against a change conceived solely in the interests of the balance sheet of the Race Meeting.—I am, sir, yours truly, T. E. S.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

Sir,—I oppose "Roadster's" proposed twenty-four hours ride for reasons given below :

Firstly. Our Committee have quite enough work to do with their ordinary duties, without any additions.

Secondly. Our finances are not in so flourishing a condition that we can afford to waste our money on a competition that would not do the Club or its members any good.

Thirdly. Much as I believe in our *esprit de corps*, I doubt if we should find enough members willing to sit up all night taking the times at different parts of the Bath road.

Fourthly. If it were taken up and carried out, what good would it do to bicycling as a sport ? Everyone knows a bicycle is far superior to a "Facile."

Fifthly. It might do a great deal of harm to some of our young members, who would, no doubt, overtax their strength in so long a competition.—Yours truly,

Ex Member of Committee and Medallist.

STABLING ACCOMODATION FOR WEST DISTRICT MEETS.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

Sir,—For the benefit of those members who wish to avoid the five miles of bad macadam roads and tramlines, I propose to procure the use of a stable, or suitable room, wherein machines can be locked up in safety, at some point near to a main-line railway station. Also to obtain one or more lockers for the use of members to keep a change of clothes, etc., in.

I propose Ealing as the most suitable locality, and convenient as regards railway accomodation. Will all who care to subscribe kindly communicate with me, and I shall also be very pleased to receive any ideas relative to the successful carrying out of the matter.—Yours faithfully,

H. C. Pigott, District Captain.

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QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. Browne.

Several of our racing men are to be seen almost every evening at the Crystal Palace. H. R. Reynolds, F. L. Adam, D. R. Smith, C. A. Brown, Buckley, Jephson and Beck have all been doing steady work. I hear that W. K. Adam will begin practice next week.

* * * * * *

We are within measurable distance of the Annual Race Meeting. The first entry was received on the 11th instant, Mr. C. D. Vesey having put down his name for both the open events.

* * * * * *

I am half afraid of the penalties of high treason, præmunire, breach of privilege, or some other awful offence the Editor ought to know all about, [he doesn't.—Ed.]; but still I must so far divulge the secrets of the last Committee Meeting, as to say, that Solomon in all his glory, enthroned on ivory and scarlet, is nothing to the Captain in the chair at Committee under the new arrangements.

* * * * * *

The printer's devil irreverently suggests that Solomon's throne was surrounded by "apes and peacocks." "I can't think where he picks up these low jokes," as Terry says in Blue Beard.

* * * * * *

I hope we shall have a large muster at Halliford on Saturday. Perhaps some kind friend will telegraph any Crystal Palace victories of our racing men to enliven the Club tea.

* * * * * *

Bath Monday is drawing near. I hear a N.W. member has been training for the great event by dragging his garden roller about at full speed. The District Captain should inquire into this.

* * * * * *

The beneficial effect of the Captain on the Romford road on Saturday was marvellous; it was atrocious as he went out, and very good as the District returned. He is recommended as a specific.

* * * * * *

On the 5th inst., at the Central Synagogue, Great Portland Street, by the Rev. S. Lyons, Alfred Henry, eldest son of Richard L. Henry, Esq., of 32, Warwick Road, Maida Hill, to Jessie, youngest daughter of the late S. A. Kisch, Esq., Solicitor, of Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

* * * * * *

I hear that the N.E. will shortly repudiate the title of the "Little District."

* * * * * *

A HINT TO D.C'S.

If you want to increase the average of attendances, get members in your district to take a turn round the grass plat on Saturday afternoons in the intervals of lawn tennis, and then chalk them down as "riding somewhere in the district."

* * * * * *

It is sad to relate that the Napoleonic features of the Ex D.C. were conspicuous in their absence from the S.E. tea-table on Saturday. Has he given up riding, or is he in hard training for the Bath Trial?

* * * * * *

His friends will be glad to hear that Arthur Herbert is once more at home, and hopes to be able to attend the General Meet on Saturday.

* * * * * *

The N.W. D.C. was not much hurt on Saturday. He only received five cuts, two sprained wrists, ditto neck, shoulder, and elbow, thirteen bruises and scratches, and two lovely black eyes.

* * * * * *

There is an amusing notice at Mill Hill concerning a funeral fund with no entrance fee. One quite longs to reap advantage from it. It is rumoured that the D.C. is a member, and has been trying to "take it out of the Company."

Porcupine.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

April 21.—Lewisham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
28.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
28.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.
May 12.—Lincoln C. and F.C. Sports.
14.—Scottish Games and Bicycle Races at Stamford Bridge.
26.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
26.—West Kent Races at Crystal Palace.
June 2.—Surrey United at Crystal Palace.
2.—Anfield B.C. Sports at Liverpool.
9.—Pickwick Races at the Crystal Palace.
9.—C.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Cambridge.
13.—O.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Crystal Palace.
16.—London B.C. Races at Crystal Palace.

EXCHANGE LIST.

For Sale.—56-in. "Special Club," with ball bearings to both wheels and pedals. Nickel plated all over. With all latest improvements. Cost £25. Has been ridden just over 100 miles. Price £15. H. G. Atkinson, Gunnersbury House Acton, W.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

An Official Record of the Runs, Races, and other Doings of the L.B.C.

Vol. VI. No. 8.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. April 26, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

FADS OF FORMER YEARS.

In the days of long ago, before M.D.R.'s and Clytie bags were invented, every man had his fad for carrying luggage. A sleeve of an old mackintosh, sewn up at one end and then stuffed like a sausage, was my favourite, but a friend, with whom I went a tour in the west, and who did not happen to have an old mackintosh, tried brown paper parcels, each article being done up separately and tied to the curly spring of his "Coventry." He said it would be so handy. We got on all right for a while; but when the parcels began to be shaken up a bit he was continually shedding them. After flying a hill, H., who was riding behind, would frequently hail me to ride slowly while he went back to retrieve his night shirt, which had come adrift; or the paper had chafed, and his tooth brush was lying around in the road somewhere; and I would have to wait on a gate, swearing softly to myself like an Indian gold mine shareholder. I remember I carried a pair of trousers rolled up in a bundle, and strapped on the bar in the front wheel of an Ariel; being on one side of the bar it revolved in an eccentric orbit. It made the Cornish rustics sit up when they saw it coming down the road.

Carrying a dog whip was a fad which prevailed for a short time. Its object was to chastise dogs, and more particularly small boys, whose amusement in those days was to pursue the bicycle and catch hold of the backbone, in addition to cap throwing. On observing symptoms of aggressiveness in a small boy, the rider would dissemble, simulate unconsciousness, and lure the urchin on to his fate. Then the whip was produced rapidly and applied, the small boy straightening up immediately, applying his hand to the injured part, and gazing after the retreating cyclist with a general expression on his face denoting surprise and dissatisfaction. But it was a deadly fad, producing chaos ultimately in the rider, owing to the lash getting caught in the wheel.

Another fad which prevailed in a portion of the N.W. District was the particular curl of the backbone of a machine. It was about the time when Keen and Timberlake were supplanting the heavier makes. We would spend a considerable portion of our time in making diagrams embodying our respective views, and when a new machine came home, on Sunday afternoons a meeting would be held, and the machine placed against the wall and gazed at critically by the hour, as if we had been æsthetes gloating over a lily, with someone looking at us. The Hampstead division were not in this, as these Philistines all rode "Stassens," and were consequently not amenable to the refining influences of sweetness, culture, and light; for the Stassenite at that time only required a dirty face, a clay pipe, and a man in front with a red flag to be a parish steam roller.

I knew a man once who, although elderly and of full habit, possessed all the enthusiasm of youth and rode a bicycle. His only difficulty was mounting. He had developed a peculiar jerk in getting from the step to the saddle, which invariably landed him over the handles. If

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it had only occurred occasionally he would not have minded it, because, being of a philosophical temperament, he would have welcomed it as a change; but it happened almost every time. First the thing grew monotonous, and then it seriously annoyed him. So at last he sat down and had a pipe, and proceeded to think it over to see if he could not get ahead of it somewhere. He was not a mechanical man, but possessed great powers of observation, and had remarked that the donkey boys of Hampstead Heath, when wending their homeward way in the evening, did not sit in the centre of the donkey in the seat provided there for the public, but invariably sat as near the southern end of the animal as its construction would permit. He inferred that the boy took up this position so that, in case the intelligent quadruped should feel a yearning to kick after the manner of his kind, the additional weight on his hind wheel, as it were, would discourage him. Being a man of action he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and said to himself, "I will arise and go to my plumber." So he arose and went to his plumber. I saw him a few days afterwards with his face lighted up with a smile of conscious pride, and 4lbs. of lead piping wound round the backbone under the step. He had found peace. W. R. SEWELL.

COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee, held on Monday, 23rd inst., the following gentlemen were elected members of the Club :—

Name and Address.	Proposer.	Seconder.
Edward Mayo Halliday, 17, Belmont Park, Lee, Kent.....	S. P. Smith.	D. R. Smith.
Richard Jas. Paull, 1, Moorland Road, Croydon	Alfred Herbert.	R. G. Francis.
Fredk. H. Williams, Park House, Wallington, near Carshalton ...	A. L. Potter.	J. F. Potter.

It being pointed out that in the list of candidates published in the April number of the C. T. C. GAZETTE, the word "London" appeared after the name of Mr. Volckman. The Hon. Sec. was directed to write Mr. Shipton asking him to what Club this referred, and pointing out that we were generally known by the term of the "London."

It was proposed by T. E. Scrutton and seconded by R. G. Francis "That the programme of the Race Committee be revised by substituting a *two* mile open handicap for a one mile open handicap," to which H. G. A. Brown, seconded by R. M. Gruggen, moved the following amendment: "That the recommendation of the Race Committee be followed." After considerable discussion it was put to the meeting, when the amendment was lost and T. E. Scrutton's motion carried.

It was decided that the report of the Tricycle Sub-Committee should stand over to next Committee meeting, and that a copy of the report should be sent round to each member of the Committee.

THE ROAD TRIAL.

To COMPETITORS. They are reminded that entries for the above will be received by the Hon. Sec. on and up to Monday, April 30th, and not after that date. I shall be glad if they will inform him not later than Wednesday, May 9th, of the day on which they intend to reach Bath, in order that rooms may be secured at the "White Lion" as in former years. If possible a special van for bicycles shall be obtained in the afternoon train from Paddington to Bath on Sunday, 13th, and I hope to meet all the competitors at the "White Lion" on Sunday evening, to draw for places and to receive final instructions. I shall be happy to convey a moderate amount of luggage from Bath to the hotel selected for tea on Monday evening ("The Milford Arms," Hounslow). All luggage must be securely labelled at Bath. Members are reminded that a complete road-riding costume must be worn in the *Trial*, and the L.B.C. uniform is preferred by the Committee. Further, I would point out the undesirability of members inviting riders outside the Club to ride up from Bath in the Trial with the competitors. Such a plan seems to add to the danger of interference on the part of the authorities, and appears moreover to be unattended with any practical good. The programme for Whit Monday will be as follows :—

5.30 a.m....	To call.
6.0 „	Breakfast.
7.0 „	Leave Hotel.
7.30 „	Start by Cleveland Bridge.

The finish will be at the ninth milestone from London, Hounslow. The course is as follows :—

Bath to Devizes...	21 miles.
Devizes to Beckhampton Corner	7 „
Beckhampton Corner to Marlboro' ...	6 „
Marlboro' to Hungerford...	10½ „
Hungerford to Newbury	8½ „
Newbury to Reading	16 „
Reading to Maidenhead	14 „
Maidenhead to Hounslow	17 „
	100 miles.

Care must be exercised at these four situations between Bath and Melksham :—

A.—2¼ miles from Bath the road forks. Take the left hand one (the right goes under a bridge).

B.—5 miles from Bath (in the village of Box) the road forks. Take the left hand one by the "Bear Inn."

C.—8½ miles from Bath, at Corsham, the road forks. Take the right hand one (the left goes to Chippenham).

D.—8¾ miles from Bath, at Corsham, keep straight on at cross roads (the right hand one goes to railway station), and 100 yards beyond the cross roads, on reaching some curious old almshouses, take the right hand road to Melksham (5 miles); the road straight on leads to Lacock.

To TIMERS. I shall be glad to receive the names of any gentlemen who will volunteer to time the competitors on Whit-Monday at any of the following stations, and to

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learn at which place they will undertake to be present:—Devizes, Hungerford, Reading, Slough. (Alfred Herbert will be at Marlboro' Hill, W. A. Smith at Newbury, and A. Henry at Maidenhead.) Timers are requested to be at their stations, with any refreshments they may be good enough to provide, at least half an hour before the arrival of the first man. I would suggest that timers provide themselves with flat glass bottles, each holding a pint of water, claret and water, or weak tea, equal in number to the competitors, and also with as many packets of beef or mutton sandwiches—without mustard or salt—wrapped in paper with no string outside. Attention to these details of commissariat will, I feel sure, conduce more than anything to fast times and a possible cutting of the record, and I shall feel obliged if timers will inform me after the Trial of any expenses they may have incurred in carrying out these requests. They are also requested to forward to me through the post their records and remarks by five p.m. on Tuesday, May 15th. ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

Our Annual Race Meeting is to take place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, 16th June, which is a half-crown day. Tickets will be obtainable from members of the Committee at the reduced price of 1s. 6d. The railway companies make no reduction on half-crown days, so that anybody getting their tickets for the Palace for that Saturday through us will save a shilling on each ticket. Members are particularly requested to make this known to their friends as much as possible. It has not yet been decided whether tickets will be sent round with the GAZETTE as heretofore, or whether ladies' tickets will be supplied free. Notice of this will be given later on.

As will be seen from the report of the Committee, it has been decided to substitute a *Two* Miles Open Handicap for a One Mile. The events will therefore stand as follows:—

One Mile Members' Handicap.
Two Miles Open Handicap.
Two Miles Members' Scratch for Ladies' Challenge.
Five Miles Open Scratch.
Ten Miles Members' District Challenge.

Entrance fee for the first four events 2s. 6d. each. No entrance fee for District Challenge. Entry forms will be sent round to every member later on. E. S. PRICE.

BLUE BOOK CORRECTIONS.

W. K. Adam's address is Stapenhill, Crescent Wood Road, Sydenham Hill, and his district, together with that of F. L. Adam, should be S.E. M. H. Jephson's district should be W., and M. D. Rucker's N.E.

BATH TRIAL.

Entries for the above close on Monday, 30th instant. None can be received after that date. E. S. PRICE.
"Homelea," Greenhill, Hampstead.

THE ANNUAL RACE MEETING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SATURDAY, JUNE 16TH.

As the Committee intend to make the Race Meeting a success in every way, they trust members will exert themselves vigorously to sell tickets in every direction among their friends, remembering that for every ticket sold a small profit accrues to the Club. Even those who are not specially interested in bicycling may be glad to buy tickets when they learn that these can be obtained through our Hon. Sec. for 1s. 6d. apiece upon what is ordinarily a half-crown day.

By purchasing through this channel a gain of one shilling upon each ticket will be effected, and the ticket so obtained will admit to the Palace and grounds as well as to our Race Meeting. Subjoined is a comparative statement of expenses:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Ticket of Admission to Palace, Grounds, and our Race Meeting, if bought of the Hon. Sec.	1	6	Ticket of Admission to Palace, Grounds, and to our Race Meeting, if bought at the Palace, Railway Stations, or of other Agents	2	6
Railway Fare, 1st Class Return from London to the Palace	2	0	Railway Fare, 1st Class Return from London to the Palace	2	0
Profit	1	0			
	4	6		4	6

THE HALLIFORD GENERAL MEET, APRIL 21ST.

The men rode to Halliford in three groups—firstly the S.W. men whose adventures are here related by their D.C.—

S.W. District Captain's Report.

Probably in consequence of a slight discrepancy having arisen with regard to the time for making a start from Kingston Station, and of the conflicting announcement in the last GAZETTE, the muster at the meeting place was anything but extensive. Coleman was the first to arrive, I and a visitor following shortly after. The precise moment for our start was set down for 4.30 p.m., and after allowing ten minutes grace, in which to vainly look for a further display of force, we three took to the wheels. The run to Halliford being so short and with ample time at our disposal, we had proposed to somewhat extend our run and to ride by Esher and Walton, but as this route would have brought us in close proximity to Sandown Park and the traffic to the race course there, we altered our plan, and avoided that form of dangerous excitement by again riding over Kingston and Moulsey Bridges, thence by App's Court and Walton bridge to the scene of action as in the previous week. Our S.W. contingent came to Halliford singly and in twos at frequent intervals, soon after we had arrived there. First we were pleased to observe the Bros. Buckler, on a new "Social" tricycle of great promise, which seemed to have been ridden

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with very little apparent effort, and looked extremely well; next came E. J. Sherriff, this making his second appearance, and we hope by no means his last, this season; and finally upon two wheels came Harry Ryan, who had mistaken our District notice, and organised a separate meet at Kingston at 5.30 p.m. Noel Whiting, a well-known member of the district, sailed up stream to Halliford, thus completing a very successful muster for the S. W. D.

Then came the S.E. men, concerning whom the S.E. District Captain writes as below:—

S.E. District Captain's Report.

Saturday, 21st April, was a marked and agreeable contrast to the day of the first Halliford run last year. Ten men left Central Croydon Station at 4.15, and this number was strengthened by Stephen Smith at Waddon, A. L. Potter at Beddington, and H. N. Sharp at Sutton. Just before reaching Ewell we were overtaken by Jephson and the brothers Adam, and at the "Glyn Arms" we found our guide, J. Kinder, and Smither waiting for us. Here the two Herberts turned back, as did Sharp shortly afterwards. The rest, with Kinder at their head and the wind well behind, plunged into the intricacies of cross-country lanes. The experiment proved a good one. Once or twice we had to *slow up* for a loose treadle or a slipping saddle, or as occasionally on doubling a corner in our sinuous course we came upon a party of racing folk driving away from Sandown Park; while now and again we had fairly to lie over our handles in answer to a desperate spurt on the part of one of the ex-D.C's, who, freed from the trammels of office, romped along as gaily as schoolboys. Crossing the main road at Esher we cast a passing glance at the beauties of the Mole, and received a passing compliment on the part of a by-standing rustic, on whose admiring gaze the South East array burst like glorious vision as we swept in fair order under the railway bridge at Walton. But unfortunately the station bell sounding at the moment seemed to bring to the leaders memories of the last lap. Away went the flyers, and away went the symmetry of the South East. In vain did the D.C. try to keep in hand his scattering forces, until, after a final scramble, they became united again at the "Ship," Halliford. Here Wyndham was found waiting, as well as The O'Reilly, who had faced the north-easterly wind and ridden up from Brighton. The South West were before us, but it was nearly half an hour later when the three other districts came in sight, and the South East were at last gladdened with a sight of the Captain—all the more so from their having been obliged to forego that pleasure the previous Saturday. It was not long before all were seated at tea, after which, at about eight o'clock, under a fair moon, the South East set the example by starting homewards, and Croydon was reached by the main body about ten o'clock.

Then came the N.E., N.W., and W. The former District met the Hampstead men at the usual meeting place of the latter. The two Districts then rode to Kew, where they met the W., and then made for Halliford *via* the Bath road. Near Acton, W. A. Smith was seen on foot, and unable, much to his friends' regret, to join the run.

N.W. District Captain's Report.

Seven N.W. men left "Jack Straw's Castle," with the N.E. District, on Saturday at about 4.20 for Halliford, and two joined when we got there. We went *via* Platt's Lane, Worm Lane, Willesden (where Alison had a slight fall), Acton, and Kew. We then joined the W. District. Distance 42 miles.

W. District Captain's Report.

The first to arrive at the starting point was E. Scott, followed soon afterwards by the D.C. As the clock struck five a large party arrived, consisting of Meyer, Naylor, two Hewitts, Rucker, and three or four N.E. men whose names I do not know. After waiting a quarter of an hour the N.W. and N.E. Districts arrived. Without further delay all remounted, and rode back again over Kew Bridge expecting to meet the Captain there; but rumour had it that he had gone on, so that no dismount was called for. Proceeding gently through Brentford, I led the way to Isleworth and Twickenham, and on to Hampton. After Sunbury the water-splash emptied several saddles. A little further on the head of the Captain was espied, making for us along the Feltham road.

The road through Brentford was bad, owing to the laying down of new drainage culverts. Good running through Isleworth to Twickenham, rough from Hampton to Sunbury, good on to Halliford.

A very good tea rewarded the fifty-four men who sat down to it, and at eight p.m. the party broke up, most of the N.E. men riding home through the City.

Present: *S.W.*—Pem. Coleman, A. E. and A. Buckler, Noel Whiting, E. J. Sherriff, H. L. Ryan, H. R. Best (visitor), and R. M. Gruggen, District Captain. *S.E.*—F. L. Adam, W. K. Adam, A. Barker, H. G. A. Brown, A. Day, Alf. Herbert, S. Herbert, J. Kinder, A. L. Potter, The O'Reilly, Schmettau, Sharp, Smither, S. P. Smith, S. E. Whealler, Willis, Wyndham, H. Young, two visitors, and R. G. Francis, District Captain. *N.E.*—Nevill, Kelsey, A. C. Foster, S. N. Stunt, E. D. Sewell, Ashley Barrett, A. Lloyd, M. D. Rucker, jun., and Theo. Godlee, District Captain. *N.W.*—Alison, Alken, Hawley, Hindley, Jackson, Lown, Price, Tulloch, and Palmer Dalton, District Captain. *W.*—C. Braby, two Hewitts, Leeds, Naylor, E. Scott, Meyer, F. M. Williams, O. Thorn, Jephson, and H. C. Pigott, District Captain.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

The South East may be fairly congratulated on their muster of twenty-one, but with fine weather we hope to do even better things next Saturday at Riverhead. The two Divisions will meet on Farnborough Common at five o'clock.

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FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
April 28.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for HAVERING. ("Orange Tree.")	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45, for RICKMANSWORTH. Meet W.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for RICKMANSWORTH. ("Swan.") Meet N.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for VIRGINIA WATER.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for RIVERHEAD.	4.15, Old Lewisham Church, for RIVERHEAD.
May 5.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for HODDESDON. ("Old Salisbury Arms.")	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45 and Tally-ho! 4.30, for COLNEY HEATH.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for THAMES DITTON. ("Swan.") Meet S.W. and S.E.	Kingston Station, 4.30, for THAMES DITTON. Meet S.E. and W.	4.30, Croydon Central Station, for THAMES DITTON. Meet W. and S.W.	3.45, Old Lewisham Church, for THAMES DITTON. Meet W. and S.W.

May 12.—No Official Run.

May 19.—DUNSTABLE. General Meet with the O.U.Bi.C. and C.U.Bi.C.

BICYCLING IN SWITZERLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.)

§ 15.—*Engelberg.*

Height Feet.	Distance Miles.		
1425	—	Lucerne	see § 12.
1500	10½	Stanz	
1710	18½	Wolfenschiessen.	
1890	21½	Grafenort,	
3300	26	Top of Hill.	
3320	27½	Engelberg.	

In Stanz, instead of turning down to your left as in § 12, keep straight on; pavement good. There is no other road after this for you to confuse with your own, which goes straight up the valley of the Engelberger Aa, crossing it about three miles further up, after which you have the stream on your right the whole way to Engelberg. On each of the two occasions on which I have made this expedition it has been my fate to encounter bad weather and very heavy roads. The road is narrow for a Swiss road, and unlike most Swiss roads is flanked with hedges, which prevent the breezes from sweeping it, so it does not dry up so quickly as most. I have not, however, found any occasion to dismount until the big hill was reached. This begins about three-quarters of a mile beyond Grafenort, which consists of a very large deserted-looking house and stables on the right hand side of the road, and a little chapel up the hill to the left of it. If the surface is good it is well to persevere up the first straight reach of the hill, as you will come to a bit of level round the corner at the top; but after this you will have to walk for a little over an hour. The road zigzags up through a pine forest nearly all the way. This is a great advantage in fine weather, being beautifully cool and shady; on the other hand, in unsettled weather it keeps the road in a greasy condition, which makes your brake slip and renders the descent additionally troublesome. Of course you will make notes of gradients and corners as you walk up, and if botanically inclined you will be delighted at the splendid masses of the *Noli me tangere*, or sensitive balsam. It is always desirable to have a pair of gloves with you on these long hills to protect your hands from the horseflies when you are wheeling up. This Engelberg hill requires a very great amount of caution in riding down, for you will notice that its precipitous banks are shamefully unprotected, and a "shy" must not on any account be risked. Add to this that the thick woods not only keep the road damp and increase the chance of the machine slipping out of hand, but they also impede your prospect, so that you cannot always see what is coming up the road. On this account I should strongly urge a reference to your time-table, and a selection of time for the descent when the road will be clear. Very few carriages indeed frequent the road except as going to or coming from the Lucerne boats at Stanzstad, so that it is easy for you to calculate the right time, and you will probably only meet a stray cart or two on the road. In ascending, I should not be in any hurry to mount; you will come upon some corners where you will think the hill is going to cease, but if you mount you will be disappointed. You must wait until you are well within the upland valley to which the hill leads, and can see a real bit of level before you. You can ride straight through the long straggling village up to the Benedictine Church and Monastery. Just before you come to this there is a sharp little pitch—gradient less than 1 in 10, I should think, but surface excellent. It will amuse the natives to see you rush up this, but their amazement knows no bounds if they see you come down it again at snail's pace and almost stand still in the middle. There is a little hotel ("Pension Müller") close to the church at which you can lunch, or you can return to the hotel "Titlis," which you will have passed on your right, but do not order trout at the latter—they charged us at the rate of something like 2s 10d a pound for them. As trout are plentiful in the stream close by they probably cost them 3d at the outside, cooking and sauce included. The "Sonnenberg," the largest and most frequented hotel, lies off the village on a hill to your left as you ride up the valley, and it is hardly worth your while diverging to that unless you are going to stay the night. The "Titlis" and "Spannort" are ascents

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requiring axe and boots; but an excursion over the Joch Pass to the little mountain inn on the Engstlen Alp might be undertaken, and you could sleep there and return to the valley the next morning. The Joch Pass is 7200 feet high, nearly 4000 feet, therefore, above Engelberg; from this there is a descent of about 1400 feet to the Engstlen Alp, which may be reached in about 4½ hours from Engelberg. Early in the season, that is about the end of June or beginning of July, it is worth while to take this walk for the sake of the wild flowers alone, which pass all conception in beauty or variety; but then, as there will still be some snow to traverse, you ought to have boots.

Those who like to attend a good musical service on Sunday I strongly recommend to do as I did two years ago, and ride up to Engelberg in the morning; but an early start from Lucerne is required, as the service is at nine. There was a very fair orchestra, as well as a good organ well played, and some of the unaccompanied singing was excellent. Next after Dresden it was about the best service I have heard on the Continent, and quite surprising in a place so comparatively remote from the musical world as Engelberg. High Mass at Lucerne on the other hand should be carefully avoided. I went there this year in company with an Oxford musical friend (the new organist of Christchurch), and we were both agreed in our verdict that it was really a disgrace to the place. The Swiss are not at all an unmusical people. Nearly every village of any size has its Glee Club or Männer-chor, and there are constant competitions, the performances at which are as good as anything that is to be heard of the kind. There is, therefore, plenty of material to provide a good service at Lucerne, if the necessary pains and trouble were taken about it. I would add another reason for visiting Engelberg church on a Sunday morning. The monks, to whom the whole valley from Stanz upwards belong, seem to have done their best to encourage the women to keep up the old fashions now so rapidly disappearing in other parts of Switzerland, and it is quite a sight to see one side of this large church filled by women in their extremely picturesque costumes bedizened with silver ornaments, often of the most exquisite workmanship, and which have been handed down in the family from generation to generation, to the infinite credit of their present owners, who have been led to resist all the recent allurements of the collectors and "antiquity" shops.

August, 1882. GERARD F. COBB.

(To be continued.)

EXCHANGE LIST.

Special 52-in. Humber, built to owner's specification for touring purposes, and of extra strength, as good as new, cost price £21 15s. Price with ball treadles £15; or, with ordinary ditto £14. May be seen and tried by appointment any evening. W. A. Smith, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton.

54-in. "Royal Challenge," in good condition. Ball bearings to front wheel, cones to back. Price £5 10s.—E. D. Sewell, 3, Clifton Terrace, Upper Clapton.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

WEST DISTRICT.

SIR,—"Districtus" answers me *seriatim*, and with your permission so will I answer him.

1. Symmetry. He says of 128 members north of the Thames there are 91 west of the dividing line. Hence three Districts in the west half of the Club. Quite so; but similarly there are some 90 members south of the Thames, of whom 65 are in the east quarter, and this is considered no sufficient reason for creating an East District. It still appears, therefore, "inexplicable" that there should be three Districts on the west of the line drawn north and south, and two only on the east.

2. Attendance at Meets. "D." says the river will always prove a rival to the road. No doubt it will; but that is not a reason for making three instead of two Districts out of a diminished number of men, but rather the reverse.

3. Racing. "D." says from personal experience that nearly all the W. would go to the S.W. I say from a study of the Blue Book that, (begging his pardon, it is not so), but that the W. would be nearly equally divided. Moreover, that though, as I said, the majority of racing men would go to the S.W., it would not be so with the Oxford contingent, who I may be pardoned for saying are at least, at present, the pick of the lot. At the same time I am far from saying that when once we have obtained a geographically correct division we should alter it solely because it is not evenly populated.

4. Accessibility of the present W.D. from both sides. "D." says that the meandering course of a river does not unfit it for performing the office of a boundary. I reply that it must be a question of the size of each separate "meander" that it makes, for he would hardly, I suppose, still consider it a satisfactory division if the loop to the south at Shepperton extended far enough in that direction to include Ripley in the N.W. District, as it easily might do. Shepperton itself, (at present in the N.W.), is about 10 miles south of London. He adds that he did not know that the division between Districts ought to be impassable. Nor did I; nor did I say it ought. I said that it could not be argued "that it would not be possible for men to get to a District meeting place on the other side of the river, and that therefore it must be a boundary between two Districts," as it is possible so to argue with regard to the Lower Thames. That is to say, if there is an impassable line (as in the east), the Club must arrange that it runs *between two* Districts and not *through one*; if there is not (as in the west), the Club is at liberty to fix its boundary line as seems best to itself. I am sorry not to have made myself clear on this point.

The *raison d'être* of the W. D. is, I am told, "that a number of members live more in the heart of London, and

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are consequently somewhat differently placed with regard to Meets from members of other Districts." I am not certain that I understand what is meant by this statement, but I take it that if they live "in the heart of London," it would not take them much longer to get out to the N.W. or S.W. than it would in a westerly direction, radii being of equal length.

I am greatly obliged to "Districtus" for answering me on the *seriatim* system, as it renders it infinitely easier to say what one wants to say concisely, and it has helped me very greatly in answering his objections. He concludes with an insinuation that I want the meeting place altered because I am afraid of tram-lines. Will he excuse my saying that in the last five years I have ridden rather more than thirteen thousand miles, of which a great part has been done in the neighbourhood of London; that I have never been thrown by a tram-line, nor in fact have I fallen at all inside the four mile circle since I ran into the back of a "Royal Oak" 'bus in '78. Moreover, I have had some additional experience of tram-lines at Bath and Cambridge. I am sorry to be egotistical, especially as after saying what I have, and can hardly hope to escape without "a smash" next time I am riding in London; but I wish it to be seen that it is not on my own account that I desire a change.

My second opponent is more difficult to deal with; but I gather that the *raison d'être* of the west is "that a very considerable minority of the two districts resided at Kensington, Chiswick, Acton, and Willesden, and that to attend their Meets it was necessary for them to go distances varying from four to ten miles." There are three points here:—

1st. It is at present seven miles for members in London to get to the West Meets.

2nd. "A very considerable minority" of the S.E. live at Blackheath, but they get on, as I said above, without an East District.

3rd. The apologists disagree as to whether the W. D. was formed to suit suburban riders, or those "in the heart of London." There really seems to be some difficulty in saying *why* it *was* formed.

The next argument is that the present attendance in the West is "satisfactory, remembering that we have fewer members in this District than any other save the S.W." Surely this is only one more reason for fusing the West in some such way as I have suggested for the benefit of its neighbours, especially as the attendance in the S.W. is hopelessly bad. Likewise it might be pointed out that at the time of the publication of the Blue Book for this year, the N.E. also was smaller than the W., though, perhaps, it may not be so now.

Lastly, it appears to me that a compact big body such as the S.E. can as easily become personally acquainted as a compact little one.—Yours truly, J. S. WHATTON.

Trin. Coll., Camb.

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

The sagacity of the mighty men of old who selected the L.B.C. uniform was enormous, if we judge them by the extent of the imitation, the sincerest flattery, according to the proverb, which their choice has received. First the Cyclists' Touring Club adopts a not dissimilar grey for its thousands of members, and now the whole British Army is to face the foe, clad in the same useful and inobtrusive colour.

* * * * * *

The Tricycle Union has afforded a striking demonstration of the accuracy of those who said it was not wanted, by adopting *en masse* the "objects" of the B. U. as its own. What programme and what achievements Messrs. Browning, Bell, and Co., might have shown is, unfortunately, likely to remain in the regions of the "might have been."

* * * * * *

One hardly feels that the racing-man is abroad till the Oval has been crowded with enthusiastic supporters of the Surrey B.C., and next Saturday witnesses that great sight.

* * * * * *

Among recent performances of note are—

106 miles in 12h. 28m. (riding time 11h. 18m.), by a member of the London Tricycle Club on a 40-in. "Facile."

100 miles in 9h. 22m. (riding time 8h. 52m.), on a "Premier Roadster" Tricycle, by A. Nixon of the L.T.C. The course was Upper Norwood to Brighton and back. I commend this to those who have, if ever, to fix a time limit for tricycles in the Road Trial. The first 50 miles were ridden in 4h. 19m. Mr. Nixon also lays claim to 48 miles in 3h. 39m. on the same road.

Howell won a Twenty Miles Professional Championship at Leicester in 1h. 5m. $0\frac{1}{8}$s. Contrary to usual professional tactics the winner made the pace and covered 5 miles in 15m. 14s.

* * * * * *

I am indebted to our official Handicapper for the entries for the Surrey Ten Miles, which are as follows:—

Crute, W. K. Adam, Thompson, Jephson, Prentice (of Ipswich), King (of Salisbury), Wyndham, Wilson, Lowndes, Vesey, Gaskell, and Moore of Birmingham.

Gaskell is the present holder, but in the early spring it is almost impossible to give any opinion as to the winner. In last year's form Moore should win easily, but as it is, the race looks very open.

* * * * * *

Nearly 70 entries have been received for the Mile Handicap; among these the most prominent are Moore, F. L. Adam, H. R. Reynolds, King, Wyndham, Thompson, W. K. Adam, Lawton, Perry, Crute, and Vesey.

* * * * * *

The new Alexandra Palace track is now open for bicyclists, and though the terms for the clubs seem very high, our N.W. members can get a month's practice for five shillings. We shall watch the N.W. team for the District Challenge Cup with interest. THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

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QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. Browne.

I hope in the excitement of Bath Monday our members are keeping their heads clear enough to remember that we ride to Dunstable to meet the Universities on the Saturday after, May 19th. Every member of the Club ought to turn out then. Those who remember the bands, and the "Sugar Loaf," and the ride home the next day *viâ* Chenies—(oh! that fruit-tart and cream)—are sure to come.

* * * * * *

The route taken by the N.E., N.W., and W. Districts from Kew to Halliford was first rate, but I cannot understand why the official arrangements were ignored.

* * * * * *

A lot of time was wasted at Kew by crossing and recrossing the bridge, and discussing the merits of the various routes. I hope on the next occasion that the best road will be chosen beforehand, and that the arrangements made in the Gazette will be strictly adhered to.

* * * * * *

The pace throughout the outward journey was fortunately lively, for if the ordinary Club crawl had been indulged in it would have been dark before Halliford was reached.

* * * * * *

Great regret was expressed a short time ago at the resignation of a well-known musical member of the S.E. I understand that a superior attraction outside has got something to do with it, and that the Croydon Ball is partly responsible.

* * * * * *

Ex-editor to the N.E. District, just arrived at the "Ship," Halliford.—"Where's the D.C.?" Audacious member.—I found him "over head and ears" in work at his office this morning. Ex-editor, dumbfounded.—At his office! and weren't you thrown out of the window?

* * * * * *

Among the La Crosse team that represented the south against the north on Saturday last, I see the names of A. P. and E. H. Barrett; the latter distinguished himself greatly.

* * * * * *

S.E. members were sorry to miss W. C. Oswald from their ranks on Saturday. A bad fall on the previous Tuesday, resulting in a sprained knee, was the unfortunate cause of his absence.

* * * * * *

"*Vis consili expers mole ruit sud*," ejaculated the *Club scholiast*, as he picked himself up from among the ruins of his "Humber." Even an unpremeditated somersault could not cure him of that detestable practice of airing his latinity on all possible occasions.

* * * * * *

Quite a number of L.B.C. men were at the wedding of Norman Morris at Chislehurst on Wednesday, 24th inst. I noticed Alison, Ashley Barrett, Powel, Morris, Jun., and Buckler. It is rumoured that they were rewarded by subsequent festivities in the luncheon marquee after having stopped the S.E. express for the happy pair *en route* to Folkestone.

* * * * * *

Whit-Monday is now close upon us. Our red hot competitors have already got as far as "I may perhaps put my name down."

* * * * * *

Several old faces will again be seen at the "White Lion," and amongst those who, although they will not compete, will still be drawn thither at Whitsuntide by a kind of magnetic influence, will be the O'Reilly, M. D. Rucker, and C. Newman.

* * * * * *

Amongst the competitors, too, there will be some old hands. O. Thorn will ride for the fourth time, and will be known in future as "Bath Oliver."

* * * * * *

I hear rumours to the effect that Theo. Godlee will start on one of his crocks in order to demonstrate the fallacy of the hard-training tendencies of the present age as compared with the method followed by the grand old competitor of the past, who never thought about the Trial beforehand, and never rode more than once a week.

* * * * * *

The directions of the route published in this issue are no doubt very useful, and last year I took Rambler's advice and cut them out. Riding down Box Hill on Saturday afternoon, I was attempting to draw them from the recesses of my pocket when I ran against a loose stone and was shot over the handles, amidst a rattle of steel and some gentle remarks on Rambler.

Porcupine.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

April 28.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
28.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.
May 12.—Lincoln C. and F.C. Sports.
14.—Scottish Games and Bicycle Races at Stamford Bridge.
26.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
26.—West Kent Races at Crystal Palace.
June 2.—Surrey United at Crystal Palace.
2.—Anfield B.C. Sports at Liverpool.
9.—Pickwick Races at the Crystal Palace.
9.—C.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Cambridge.
13.—O.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Crystal Palace.
16.—London B.C. Races at Crystal Palace.
16.—Private Banks at Catford Bridge.

WEST DISTRICT.

Next Saturday, April 28th, the Captain, Ashley Barrett, intends to honour us with his presence. I hope members will kindly turn up in force in order to give him a hearty welcome. The run is to Rickmansworth, starting from Savernake Cottage at 3.45 punctually.

Harold C. Pigott, District Captain.

The District Visitor returns thanks to Mr. W. A. Smith for not making an exception of him *re* Western District Runs, and will be only too delighted to support the New D.C. as soon as the tendon strained at Easter will allow of his riding.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 9.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. MAY 3, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE CAPTAIN.

Let it not be imagined from the title that we propose this week to give a racy sketch of the Captain at Home, in which such interesting details as the particular vintage or brand of cigars the great man affects are to be divulged to the Club at large. Far be it from us thus to pander to idle curiosity. Nor are we intending a eulogistic category of the different men who have in turn held the Captaincy from the archaic period when the honour of being Captain was actually ridden for, down to the present more enlightened era; for do not their merits collectively shine forth in the flourishing condition of the Club? This is a panegyric worth more than any words of ours.

In the Club generally little is known of the duties of the Captaincy. The gilded symbol of dignity is not unfrequently supposed to bring but few cares in its train. On some occasions, such as the Race Meeting, the General Meets, the Captain has certainly to be present; and at the Annual Dinner he is expected to make a bald statement of facts interesting to the company assembled. Then on Whit-Monday he is obliged to be down at Bath, and has to get up at some abnormally early hour in order to despatch a score or so of hare-brained enthusiasts who are bent on spending a summer holiday amid the turmoil of the Bath Road,—though the time may come when the Captain may once more so far sink his dignity as to accompany, aye, and perhaps show the way to his men from Bath to the notorious ninth milestone.

But these are only mere details, as one would say who knows anything of the work comprised in the management of a Club like ours, or of the stern discipline of the Committee room; who has seen the Captain's frown suppress at some grave discussion the indecorous frivolity of some irrepressible member, or has heard him elucidate some knotty point in the matter of Club tradition. In addition to this, the burden that falls on the Captain's shoulders in the way of correspondence is not an easy or a light one, such as is involved in arranging the General Meets, and the matches against Oxford and Cambridge.

Without giving offence to the Captains of our Club, past, present, and future, we may say that the Captain is not merely an ornamental appendage to be picked up haphazard, for on him depends in no small degree the welfare of the whole community. In our humble opinion the model Captain should be conservative to the backbone; he should have a keen zest for our sport itself; like a Bayard, he should be "*sans peur*" and "*sans reproche;*" and he should have the letters L.B.C., if not engraven on his heart, at any rate closely woven into his existence.

As long as the Club proves itself, as it has ever done, capable of producing men of stuff like this, there will be no need for croakers to tell us that they see premonitory signs in the heavens of our coming decadence.

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DUNSTABLE GENERAL MEET.

To Meet the C.U.Bi.C., and O.U.Bi.C. on May 19th.

I hope all L.B.C. men will loyally support our Club on this occasion. The Universities are making efforts to secure large attendances, and it behoves each member to do his best to be present at this by far the more important Meet of the year. At our Dunstable Meet in 1881 with the Universities, we sent up 65 men, and I should rejoice to see this number beaten now. The Town Hall has been engaged, and since the Oxford and Cambridge men are not compelled to leave early, as was the case last year at St. Albans, it is expected that a very pleasant evening will be passed.

Ashley W. Barrett, Captain.

THE ROAD TRIAL.

To Competitors. I shall be glad if they will inform the Hon. Sec. not later than Wednesday, May 9th, of the day on which they intend to reach Bath, in order that rooms may be secured at the "White Lion" as in former years. If possible a special van for bicycles shall be obtained in the 2.30 p.m. train from Paddington to Bath on Sunday, 13th, and I hope to meet all the competitors at the "White Lion" on Sunday evening, to draw for places and to receive final instructions. I shall be happy to convey a moderate amount of luggage from Bath to the hotel selected for tea on Monday evening ("The Milford Arms," Hounslow). All luggage must be securely labelled at Bath. Members are reminded that a complete road-riding costume must be worn in the *Trial*, and the L.B.C. uniform is preferred by the Committee. Further, I would point out the undesirability of members inviting riders outside the Club to ride up from Bath in the Trial with the competitors. Such a plan seems to add to the danger of interference on the part of the authorities, and appears moreover to be unattended with any practical good. The programme for Whit Monday will be as follows:—

5.30 a.m.	To call.
6.0 „	Breakfast.
7.0 „	Leave Hotel.
7.30 „	Start by Cleveland Bridge.
6.0 p.m.	Tea at "Milford Arms."

The finish will be at the ninth milestone from London, Hounslow. The course is as follows:—

Bath to Devizes	21 miles.
Devizes to Beckhampton Corner	7 „
Beckhampton Corner to Marlboro' ...	6 „
Marlboro' to Hungerford	10½ „
Hungerford to Newbury	8½ „
Newbury to Reading	16 „
Reading to Maidenhead	14 „
Maidenhead to Hounslow	17 „
	100 miles.

Care must be exercised at these four situations between Bath and Melksham:—

A.—2¼ miles from Bath the road forks. Take the left hand one (the right goes under a bridge).

B.—5 miles from Bath (in the village of Box) the road forks. Take the left hand one by the "Bear Inn."

C.—8½ miles from Bath, at Corsham, the road forks. Take the right hand one (the left goes to Chippenham).

D.—8¾ miles from Bath, at Corsham, keep straight on at cross roads (the right hand one goes to railway station), and 100 yards beyond the cross roads, on reaching some curious old almshouses, take the right hand road to Melkham (5 miles); the road straight on leads to Lacock.

At six p.m. tea will be provided at the "Milford Arms" for 2s. 6d. each. Warm baths also will be obtainable at a charge of sixpence.

To Timers. I shall be much obliged to any gentlemen who will volunteer to time the competitors, and to learn at which place they will undertake to be present—Devizes, Hungerford, Reading, Slough, are as yet unoccupied. (Alfred Herbert will be at Marlboro' Hill, W. A. Smith at Newbury, and A. Henry at Maidenhead.) Timers are requested to be at their stations, with any refreshments they may be good enough to provide, at least half an hour before the arrival of the first man, and are also requested to forward to me through the post their records and remarks by five p.m. on Tuesday, May 15th.

Ashley W. Barrett, Captain.

BATH TRIAL.

The following names have been received for the Bath Trial on Whit-Monday:—

W. K. Adam.
J. W. Alison.
*G. F. Beck.
T. D. Belfield.
H. G. A. Brown.
A. C. Forster.
R. G. Francis.
R. H. M. Francis.
R. M. Gruggen.
A. Hawley.
H. M. Hewitt.
W. T. Hill.
E. H. Hindley.
*R. B. Hough.
S. G. Hough.
A. Lloyd.
W. Meyer.
A. S. Morris.
F. W. Morris.
H. C. Pigott.
*L. B. Reynolds.
*H. R. Reynolds.
H. L. Ryan.
E. D. Sewell.
Harold Smith.
*O. Thorn.
*E. A. Weeks.
*C. Wigan.
W. Wyndham.

The asterisk denotes a former medallist.

ROAD TRIAL.

Volunteers are wanted to time. Old Medallists will find this a grateful task. Future Medallists will find it a sure stepping stone to success.

Ashley W. Barrett, Captain.

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ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

Our Annual Race Meeting is to take place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, 16th June, which is a half-crown day. Tickets will be obtainable from members of the Committee at the reduced price of 1s. 6d. The railway companies make no reduction on half-crown days, so that anybody getting their tickets for the Palace for that Saturday through us will save a shilling on each ticket. Members are particularly requested to make this known to their friends as much as possible. It has not yet been decided whether tickets will be sent round with the GAZETTE as heretofore, or whether ladies' tickets will be supplied free. Notice of this will be given later on.

As will be seen from the report of the Committee, it has been decided to substitute a *Two* Miles Open Handicap for a One Mile. The events will therefore stand as follows:—

One Mile Members' Handicap.
Two Miles Open Handicap.
Two Miles Members' Scratch for Ladies' Challenge.
Five Miles Open Scratch.
Ten Miles Members' District Challenge.

Entrance fee for the first four events 2s. 6d. each. No entrance fee for District Challenge. Entry forms will be sent round to every member later on.

E. S. PRICE.

THE ANNUAL RACE MEETING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SATURDAY, JUNE 16TH.

As the Committee intend to make the Race Meeting a success in every way, they trust members will exert themselves vigorously to sell tickets in every direction among their friends, remembering that for every ticket sold a small profit accrues to the Club. Even those who are not specially interested in bicycling may be glad to buy tickets when they learn that these can be obtained through our Hon. Sec. for 1s. 6d. apiece upon what is ordinarily a half-crown day.

By purchasing through this channel a gain of one shilling upon each ticket will be effected, and the ticket so obtained will admit to the Palace and grounds as well as to our Race Meeting. Subjoined is a comparative statement of expenses:—

	s.	d.
Ticket of Admission to Palace, Grounds, and our Race Meeting, if bought of the Hon. Sec.	1	6
Railway Fare, 1st Class Return from London to the Palace	2	0
Profit	1	0
	4	6

	s.	d.
Ticket of Admission to Palace, Grounds, and to our Race Meeting, if bought at the Palace, Railway Stations, or of other Agents	2	6
Railway Fare, 1st Class Return from London to the Palace	2	0
	4	6

S.W. DISTRICT.—IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Next Saturday the run is to Thames Ditton to meet the S.E. and W., when I earnestly hope that we may have as good a muster as that which gladdened us at Halliford. If every member will make the necessary effort to be present on the occasion, we may even exceed our previous numbers. We meet at Kingston Station at 4.30 p.m.

R. M. GRUGGEN, District Captain.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. DISTRICT.

28th April. For the third time running the D.C. was late and Kelsey and Lloyd carried out the run to Havering alone. Leaving the corner in fair time and proceeding by Woodford Bridge, Chigwell Row, and Hog Hill, and reaching the "Orange Tree" at about 5.40. Precisely at the same time the belated D.C. left Whip's Cross, and hurrying over the ground reached the tea table just as the original pair were closing their meal. He had not however had any attention paid to his material wants before S. G. Hough and E. D. Sewell turned up from a skirmish, the latter decidedly the worse for wear. Ultimately the five started home together, and adopting the direct route as previously followed which was only a little more muddy than before, proceeded to their various destinations. Present: S. G. Hough, A. A. Kelsey, A. Lloyd, E. D. Sewell, and

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

N.W. DISTRICT.

Saturday was a very uninviting day for riding, the roads being extremely heavy. Probably this reason, and also the fact that "Bath Day" is so near, which perhaps necessitates the whole District absenting itself from the run, may account for the miserable attendance.

Only Tulloch and the D.C. left Hampstead together; after bumping along to Hendon Station, Williams was met, and then the trio rode through the Kenton lanes to Harrow, where Williams and Tulloch turned back. The District then rode through Pinner, and arrived at Rickmansworth rather muddy, and very glad to meet the Captain, Meyer, and C. L. Hill.

We were treated at the "Swan" in a very unusual manner, and some unpleasantness and incivility occurred. The next time we go to Rickmansworth we shall go to the "Dragon." The return home was "much enjoyed by all," the pace being very good, and we did not mind the rain. In fact it was only after we arrived at Euston that we got wet. Distance 18 miles. Present: C. L. Hill, Tulloch, Williams, and PALMER DALTON, District Captain.

S.E. DISTRICT.

In spite of the afternoon being rather threatening, eight men left Croydon on Saturday for Riverhead. On Hayes Common, Beck and the D.C. were met with, and at Locks

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Bottom, Stephen Smith, with the Blackheath Division, were found waiting. A slight sprinkling of rain, and some big, black clouds drifting down with the wind gave the candidates for Bath honours an excellent excuse for putting on the pace, and the leaders managed to reach the "Amherst Arms" just as the rain began to come down in earnest. Fourteen men and one visitor sat down to an excellent tea, and after a pleasant evening we made the best of our way homewards through rain and mud. Seventeen men altogether attended the Meet, and considering state of the weather and roads the number speaks well for the vitality of the District. Though still suffering from a bad knee, W. C. Oswald very pluckily came with us the whole way. Present: G. F. Beck, H. G. A. Brown, R. H. M. Francis, Halliday, Alf. Herbert, S. Herbert, F. C. Marten, H. G. Morgan, W. C. Oswald, Paull, F. B. Smith, S. P. Smith, F. H. Williams, Willis, S. E. Whealler, H. Young; and R. G. Francis, District Captain.

Given fine weather, we ought to have the best Meet we have had this year at Thames Ditton next Saturday. Several of our racing members have promised to be present, and all those who had tea at the "Swan" last season will, I am sure, be anxious to repeat the visit. The Croydon Division will leave the Fire Station at 4.30 *sharp*, and proceed by Ewell, where a short halt will be made at the "Glyn Arms" until a quarter past five.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
May 5.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Hoddesdon. ("Old Salisbury Arms.")	"Jack Straw's Castle" 3.45 and Tally-ho! 4.30, for Colney Heath.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for Thames Ditton. ("Swan.") Meet S.W. and S.E.	Kingston Station, 4.30, for Thames Ditton. Meet S.E. and W.	4.30, Croydon Central Station, for Thames Ditton. Meet W. and S.W.	3.45, Old Lewisham Church, for Thames Ditton. Meet W. and S.W.

May 12.—No Official Run.

May 19.—Dunstable. General Meet with the O.U.Bi.C. and C.U.Bi.C.

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

I have just seen the Meet Card of the C.U.Bi.C., which bears traces of the energy of the new captain. The runs include Haileybury, Baldock, and Bedford, and in several cases the men return by train. This ought to lead members to visit places some way from Cambridge, which, but for the additional interest of a Club Meet, they might not be energetic enough to do.

* * * * * *

The Cambridge University Trials are fixed for May 26th; the Inter-University Race being on June 5th at Oxford. The Club Races on Monday, June 11th, include an Invitation Race of five miles.

* * * * * *

The C.U.Bi.C. has purchased a double tricycle, the use of which is obtained either by an extra subscription, or by hire for the day. I suppose the next thing I shall hear of will be that the Inter-Varsity Sociable Race is coming off.

* * * * * *

The Cambridge Committee are also encouraging rising talent by offering time-medals to members who have not ridden against Oxford. The two standards are 1 mile, 3 min.; 10 miles, 33 min. I hope the effect of this stroke of statesmanship will not be an L.B.C. defeat on the 9th of June. At present our team seems likely to be rather a good one.

* * * * * *

Both at Stamford Bridge and the Oval the long start men seem to have had a benefit on Saturday. At the Oval, only two out of the eight heats in the Mile were won by men with less than 100 yards start, the two lucky men being Tacagni, with 55 yards, and H. F. Wilson, of the Surrey, with 85 yards. The final was won rather easily by Hay, of the Queen's 'Cycling Club, with 135 yards, Wilson and Cassall (150 yards) of the Barretta B.C.—(Has this club anything to do with the Captain's family?)—running a dead heat for second. Time, 3 min. 26½ sec. Reynolds and Wyndham were the only two L.B.C. men riding.

* * * * * *

In the Ten Miles, the competitors soon tailed off. Wyndham made pace at first, and Jephson showed up prominently for the first three or four miles; but after half distance there were only four men in it, and in the last lap Gaskell, the holder, won by ten yards from Prentice of the Ipswich B.C., who had beaten Moore of Birmingham in the last 100 yards. Time, 42 min. 9½ sec. Gaskell has now only to win the Cup at the Autumn Meeting to become its absolute owner. As usual, the spectators ran all over the track at the end of the race. It is a pity that this one flaw on a splendidly managed meeting cannot be removed.

* * * * * *

At Stamford Bridge, Leeds, with 250 yards start, secured the Two Miles Handicap by two yards from Pemberton (280) in 6min. 3⅗sec., Dundas (70) being third. O. Thorn (140) was just beaten by Dundas for second place in his heat. Milner (scratch) and J. D. Butler (80) were among the unplaced men.

The Front Wheel Hub.

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BICYCLING IN SWITZERLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70.)

§ 16.—*Other rides from Lucerne.*

I have given a somewhat vague title to this section, because the rides I have here to mention are either (*a*) of insufficient importance to deserve separate treatment, or (*b*) roads of which I have had as yet no personal experience. I have described all possible rides in a southerly direction, except that an excursion might be made round the Alpnach Bay of the Lake by combining with the Brunig road a road which leads back again from Sarnen, through Kerns to Stanz, distance 9 miles: from Sarnen there will be an ascent of about 420 feet to the highest point, about 3½ miles off, after which there is a gradual descent of 500 feet to Stanz; but I cannot bear any personal testimony to the condition of the road. The only westerly route is the Emmenthal road (see § 8B), and easterly, the only road not already mentioned is one from Schwyz (or rather Ibach), following the course of the river into the Muotta Thal, a valley of reputed beauty; but this, again, I have not had time to explore. But to the north and north-west there are plenty of roads affording, by means of cross roads, an endless variety of rounds. I have been along most of them, and they call for no particular comment. Thus a nice round (22 miles) may be made by going to the historical old town and lake of Sempach, by Neuenkirchen, and returning by Rain and Rothenburg. If more extensive expeditions are in request, you can ride to Langenthal by the Emmenthal road, which you leave at Wohlhäusen. Here you keep straight on instead of turning to the left, and take the road to Willisau and Huttwyl. From Langenthal you can return by Aarburg, Zofingen, and Sursee. The distance for the whole round is about 80 miles, but trains are available for any portions of the return journey. Again, there are two main roads between Lucerne and Aarau, one (A) by Neuenkirchen, Sursee and Shöftland, and (B) the return by Gränichen, Munster, Hildisrieden, and Rothenburg, about 30 miles each way. Aarau is 150 feet or more lower than Lucerne, and the highest point of road (A) is Neuenkirchen, which is 400 feet above Lucerne, and of road (B) Hildisrieden, which is 750 feet above it. There are also three roads to Zurich, of which more hereafter. The bicyclist ought not, therefore, to be at any loss for rides from Lucerne. My last ride in 1880 was from Lucerne to Bale by the following route:

Height. Feet.	Distance. Miles.		
1425	—		Lucerne.
1810	6½		Neuenkirchen.
1635	14½		Sursee.
1750	17		St. Erhard.
1660	20		Uffikon.
1490	24½		Reiden.
1430	28		Zofingen.
1290	31		Aarburg.
1295	33½	Olten	see § 3.
870	58½	Bale	see § 3.

Having started all my luggage by the first train, I left Lucerne at 6.0 in the morning, reaching Bale at 12.20. I rested fifty minutes at Sursee for breakfast, and twenty minutes at Olten. I had twice to dismount and wait for trains at crossings, and had to walk up the greater part of the Hauenstein hill, so that the time taken in actual riding is sufficient testimony to the excellence of the road. I timed myself over 10 kilometres (*i.e.* 6 miles and 240 yards) between Uffikon and Zofingen, which I did in twenty-four minutes, passing each of the 5-kilometre posts in twelve minutes exactly. It gives one some notion of how modern locomotive improvements annihilate time and space, to think that one could start in the very centre of Swiss mountains for a day's bicycle excursion (as it were), and yet be in rooms in college, as I was, the next evening.

Before passing on to Zurich I will just look at my note-book and see if there are any further points about Lucerne, mention of which is likely to prove serviceable to a fellow-bicyclist. There are baths in the Lake about quarter of a mile beyond the National—charge, 80 centimes; they are one of the weak points of Lucerne, which certainly ought to possess better accommodation in this respect; still you can swim at will out into the lake as they are not enclosed. There is a most astonishing variation of temperature in the Lake; on a warm still day the water will be tepid and enervating, whilst, should a sudden storm spring up in the night and stir the water up, you will find it the next morning as cold and bracing as you can desire. The baths in the river at the extreme end of the town, on the same side of it as the hotels are better fitted up and cheaper, and the water being in rapid motion is pleasanter, but the enclosure is somewhat shallow for diving. You cannot ride your bicycle to these as you can to the Lake baths.

The ascent of Pilatus is a mountain excursion feasible for bicyclists by riding either to Hergiswyl, or Alpnacht; but as taking your bicycle implies descending by the same route, I should counsel leaving it at home and going by boat to Alpnacht, and making the ascent from there, and descending to Hergiswyl, whence you would walk back again to Stanzstad to get the return boat. This is by far the best route to take as regards views, etc. The Rigi should be ascended in the train, but to walk down it on either side is, as the Germans say, "rewarding." There is a good path to the top of the Mythen above Schwyz.

Whenever you have a few spare minutes on hand before or after a ride, whether at Lucerne or elsewhere, it is worth while remembering that nine horses out of every ten which are likely to be met on a Swiss excursion are sure at some time or other to be waiting in the ranks at the post office, the railway station, or steamboat stages. To take an occasional turn or two up and down in front of them is therefore an occupation which may be of general and lasting service both to bicyclists and carriage tourists, and should never be neglected when opportunity offers. There is ample scope for this at places like Lucerne, Zurich, Interlachen—

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in fact at all important centres of tourist traffic. You can thus familiarise the Swiss horse "in gross," instead of waiting to take him "in detail."

The view from the cloisters of the churchyard at Lucerne is very pretty, and you will moreover hear the organ to decidedly the best advantage from outside, (performance at 6.30 p.m.); but you must keep a careful look out on the pavement before you, as well as at the view, or you will be the innocent and unintentional means of giving serious offence by treading on some wreath or upsetting some vase of flowers placed there in tender memory of the dead.

You are not likely to be at Lucerne a week without coming in for some illuminations or displays of fireworks, either in Lucerne itself (most generally at the "Schweizerhof,") or at some of the big mountain hotels, such as the "Bürgenstock" or "Rigi Kulm." They are really very creditable, and the effect of the lights on the lake is charming.

§ 17.—*Lucerne to Zurich.*

Zurich may be reached by one of three roads :—

(A) By Cham, Metmenstetten, and Birmensdorf.

(B) By Zug and the Albis Pass.

(C) By Zug, Sihlbrücke, and Horgen.

The Albis (B) may also be taken by diverging from (A) at Metmenstetten. I have not been over the Albis myself, but it is a recognised coach road and sure to be good; it takes you, however, 300 feet higher than either of the other two. Reserving (C) for another section (see § 19), I will here describe (A).

Height. Feet.	Distance. Miles.	
1425	—	Lucerne (see § 13).
1355	13½	Cham (see § 13).
1540	18½	Metmenstetten.
1625	21¼	Affoltern.
1750	24	Bonstetten (turning short of)
1500	27½	Birmensdorf.
1980	30¼	Top of Hill.
1350	34	Zurich.

Be careful not to miss your turn to the left just after crossing the river at Cham. At Metmenstetten keep straight on—the broad road leading up through the village to the right will take you to the Albis Pass. You fork to the left before reaching Bonstetten and cross the railway (bridge); it is a gentle downhill to Birmensdorf (where you have to bear to the right), but you will find the mount up again across a spur of the Uetliberg a little too long to ride. The map shows a straight cut on to this hill through Bonstetten and avoiding Birmensdorf, but from what I could see of this I do not think it would be any gain to take it as it is only a bye road. The hill down into Zurich is good riding. There are gravel as well as paved streets in Zurich, and the latter in that portion of the town by which you enter were very good riding two years ago, but I regret to have to report that that street-Moloch, the tram-demon, is now in full diabolical possession. There are some good hotels close to the station at Zurich; but the "Baur au Lac" has the greatest attraction for me, being on the lake and close to the baths, which are about the best in Switzerland. The road passing it (the Thal Gasse) and leading by the Botanical Gardens into the Löwen Gasse (see plan of town in Baedeker), though forming two sides of a triangle, will be your best route to and from lake and station as there is neither tram nor pavement in it.

Zurich is not a place where people stay for any length of time; they come for the night and pass on. The way in which the omnibus service is managed at the "Baur au Lac," with the numbers constantly coming and going at all hours of the day, is most creditable; equally so their unusual piece of hotel discipline in closing the doors of the Salle à Manger at table d'hôte, and not allowing you to take a seat at it if you are late. Their beefsteaks are the very best I have had anywhere abroad, and they have an excellent stock of Chianti, of which one seldom tires. Baedeker stigmatises the Hotel as "dear"—an unusual thing for him—but though their prices are those of a first-class hotel, I cannot say that, considering how good everything was, there was any charge that we found unreasonable, and we were there nearly a fortnight. In the little colonnaded square (the Central Hof) close by is a lunch shop for Swiss pastry and ices (J. Capaul), which would suit my friend the President down to the ground; and I am sure if he had once been there he would always be off to Zurich for training purposes whenever a big match was impending. The chocolate (liquid) deserves special mention. There are railways in all directions from Zurich, and a double service of steamers, one for each side of the lake, with subsidiary boats plying backwards and forwards between the two; so you have plenty of means of extending your bicycling range. Two facts about the railway require mention :—1. If you wish to go anywhere beyond the Lake in a S.E. direction, *e.g.*, to Glarus or Ragatz, you will always make a *shorter* journey of it by taking the line through Horgen on the W. side of the lake instead of the older line by Rapperschwyl on the other side. The two train services unite at Ziegelbrücke, and in returning you should be careful to ascertain at this junction whether it is necessary for you to change or not. 2. There is a second station at Zurich called Enge, on the Horgen line, which is much nearer the Baur au Lac end of the town than the big station, and a great deal of time may be saved by using it. Going along the Thal Gasse from the Baur au Lac, turn to your left across the bridge, after which take third turning to left (Alpen Strasse), then again turn to the right, and you will find the station a little way along on your left. In this way you reach it without having to cross the line; whereas, if you followed round by the main street you might find the barrier up in view of the very train you wanted to catch. Good music is to be heard every evening at the Tonhalle, but in an overpowering atmosphere of supper and tobacco. In case of accidents there is a large wheelwright's establishment (I have forgotten the name) in the Wiesen Strasse, beyond the Tonhalle, and the Zurichers are skilful mechanics.

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§ 18.—*Circuit of the Lake.*

This may be made in either direction, but the views are seen to best advantage if you go by the eastern and return by the western bank. You do not complete the entire circuit of the lake, as the extreme upper portion of it is now cut off from the rest by a dam, along which railway and road are carried from Rapperschwyl to Pfäffikon. The roads, except the bit leading from the dam into the main-road at Pfäffikon, are excellent throughout, and the changes of level are not worth noticing. The distances are—

East Bank.		West Bank.
—	..... Zurich.	23 ..... Pfäffikon.
5½	..... Küsnacht.	27½ ..... Richterschwyl.
10½	..... Meilen.	30 ..... Wädenschwyl.
13	..... Mänedorf.	35 ..... Horgen.
15	..... Stäfa	44½ ..... Zurich,
21	..... Rapperschwyl.	

There is a nice hotel at Wädenschwyl, the "Angel" (Engel), which is worth a visit if only to see their public room for dancing, etc., a fine large room with galleries all round. It will give you some notion of how the good folk of Zurich and the district enjoy themselves if you get hold of a number of the *Weekly Zurich Advertiser*. I have forgotten what the paper calls itself, but it contains advertisements only. You will find there column after column of announcements of "soirées dansantes" and other musical entertainments at the various waterside hostelries all down the lake. The radiant prosperity of these villages on the lake, with their fine houses surrounded with fruit trees and flowers, is in itself a sight worth visiting Zurich for. Our ride round the lake would have been the most enjoyable ride of all but for a serious catastrophe in Uetikon, a village between Meilen and Mänedorf. Here one of the tallest dogs I ever saw went for me and unfortunately got me, giving me a bite above the ankle and involving machine and rider in very forcible collision with the hard ground. Beyond scars and bruises seriously modifying my personal appearance in the direction of pugilistic colouring I happily suffered little, and though the shaking was a severe one I managed to complete the remaining 33 miles of the round. The *rule* is for all dogs in Switzerland to make for you; but beyond sending your heart into your mouth when you feel the breath of their snarl on your calf, they hardly ever succeed in doing any harm, and after a ride or two you get perfectly callous about them. This dog who bit and upset me, as well as the dog who did *not* make for us on the Axenstrasse (see § 12), are the exceptions to prove the rule. This dog nuisance will, I suppose, die a natural death as bicycling increases there; but for the present there is no help for it. No mechanical deterrent that you could take with you is worth the bother of carrying. The best plan is to take no notice of the dog unless he seems to be getting angry, then you should turn round and fix your eye on him, at the same time treating him to some not too gentle objurgation. Very often he is satisfied when he has had auricular evidence that you are 'the master' man, and not merely part of the machine.

August, 1882. GERARD F. COBB.

(*To be continued.*)

Correspondence.

THE SOUTH-WEST DISTRICT.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—In perusing Mr. J. S. Whatton's exhaustive letter upon the above subject in the last issue of the GAZETTE, I was surprised to see the attempt he had made to add force and emphasis to his arguments by an unseemly indulgence in positive abuse, which might, if it were allowed to pass unnoticed, endanger the reputation of the S.W.D. There might perhaps have been an additional reason for the amalgamation of the S.W. with the W. District if Mr. Whatton's erroneous denunciation of our attendances as "hopelessly bad" were in any way correct. Compared with the attendances of last year in the W. they are much better, and as to there being anything "hopeless" about us, I must, in the interests of the District, altogether repudiate the statement. Frivolous denunciations such as these might tend, if not modified and corrected, to mislead or perhaps dishearten even some of those of our own District, who must be better informed, but who, like myself, were doubtless unprepared for so startling an announcement. I must refer Mr. Whatton to the Blue Book for 1883, recently issued, and there on page 26 he will find that we have given a better account of ourselves than his remarks might lead others to imagine. It will at once be seen that proportionately we compared exceedingly favourably, not alone with the W., but even also with the S.E.D. last year. We had during last season only 21 men in the S.W. District, as against 40 in the W. and 70 members in the S.E., when our average attendance at meets throughout the riding season is set down as 6 men per meet, as compared with 6.37 in the W. and 14.13 in the S.E.D. Now I would ask in all fairness, is this "hopelessly bad?" and does not this account of ourselves entitle us to take a place among the Districts of the Club? We cannot be held responsible for the fact that so few members of the Club reside in the S.W.D.; in this we must always take our chance, but we can and do encourage those who belong to it to come as often as possible to our runs; and this our analysis abundantly proves. I may further add that our average this year up to the present time is very satisfactory, and I earnestly hope that so long as we can continue to render a good account of ourselves the "harebrained chatter of irresponsible frivolity" will not be continued against us.—Yours truly, R. M. GRUGGEN, District Captain.

[Is R. M. G. accurate in saying that the average attendance for 1882 of the S.W. is 6 MEN; we understood that the nobler sex had a large share in the average.—ED.]

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To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—I am sorry to see that the Committee have thought fit to reverse the decision of the Race Committee, viz., that the distance of the open handicap at our meeting on June 16th should be one mile instead of two. Though I sympathise in the main with most of Mr. Scrutton's argument, I yet think that for this year at any rate the distance should be one mile instead of two, and I believe most of our racing members are of the same opinion. My reason is this—at least two other meetings unfortunately clash with ours on June 16th, and it is therefore doubly important that the distance of our open handicap should be the popoluar one of one mile and not the comparatively unpopular one of two miles. I fear that the action of the general Committee will cost us the loss of some twenty or thirty entries at least, and I appeal to them for this financial reason only to reconsider their decision.—Yours truly,

H. R. REYNOLDS, Jun.

18, Fenchurch Street, E.C.,
April 27th.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

This month's issue of *Our Own Country*, published by Cassell's, contains an interesting description of Bath.

* * * * * *

Members must not forget that Mr. Barrington, bicycle manufacturer, Bath, who has done good service to our men in the past, is prepared, if necessary, to get up at three o'clock on Monday morning to execute repairs.

* * * * * *

A new branch of the District Railway has just been opened from Hounslow. This may, perhaps, be found useful on Whit Monday.

* * * * * *

I heard fearful accounts at first of F. L. Adam's accident while practising at the Crystal Palace, but am glad to say that the ill tidings were, in this case, worse than the reality, and that we may expect to see him on the wheel again before long.

* * * * * *

From the *Detroit Free Press* of April 28th, 1883—

TWO STABLE REMARKS.

BY S. CONANT FOSTER.

He bridled up—in horsey tones
Whipped out this bit-ter shaft:
"He who on cycle tires his bones
Is cranky, weak, and daft."

"A trace of choler, sir, you show"—
Thus spoke the man of steel:
"Your sulky life is full of whoa,
My cranky one of wheel."

The N.E. D.C. is talking of resigning, for fear his persistent lateness should result in a more unpleasant species of retirement, but it is rumoured that the rules do not provide for ejecting a D.C.

* * * * * *

The genial clodhoppers who turned into the "Orange Tree" at Havering on Saturday were loud in the praises of the splendid weather and glorious change, which the wet and muddy cyclists could hardly sympathise with.

PORCUPINE.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

May 12.—Lincoln C. and F.C. Sports.
14.—Scottish Games and Bicycle Races at Stamford Bridge.
26.—C.U.Bi.C. University Trials, Cambridge.
26.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
26.—West Kent Races at Crystal Palace.
June 2.—Surrey United at Crystal Palace.
2.—Anfield B.C. Sports at Liverpool.
5.—Inter-University Races at Oxford.
9.—Pickwick Races at the Crystal Palace.
9.—C.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Cambridge.
11.—C.U.Bi.C. Club Races, Cambridge.
13.—O.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Crystal Palace.
16.—London B.C. Races at Crystal Palace.
16.—Private Banks at Catford Bridge.
19.—University College Hospital at Stamford Bridge.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Up to the time of going to press the accounts of runs for the W. and S.W. Districts have not come to hand. This is probably owing to their recent development of energy, resulting in exhaustion in the District Captains.]

EXCHANGE LIST.

Special 52-in. Humber, built to owner's specification for touring purposes, and of extra strength, as good as new, cost price £21 15s. Price with ball treadles £15; or, with ordinary ditto £14. May be seen and tried by appointment any evening. W. A. Smith, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 10.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. MAY 10, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE SPORTING PROPHET.

We have felt that the near approach of our Club "Derby Day," and the publication of the entries for our annual performance of that thrilling tragedy "Trial by Ordeal," demand some recognition of the interest taken by our members in the great event. We are quite aware that for some time past Club meets and a certain proportion of Club members have had no other subject of conversation than the prospects of success of this or that candidate, and the best way of training for and riding in the event in question. Probably a certain number of members are, by this time, utterly sick of the whole topic, and long for Whit-Monday in order that the subject may, at any rate, be enlivened by the introduction of a discussion as to why so-and-so, who ought to have won, didn't win. [He never does win, so that discussion is safe to ensue.]

But though such clouds of words have encircled the subject, after all, we find the most deplorable ignorance and confusion existing in the Club. No sooner has one man told us that it is a very easy year than another greets us with "Did you ever see such a warm set of entries?" A third judicially remarks that it is an easy year for the ordinary medallist, but a hard fight for the enamelled. Our Editorial ear has received the names of at least ten certain winners, and of between twenty and thirty safe medallists, many of whom are also to ride first past the ninth milestone if only the wind will blow E. by N. ½ E., or the roads be four inches deep in mud. Our readers may judge of the prevailing errors when we tell them that even WE have been accused of being "the Dark Horse."

To clear up this confusion we felt it our duty to engage at vast expense a sporting prophet to report on the situation. We did not forget the character of his class for inaccuracy. We had read that classic simile to the effect that "judging of the winner of a race by consulting sporting prophets is like trying to tell the time by looking in a watchmaker's window;" we had heard of the indignant peroration of the orator, who, denouncing the enormous perversity in error of his opponent, wound up with the remark, "You're as wrong as—a sporting prophet." But we reflected that even certain inaccuracy has its advantages: the prophet usually hedges a little by picking three or four candidates for first honours, at least then his prediction would inform the Club of three or four men who would NOT win, and so lessen existing chaos.

So we engaged our prophet, and he sent us daily reports of competitors; a little peculiar, but that was probably owing to his early training. Reports used to come in in this style:—

"WALTHAMSTOW, 9 p.m. Sir,—North-East team did good work this morning; Lloyd, Sewell, and the Houghs quick spin to Chelmsford and back, pulling up fresh. Godlee's other candidates rested to-day." [We have not been

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able to disabuse him of the idea that the District Captains are the official trainers of their respective stables.]

We have received a mass of reports similar to this, which it would take up too much of our space to publish. It is sufficient to say that we have a quantity of most interesting information about the health, dietary, and daily habits of a large number of members of the Club which will be invaluable to future biographers. Our prophet reported that he had much trouble in finding where the West candidates trained, or indeed in finding the West District at all, but that he had at last come upon traces of it at Oxford.

We waited with interest for the final report which was to appear in this GAZETTE. We regret, however, that when it arrived it appeared on perusal so very unsatisfactory that we dared not submit it to our intelligent members. Our wary seer had hedged with such persistence by using, concerning every entry, phrases which could be quoted to show he had foretold the success of that candidate should he turn out to be the winner, that we reckoned up that he had provided for twenty-seven medals and nine enamelled medallists, with a "last resource" of four more members from whom "a surprise might come." And we felt it would be positively sinful to inflict such a prophecy on our readers, so we declined his article, referred him to our solicitor, the N. E. D. C., with the information that we didn't know his address, but had heard he lived up four flights of stairs and knew he was a very violent man. If it is necessary to add anything to prove the wisdom of our course, we have only to add that our prophet displayed a most astonishing partiality to the S.E. candidates. Now it is well known to all impartial members of the other districts that, whatever social virtues the S.E. may possess, they are not much good at road-riding. The inference was obvious; our prophet had been "got at;" "nobbled;" "hocussed," or whatever other sporting term is most correct—probably by the S. E. D. C. So we determined to do our sporting prophecy ourselves.

First, of course, there are the two enamellists. We have had entries from heroes of this class before, but this year the entries are believed to be in earnest; and as it is not likely that they are made merely with a view to two blue and gold medals on the watchchain instead of one, we may expect to see record beaten. Both brothers are understood to be going very well, the Medallist of 1881 especially so, and thus we have at once two candidates for our discriminating judgment to select from. But there is also G. F. Beck, a very worthy antagonist, and Hindley, who as last year's "dark horse" caused much trepidation to intending medallists; while Hewitt and the North-East contingent are both dangerous.

But this is very much in the style of our discarded prophet, and we are nothing if not precise and accurate in our selection. So, here goes——But before we finally name the medallists in order, let us remark on the names we do *not* see in the list of entries. Where are Charles Newman and Barker, dead-heaters, who were relied upon as enamellists of future years? Where is Douglas Smith, reported to be in such magnificent condition? Why are there no Cambridge entries? Where is our President? We pause for a reply, and trust that during the pause the consciences of the culprits have been very uneasy.

To our task. As to the order of the medallists, after careful consideration and mature deliberation, we have very little hesitation in confidently predicting that the ten medals will be won by the ten men whose names we are about to give. And first, there can be little doubt that the Londoners, eagerly watching the long piece of dusty road that leads up to the ninth milestone, will hail as the winner of the enamelled medal the well-known machine and familiar form of——

(To be concluded in our next.)

COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee, held on Monday, 7th inst., the following gentleman was elected a member of the Club:—

Name and Address.	Proposer.	Seconder.
Douglas McRae, Homefield, Mitcham Common	Andrew Potter.	J. F. Potter.

Owing to a severe fall, which incapacitated him from riding, Mr. H. Ravenshaw was allowed to withdraw his name from the Club without being called upon to pay entrance fee or subscription.

A letter was read from Palmer Dalton, resigning the post of N.W. District Captain owing to a severe attack of illness. The Committee expressed their regret, and requested E. S. Price to take the post *pro tem.*, and to take the necessary steps for calling a meeting of the district to elect a successor.

The report of the Tricycle Sub-Committee was discussed at considerable length, and its clauses agreed to. Its adoption, further discussion, and fixing the date of the Special General Meeting were adjourned to next Committee Meeting.

E. S. PRICE.

N.W. DISTRICT—SPECIAL.

As will be seen from the Report of the Committee, Mr. Palmer Dalton has been compelled to resign the post of D.C., which I am sure we all deeply regret. I have been requested to fill the post *pro. tem.*, and appeal to members to keep up the honour of the district during the interregnum. The Dunstable meet is at hand, and every member should make a point of riding with his district on that day.

Notice of meeting to elect a new D.C. will be sent round shortly.

E. S. PRICE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

J. F. Marchant, "Castle Hotel," East Molesey.

William Silk, Jun., 17, Church Row, Hampstead, N.W.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

I shall be away from London at Whitsuntide, and the GAZETTE will be "in commission" during my absence. Members will help "the staff" very materially if they will send in all communications respecting the Road Trial to the Captain *as early as possible* in order that the GAZETTE may reach members by the Saturday morning. This is specially important, as the Dunstable meet is on that Saturday. T. E. SCRUTTON, Editor.

THE ROAD TRIAL.

To COMPETITORS. A special van for bicycles has been obtained in the 2.30 p.m. train from Paddington to Bath on Sunday, 13th, and I hope to meet all the competitors at the "White Lion" on Sunday evening, to draw for places and to receive final instructions. I shall be happy to convey a moderate amount of luggage from Bath to the hotel selected for tea on Monday evening ("The Milford Arms," Hounslow). All luggage must be securely labelled at Bath. Members are reminded that a complete road-riding costume must be worn in the Trial, and the L.B.C. uniform is preferred by the Committee. Further, I would point out the undesirability of members inviting riders outside the Club to ride up from Bath in the Trial with the competitors. The programme for Whit-Monday will be as follows:—

5.30 a.m.	To call.
6.0 „	Breakfast.
7.0 „	Leave Hotel.
7.30 „	Start by Cleveland Bridge.
6.0 p.m.	Tea at "Milford Arms."

The finish will be at the ninth milestone from London, Hounslow. The course is as follows:—

Bath to Devizes	21 miles.
Devizes to Beckhampton Corner	7 „
Beckhampton Corner to Marlboro' ...	6 „
Marlboro' to Hungerford	10½ „
Hungerford to Newbury	8½ „
Newbury to Reading	16 „
Reading to Maidenhead	14 „
Maidenhead to Hounslow	17 „
	100 miles.

Care must be exercised at these four situations between Bath and Melksham:—

A.—2¼ miles from Bath the road forks. Take the left hand one (the right goes under a bridge).

B.—5 miles from Bath (in the village of Box) the road forks. Take the left hand one by the "Bear Inn."

C.—8½ miles from Bath, at Corsham, the road forks. Take the right hand one (the left goes to Chippenham).

D.—8¾ miles from Bath, at Corsham, keep straight on at cross roads (the right hand one goes to railway station), and 100 yards beyond the cross roads, on reaching some curious old almshouses, take the right hand road to Melkham (5 miles); the road straight on leads to Lacock.

At six p.m. tea will be provided at the "Milford Arms" for 2s. 6d. each. Warm baths also will be obtainable at a charge of sixpence.

To TIMERS. I shall be much obliged to any gentlemen who will volunteer to time the competitors, and to learn at which place they will undertake to be present—Devizes, Hungerford, Reading, Slough, are as yet unoccupied. (Alfred Herbert will be at Marlboro' Hill, W. A. Smith at Newbury, and A. Henry at Maidenhead.) Timers are requested to be at their stations, with any refreshments they may be good enough to provide, at least half an hour before the arrival of the first man, and are also requested to forward to me through the post their records and remarks by five p.m. on Tuesday, May 15th.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

BATH TRIAL.

The following names have been received for the Bath Trial on Whit-Monday:—

W. K. Adam.	A. Lloyd.
J. W. Alison.	W. Meyer.
*G. F. Beck.	A. S. Morris.
T. D. Belfield.	F. W. Morris.
H. G. A. Brown.	H. C. Pigott.
A. C. Forster.	*L. B. Reynolds.
R. G. Francis.	*H. R. Reynolds.
R. H. M. Francis.	H. L. Ryan.
R. M. Gruggen.	E. D. Sewell.
A. Hawley.	Harold Smith.
H. M. Hewitt.	*O. Thorn.
W. T. Hill.	*E. A. Weeks.
E. H. Hindley.	*C. Wigan.
*R. B. Hough.	W. Wyndham.
S. G. Hough.	

The asterisk denotes a former medallist.

ROAD TRIAL—IMPORTANT.

Timers wanted for Hungerford, Reading, and Slough. Any man willing to help should let me know before Saturday, May 12th at 11.30 a.m., in order that I may communicate with him by telegraph before leaving town. Reports should be sent in to me by Tuesday 15th at 5 p.m. at latest.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

DUNSTABLE GENERAL MEET

WITH THE C.U.Bi.C. AND O.U.Bi.C. ON MAY 19TH.

All Districts will rendezvous at 5.45 p.m. St. Albans by the "*Pea Hen.*"

The N.E. meet at 3 p.m. *sharp* at top of Lea Bridge Road, and ride *viâ* Wood Green to Tally Ho! Corner, where they meet the N.W.

The N.W. meet at 3.30 p.m. *sharp* at "Jack Straw's Castle" and join the N.E. at Tally Ho! and ride with them to St. Albans.

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The S.E. will meet at East Croydon Station at 3.50 *sharp*, and train from there by the 4.0 p.m. to St. Albans, *via* Willesden.

The S.W. meet at the "Coach and Horses," Kew Bridge, at 3.0 p.m. *sharp*, and ride straight to St. Albans alone.

The W. meet at 3.0 p.m. *sharp*, at Savernake Cottage (the usual rendezvous), and ride straight to St. Albans.

The Club then rides to Dunstable, where tea will be provided at 2s. 6d. each, in the *Town Hall*, for the three Clubs, at 7.0 p.m., by the landlord of the "Old Sugar Loaf," at which place opportunities for washing will be provided for all those who like to avail themselves thereof. As the University Clubs have to leave about 8.15 p.m., it is important that every District should do its best to adhere to the official times; moreover, no District should wait more than ten minutes for another. As is usual in these cases, only one attendance can be scored at this Meet, which will be gained by any member riding to Dunstable.

As some propose starting early, it is suggested that they should wait for the main body at St. Albans; and it is hoped that from this town to Dunstable (13 miles) our men will do their best to keep between the two "leaders" and the two "rear-men," so that the Club may enter the town in a compact body.

Beds will be obtained in Dunstable by the landlord of the "Sugar Loaf" for any member who will communicate with me not later than Thursday, 17th.

I hope every L.B.C. man will regard attendance at this Meet as not only a pleasure, but also as a duty that he owes to his Club. ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

Our Annual Race Meeting is to take place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, 16th June, which is a half-crown day. Tickets will be obtainable from members of the Committee at the reduced price of 1s. 6d., *which will admit to the Palace and Grounds for the whole of the day.* The railway companies make no reduction on half-crown days, so that anybody getting their tickets for the Palace for that Saturday through us will save a shilling on each ticket. Members are particularly requested to make this known to their friends as much as possible. It has been decided to send one free ticket to each member. This, together with handbill and entry form will be sent round with the next GAZETTE. As the Club has to account to the Palace for *every ticket*, members not using their ticket are requested to return it to me as soon as possible. The events are:—

One Mile Members' Handicap.
Two Miles Open Handicap.
Two Miles Members' Scratch for Ladies' Challenge.
Five Miles Open Scratch.
Ten Miles Members' District Challenge.

Entrance fee for the first four events 2s. 6d. each. No entrance fee for District Challenge.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. DISTRICT.

May 5th. At last the D.C. was punctual and was rewarded by the company of five members and one visitor (on a tricycle) at Syborn's Corner. One or two others were coming but did not come to hand. The Higham Hill route was taken to Chingford, and the hill by the Church tempted Rucker and Weeks to prove they could ride up it, which they did, the remainder either could'nt or would'nt, or both. Up to this point we had been hampered by divers bicyclists, who had been inclined to mix themselves into our ranks, but they all seemed satisfied by Chingford. The stones on the Waltham road were very loose and though rideable in daylight were not rationally compassable without that feature. From Waltham Cross to Hoddesdon the high road was in really good order in spite of a certain amount of head wind, and the latter point was reached about 6.0. W. Meyer and Baldwin had preceded the main body in reaching the "Salisbury Arms," and greeted us on our entrance to the town. Tea ordered, some active spirits suggested a run to Rye House while we were waiting, and five or six of the party went about a mile's run, picking up Arthur Lloyd by the way, who had been skirmishing. At the Rye House Rucker insisted on standing the company a few of the curiosities of the institution, and a dungeon with somebody's boots and a bed were carefully inspected. It is opined the proprietor would make a good thing of it in the season, yet at least one member who had not been there before expressed a certain indifference to ever going there again. Tea was very comfortably and cheaply supplied at the "Salisbury Arms," Lyne and Large making the party up to a dozen, and the peaceful pipe all too soon brought us to the time for returning. The same route was taken, and one or two lamps were perverse, Baldwin experiencing a series of falls in consequence, but very pluckily coming on in spite of his misfortunes to Chingford, where he took the train. The District kept all together, except Baldwin, into Walthamstow, Weeks surmounting the hill into Chingford, which was in capital order. Owing to some trifling delay on the way home, it was nearly eleven before the company parted. Present: H. Baldwin, T. Child, Kelsey, Large, Lloyd, Long, Lyne, W. S. Meyer (S.E.), Rucker, Weeks, P. T. Letchford (visitor), and

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

It is well known that the attendances at N.E. Meets increase with the distance to be run. I hope therefore, that the whole district will come to Dunstable on the 19th.

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

W. DISTRICT.

May 5th. At the appointed time Leeds arrived at the starting place, but after waiting until 4 p.m., and no one else making an appearance, we made a start for Kew. Instead of taking the usual road to Richmond, we followed

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the one leading at the back of the houses in the Kew Road, thus avoiding the tram lines. Richmond Hill was in its usually wet and sticky state through the vigorous endeavours of the water carts to lay the dust. From Richmond we followed the road to Petersham and over Ham Common to Kingston. Here we met O. Thorn, who had come by a different route. A little farther on C. Braby was sighted. Arriving at the "Swan" at Ditton, at about 5.15, we there found a goodly gathering of S.W. men. From the time we arrived until six o'clock tea, a continuous stream of S.E. men came up one after another, as if each man had ridden from a different point of the compass. A fairly good tea was provided at the "Ship," and a fairly good price charged (2s. 9d.)—thirty-eight sitting down. Afterwards the men soon divided and went upon their various journeys; some to Newbury, Godalming, Weybridge, etc., so that the return journey was only carried out by a few. Present: C. Braby, Jephson, Koch, Leeds, Naylor, Marchant, E. Scott, O. Thorn, F. M. Williams, Hindley (N.W.), Newman (N.W.), R. Charsley (visitor), and

H. C. PIGOTT, District Captain.

I trust that our members will afford a convincing proof of their recent revival by attending the Inter-Varsity Meet at Dunstable next Saturday "in their thousands."

HAROLD C. PIGOTT, District Captain.

N.W. DISTRICT.

May 5th. This run at first seemed likely to be a failure, as two out of the six men who left Tally Ho! turned back, and as the D.C.'s late experiments with his gigantic "Catapult," (so called from its power of propelling heavy bodies to a distance), unfortunately prevented him turning up, we were left without a leader. The result was that the ride became a series of short spurts, chiefly up hill, until Barnet was passed, when the Northern Guide led us through retired lanes which he seemed to regard with the pride of an owner who had spent both time and money in getting them into the perfect condition they were in, no path could have been better—result: racing. We soon got to Colney Heath and ordered tea for four; just then five more men arrived, and we sat down to one of those pleasant feeds where the monotony of eggs and jam are relieved by a constant flow of nonsense and anecdote. One member, referring to the comment in last week's GAZETTE, spun a yarn of the dark ages of the Club's history which is not generally known.

When the grey uniform had been decided on in committee, the question of the colour of the stockings was left to a sub-committee with instructions to get samples, preferably of some quiet tint, in keeping with the taste of the members of the "Young Club." At the next meeting Jolly reported, with pride and satisfaction beaming in his face, that they had made a most happy selection, having been lucky enough to get a pattern embodying the Club colours, and produced a pair of *football stockings, striped blue, black, and red!* The committee were speechless with dismay, and the captain had coughed once or twice preparatory to explaining, as gently as possible, that, to put it mildly, the choice was not quite what they expected, when the culprit, amidst roars of laughter from the other conspirators brought out another pair of the kind now used, and confessed that they had got the first pair on purpose to hear what we should say. After tea we started for home. But alas! there were Bath Racers amongst us, and the pace varied in consequence. Up Ridge Hill it was decidedly hot, for which the blame attaches to Morris in the first instance. Lamps were then lighted, and it was agreed *nem. dis.* that we should finish the ride quietly. It has always been believed that the most conceited creature on this earth is an amateur tenor, but this was before the Otto Bicycle was invented, and any one who had seen two men on these machines riding past a lot of cyclists uphill in front of us would have said the A. T. was not in it. The discordant grunts of the foghorns they carried so exasperated one or two us that it became necessary to pass them sharply. Result: racing again, and also the premature dispersion of our members; it is believed, however, that every one got home safely after as jolly a ride as it is possible to conceive. Present: Alison, Elgood, Hill, A. S. Morris, D. Langmore, Jackson, Stunt, W. J. Williams, Tullock, Howard, and

T. G. NEVILL.

S.W. DISTRICT.

C. Newman and J. Scott were at Kingston Station at 4.30 p.m. on Saturday last, where Ryan joined us shortly after this hour. With no distance before us, slow riding became the order of the afternoon, and we accordingly wended our way at a steady pace through Surbiton and Long Ditton to our destination at "The Swan." Here we found Marchant had already arrived, and following his excellent example came Sewell and Barnett, who had effected a landing with comparative difficulty from the Great Waterway hard by. Soon after our arrival, A. H. Koch paid us a passing visit on his way to Godalming; all our combined eloquence failed to persuade him to stay to tea. Coleman, who had taken more extensively to the road than ourselves, was the next visitor; and to complete our numbers the Brothers Buckler arrived on the "Sociable." At the animated tea meeting we had a goodly sprinkling of competitors for the coming Bath Trial, and as is usual on such occasions, most of the new medallists were picked out of the official list and arranged in the order of their coming!

Thirty-six members and two visitors took more or less active parts at this tea, which seemed to pass off in a most pleasing and generally satisfactory manner. There was a somewhat ominous thirst noticeable in one or two instances among Whit Monday competitors, which we must hope will be greatly modified by this last week's strict and careful

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training! The S. W. D. dispersed at intervals during the evening.

Members present: Pem Coleman, J. F. Marchant, A. E. Buckler, H. Barnett, H. L. Ryan, and

R. M. GRUGGEN, District Captain.

I hope that several of our members will make arrangements to run with me to Dunstable on the 19th inst., and to return the following day.

S.E. DISTRICT.

Eight men left the trysting place on Saturday at 4.30 for Thames Ditton. Coleman found us on the way, and a steady pace was kept up to Ewell, where Wyndham and Smither were waiting. Two or three men turned back here, and the others after a short rest started along the Kingston road. With a favouring breeze the Bath maniacs were not to be restrained, and scudded along at a rare pace until, after a warm twenty minutes without a check, they came in sight of the "Swan." The slower division, comprised of men who were not to be tempted out of their usual pace by the impetuosity of their fellows, arrived at the river bank shortly afterwards. To them are the apologies of the D.C. due for the somewhat disorderly way in which the run was conducted. After next Monday our flyers will relapse into a comparatively torpid state, and a quieter order of things will prevail. Stephen Smith was the sole representative of the Blackheath Division; the rest, it is said, were harbouring their energies for a grand *coup* at Dunstable. The O'Reilly came up to the Meet from Brighton, and altogether nineteen South-Easters and two visitors sat down to tea with the West and South-West; a respectable muster, it is true, but considering the day and the distance, hardly up to some of our happiest efforts. Present: F. L. Adam, Barker, C. A. Brown, H. G. A. Brown, R. H. M. Francis, Alfred Herbert, S. Herbert, The O'Reilly, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, Paull, C. T. Schmettau, S. P. Smith, S. E. Whealler, F. H. Williams, W. Wyndham, J. B. Young, and two visitors (McCrae and A. L. Potter). R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

DUNSTABLE MEET.

Stephen Smith will be riding to Dunstable on the 19th inst., the day of the Oxford and Cambridge Meet, and has kindly invited any men who can take the day, to breakfast at his house at 9.30, and ride with him *viâ* Woolwich.

Another party will leave Croydon Central Station at 10.0 a.m., and proceed *viâ* Kingston.

The main body will meet at *East* Croydon Railway Station at 3.50 punctually, and book through to St. Albans by the 4.0 train which calls at Norwood Junction at 4.5., and arrives at St. Albans at 5.40. For those who prefer to go through town there are trains from Broad Street at 2.40 and 3.28, arriving at High Barnet (on the Dunstable Road) at 3.15 and 4.14 respectively. There are also trains back to London from St. Albans at 9.5 and 10.0 p.m.

In order that I may make the necessary arrangements, I shall be glad to hear from any men who propose going, as to the route they mean to adopt, and I hope on this occasion the South-East will show that *to them* distance and inconvenience are mere trifles compared with the honour of supporting their club. R. G. FRANCIS.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
	May 12.—No Official Run.					
	May 19.—DUNSTABLE. General Meet with the O.U.Bi.C. and C.U.Bi.C.					
May 26.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30 and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for ERITH. Meet S.E.	"Jack Straw's Castle," 3.45, for Iver. Meet S.W. and W..	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for IVER. ("Swan.") Meet N.W. and S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for IVER. Meet N.W. and W.	4.0, Croydon Central Station, for ERITH. Meet N.E.	'Hare & Billet,' 4.30, for ERITH. Meet N.E.

LAWN TENNIS.

With the Captain's consent a tournament will again take place this year, and it is hoped that members will support it as much as possible.

Several shillings are still owing from last season, consequent no entry will be accepted without it is accompanied by this trifle.

By paying attention to the following remarks, competitors will greatly facilitate the efforts of the managers.

a. The entries will close on Thursday 17th inst.

b. The result of drawing will be published in the GAZETTE, and competitors must make their own arrangements as to time and place of their matches, and each winner should return the result of his tie *without delay.*

c. About ten days will be allowed for each tie, and no excuse can be accepted for the non-playing of the same.

All communications are to be addressed to H. N. Sharp, Elms Lea, Sutton, Surrey.

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TRIALS OF THE TRIAL.

A trial, indeed. A man never has any rest until he goes in for it; and when he does, he is no happier. He fully persuades himself he could have done better had not something happened that did happen, so if he does not win a medal he starts again to do so. On getting one he tries for the enamel, and even on securing that trophy he is not satisfied, and again starts (presumably to beat record).

The intending competitor is made a butt for all kinds of advice as to when, where, and how to proceed. Then he is continually being told of tremendously hot men who are in training, but somehow never start. It is most amusing to hear the difference of opinion as to the quality of the entries. Possessor of a medal says he does not think much of them. Intending medallist does. Meanwhile the older members congratulate themselves on the "standard" being kept up.

The complete list of entries now out shows how utterly useless it is to question members as to their intention on Whit-Monday. A good half declared in the early part of the year they would not start. Others avoid the question in different ways. One goes down to ride up with a friend, and will not try for a medal; another to look over the course, so that he can start next year; intending Enamellists only go down for the fun of the thing, and no one not already placed means to try for anything but the last medal. It would be very interesting if we could get at what the men really do think of their chance, and how they feel on the Sunday and Monday. Anything but happy, if experience goes for much. On Sunday a few start from Paddington by the 2.30 train. The victims get in all the way down, and victims they certainly look. All try to seem light and careless in the attempt to keep up their spirits, but it is no use; and soon all is gloom, varied only by glimpses of the road when the train passes any part of the course. Next the Oxford contingent get in, inspiring considerable awe by their apparent fitness. Timers, etc., meet the train at various stations, and rehearse giving refreshments so that they shall be perfect on the morrow. At last Bath is reached, and the men already there meet the train, looking at the new arrivals with a considerable amount of jealousy. It is surprising how very fit everyone thinks everybody else looks. Then there is a rush made by the men who have not already ordered bedrooms—dinner—drawing of places, and sweepstake—paying bills and bed, some very early, others retiring with their own particular friend and comforting one another. Morning at last—will it be fine?—which way is the wind?—breakfast—packing up (how much will the Captain stand?) provisions for journey—getting nervous—not at all improved by the fearful and hideous appliances some of the men have for supplying themselves with liquids—tremendous crowd at the bridge—more nervousness—fall in line—got a drain in front to mount over—sure to come a cropper in it—order to start—no more nervousness—why don't they go faster?—everyone frightened of Box Hill—one or two go wrong and have to dismount—all still holding back for dangerous corner—man who has warned us most goes down about twenty miles an hour—glad I did not—been told to keep on eating all the way up—try a biscuit—very dry—wish I had brought something to drink—Devizes—which is the way?—applause of yokels—Marlboro' Hill—been told, best plan is to run up—try, but don't succeed—Savernake Forest—flock of sheep—fly in my eye—wish I had never started—if I can only get a medal, will never start again—Newbury—McCullum Hill all there—first man appears to have been a sort of comet—told it is not possible to catch him—disheartened—try to eat something—can't—try to drink, and succeed beyond landlord's fondest hope—start—Reading—strong contingent of L.B.C. men with milk—take everything that is offered—Maidenhead—look at GAZETTE—how many miles now—getting monotonous—wish they would not make parish boundaries so like milestones—get to Hounslow—milestones having a lark with me—still one mile—ninth milestone—Bath medallist, hurrah!—go out of training at once. N. H.

RACING FIXTURES.

May 12.—Lincoln C. and F.C. Sports.
14.—Scottish Games and Bicycle Races at Stamford Bridge.
26.—C.U.Bi.C. University Trials, Cambridge.
26.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
26.—West Kent Races at Crystal Palace.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

Cambridge men are revelling in improved accommodation on the path.

* * * * * *

Their new double has turned up radiant in the club colours. It was driven over seventy-five miles with the club run the other day. Ill natured people say because it couldn't go by train.

* * * * * *

The C.U.Bi.C. last year elected its 1000th new member.

* * * * * *

The *Cyclist* and the *Athletic News* have been commenting very favourably on G. N. Latham's dodge for worn saddles.

* * * * * *

To invert the old proverb, "There are none so keen-sighted as those who *will* see," Goy's list "of articles connected with Athletic Sports of all kinds," which can be had on the new plan, includes washing and sewing machines, Bath chairs and invalid furniture, perambulators and ladies' watches.

* * * * * *

The Cambridge captain has a wager of a big dinner in the Christmas term that he gets an average attendance of eight to the club runs. Taken and offered. There were double that to the last.

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On the 28th April, at St. James', Kidbrook, by the Hon. and Rev. John Harbord, Herbert George, youngest son of the late Edward Middleton, of Lee Road, Blackheath, to Eleanor Charlotte, only child of the late Thomas Blakeley, of Canterbury.

* * * * * *

On the 30th April, at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, W., by the Rev. Fr. Bede, O.S.F., Arthur Lloyd, son of the Rev. F. J. Gruggen, M.A., to Harriet Monica (Monica), daughter of the late Major Chrisholm, 30th Madras Native Infantry.

* * * * * *

How many men, having been asked by a competitor to pick out the winners of the ten medals have not included the questioner? From notes taken at Ditton, I should say, none.

* * * * * *

If Saturday was a sample of the energy usually displayed by ex-officers of the S.E. District, there need be no surprise at their large average attendances. Quite careless of the fact they were helping to cut their own records, the D. C.'s of 1881 and 1882 attempted to appropriate every new arrival to the S.E. score.

* * * * * *

They had, however, a rival in their captain of 1880, who was pursuing the same tactics on behalf of the West—the district in which he now resides.

* * * * * *

Conundrum.—A N.W. member attends by water a joint meet of W., S.W., S.E. Which D.C. should by rights score him.

* * * * * *

Dunstable will be *en fête* during the meet of the three Clubs on May 19th. The Town Hall, unlimited bunting, and the local band to play "the conquering hero, etc," as we enter the town, are among the good things promised.

* * * * * *

As the Varsity Clubs have so short a time to stay after our arrival, it behoves our men to lose no time between St. Albans and the "Old Sugar Loaf," nor to prolong their toilettes unduly at the latter.

* * * * * *

Our President has been appointed one of the Examiners for the Tyrrwhitt Hebrew Scholarship.

* * * * * *

A member of the S.W. District was oiling his machine at Hampton Court one day last week, when one of the numerous photographers in the neighbourhood came up to him and said, "Take your photograph, sir," "What! on a Sunday," said the L.B.C. man, "What do you take me for!" "A shilling, sir," said the man.—*Exit* Bicyclist.

* * * * * *

S. G. Hough is looked upon as a dark horse in the N.E., and it is rumoured he will take a good place.

* * * * * *

Lloyd is reckoned safe for a medal, barring accidents.

* * * * * *

What Harold Smith can do on the road is a problem of some difficulty in his own district, as he has never attended a Club run, but his achievements in the 10 miles at Stamford Bridge points to very good time, at any rate, if the weather is good.

A new feature in the Bath road is fifty yards of loose and unrideable gravel, which forms part of a level crossing just on the London side of Colnbrook. Competitors beware!

* * * * * *

F. L. Adam's form on a Coventry Rotary Tricycle on Saturday was such as to make some of the two wheelers look to their merits.

* * * * * *

I hear that one of the favourites for the Bath Stakes has been practising fast pedalling on a *facile*. He says that it is better even than a *home trainer*.

* * * * * *

On dit that the captain is anxiously looking to the Sutton and West Kent Race Meetings in this month to help him in his anxious task of picking the London teams for our contests with the Universities in June.

* * * * * *

Next in importance to authentic times for the start and finish of the Trial come accurate records from the timers on the road. It would be a good thing if we could get these from each ten miles of the course, but, failing that, they should come from at least six stations. Unfortunately, timing though very needful, is very arduous, and if a man is not a competitor, he needs must be a coach. I fear this year we shall miss the white mackintosh of the ubiquitous Chippindale.

* * * * * *

In a general way the American humourist was right when he advised not "to prophecy till you know;" still, as my anonymous predecessor last year spotted the first man, I am encouraged to do what I can in this direction. Though the chapter of accidents in the Trial is so varied, the enamelled medal must, I think, be given to H. R. Reynolds who, with roads and weather in their present state, should reach the "mile stone" not very much after three p.m. Beck will press him hard, but if the S.W. wind brings up much wet, will drop off before Reading. Such weather, however, would suit the old stayers, Brown, R. G. Francis, and Walter Meyer down to the ground. The team, all round, is a good one, but, perhaps, is hardly so warm as some that have left Bath in past years.

* * * * * *

It contains, I fear, one or two men whose training can hardly justify them in hoping to reach Hounslow the same day; at least, if they manage so to do, none among the visitors to the Mile-stone will be more agreeably surprised than yours,

PORCUPINE.

WANTED.—Can any member suggest a suitable place for a small reading party in the summer? The requirements are mountain scenery combined, if possible, with sea air, and not altogether impassable roads, and plain accommodation for five or six. Wales or North Devon preferred. Any hints will oblige,

J. S. WHATTON.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE COMMITTEE.

The sheltering protection of the Editorial "we" is our only excuse for venturing to discuss what may be called the motive power of the Club and our own masters. The difficulty is further complicated by the fact that we are ourselves integral portions of the august assembly. With which apologies let us review ourselves collectively.

The duties of the Committee are so very varied that we have no intention of going in for a catalogue, while the secrets of the Committee are so very profound that we have no intention of disclosing them, but we doubt whether many members are aware of the powers which they intrust to the Committee, or the amount of managing they themselves require. The Committee are proud to believe that they each represent the whole Club, and not any one section of it, and the identity of the separate Districts is rapidly sunk in the general Club interests when they are gathered round the Council table, save on those special occasions when any information as to the views of a District on a subject specifically affecting it, is required. It is at Committee meetings, too, that the Captain has some of his most responsible and some of his pleasantest duties, perhaps, to perform. To control a party of fifteen to twenty men who have many common interests quite apart from the agenda paper, to induce them to apply themselves to the business in hand, and not to apply themselves to other business, is no light task, and one which may well tax the administrative ability of our leader. It may be a merely inattentive or supremely indifferent member; alas, we have heard of such. It may be something very nearly approaching a "regular opposition," who may be expected to have very defined opinions on every subject, and may be prepared to use every lawful means to attain their ends, and thirdly, there is the free lance quite incomprehensible, whilst through it all the Chairman must remember that all those round him may be safely assumed to have, in their own fashion, only one object, and that one object the good of the Club, which by one method or another they are trying with more or less energy to serve.

And what do they do? The question is often put and is sometimes hard to answer. Truly the dry reports in our columns would hardly justify a hardworking existence, and we have heard too of "autocratic" officers. Truly also it is easy to ridicule the ever recurring topic of dress which at times appear week after week on the notice paper; but perhaps we may be allowed to point to results, and, while allowing all honour that is due to the officers on whom so much necessarily devolves, to claim that the work of the club is on the whole well done by those to whom it is deputed. The machinery works so well, there is so little jar or rattle that the careless observer almost forgets that the absence of friction enables all the more work to be done, and fancies at times that elections, race meetings, club discipline, our-

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selves, club runs, and the curious medley of extra neglects which seem to keep up an unintermittent stream, work "by themselves" and without any motive power whatever.

There is work and hard work to be done, and it is done, and the responsibilities of a member of a Committee do not always cease when he leaves the Committee room, but other detail duties are delegated to individuals to be carried out and completed, or it may be digested for the use of a future Committee Meeting.

In conclusion, let us in the first place disclaim any personal allusion to any individual member in our remarks above, and if we seem to speak somewhat highly of a body of which we are a component part, let our readers remember that we cease for this purpose to be individuals, and assume a certain abstract condition from which we view even ourselves with philosophic impartiality.

DUNSTABLE GENERAL MEET

With the C.U.Bi.C. and O.U.Bi.C. on May 19th.

All Districts will rendezvous at 5.45 p.m. St. Albans by the "*Pea Hen.*"

The N.E. meet at 3 p.m. *sharp* at top of Lea Bridge Road, and ride *vid* Wood Green to Tally Ho! Corner, where they meet the N.W.

The N.W. meet at 3.30 p.m. *sharp* at "Jack Straw's Castle" and join the N.E. at Tally Ho! and ride with them to St. Albans.

The S.E. will meet at East Croydon Station at 3.50, *sharp*, and train from there by the 4.0 p.m. to St. Albans, *via* Willesden.

The S.W. meet at the "Coach and Horses," Kew Bridge, at 3.0 p.m. *sharp*, and ride straight to St. Albans alone.

The W. meet at 3.0 p.m. *sharp*, at Savernake Cottage (the usual rendezvous), and ride straight to St. Albans.

The Club then rides to Dunstable, where tea will be provided at 2s. 6d. each, in the *Town Hall*, for the three Clubs, at 7.0 p.m., by the landlord of the "Old Sugar Loaf," at which place opportunities for washing will be provided for all those who like to avail themselves thereof. As the University Clubs have to leave about 8.15 p.m., it is important that every District should do its best to adhere to the official times; moreover, no District should wait more than ten minutes for another. As is usual in these cases, only one attendance can be scored at this Meet, which will be gained by any member riding to Dunstable.

As some propose starting early, it is suggested that they should wait for the main body at St. Albans; and it is hoped that from this town to Dunstable (13 miles) our men will do their best to keep between the two "leaders" and the two "rear-men," so that the Club may enter the town in a compact body.

I hope every L.B.C. man will regard attendance at this Meet as not only a pleasure, but also as a duty that he owes to his Club. Ashley W. Barrett, Captain.

S.E. DISTRICT.—IMPORTANT.

Members of the District are reminded that according to the notice in last week's Gazette a detachment will leave Croydon Central Station at 10.0 a.m. for Dunstable. For the convenience of members of this or other districts who may wish to start early, and join on the way, the following times will be kept: Nonsuch Park gates (Kingston side) 10.45, Hampton Court Bridge 11.45, West Drayton 1.0

Members to whom the Woolwich route is more convenient are asked to bear in mind Stephen Smith's kind invitation to breakfast at his house, 9, Morden Road, at half-past nine.

Several men have already announced their intention of travelling by the 4 o'clock from East Croydon to St. Albans, where they will meet the other Districts at 5.45, and ride on with them to Dunstable.

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

Our Annual Race Meeting is to take place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, 16th June, which is a half-crown day. Tickets are obtainable from members of the Committee at the reduced price of 1s. 6d., *which will admit to the Palace and Grounds for the whole of the day.* The railway companies make no reduction on half-crown days, so that *anybody* getting their tickets for the Palace for this Saturday through us will save a shilling on each one. Members are particularly requested to make this known to all their friends. One *free* ticket, together with handbill and entry form, are sent round with this Gazette. As the Club has to account to the Palace for *every ticket*, members not using their ticket are requested to return it to me as soon as possible. The events are:—

One Mile Members' Handicap.
Two Miles Open Handicap.
Two Miles Members' Scratch for Ladies' Challenge.
Five Miles Open Scratch.
Ten Miles Members' District Challenge.

Entrance fee for the first four events 2s. 6d. each.

Three ex-Captains of the Club have kindly offered to present the prizes for the Club Mile. Members should show their appreciation by entering for this event in force.

E. S. Price, Hon. Sec.

ROAD TRIAL.

Again the success of the favourite has justified our predictions, and with roads in worse state than on Whit Monday in last year, we may regard his performance, although it was two minutes longer, as better than when he won his enamelled medal twelve months ago. On the evening before the Trial the Captain on reaching the "White Lion" with Rucker and seven of the competitors, found the others with the The O'Reilly and Jephson awaiting them. After tea and the usual instructions had been

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disposed of, a retirement was promptly made to prepare for early breakfasting. On Monday morning the hotel was left at 7 a.m., and a good start made at 7.30 a.m. punctually, with no mishaps, The O'Reilly and Rucker aiding very much in effecting it.

The following shows the twenty-three starters, and their positions when the signal was given :

Hawley.	Hewitt.
O. Thorn.	L. B. Reynolds.
Sewell.	Ryan.
R. H. M. Francis.	Lloyd.
R. M. Gruggen.	Belfield.
H. Smith.	A. S. Morris.
Hindley.	H. R. Reynolds.
Alison.	W. K. Adam.
Wyndham.	R. B. Hough.
S. G. Hough.	Wigan.
Forster.	Beck.
Meyer.	

Of the non-starters Brown was prevented by illness, Pigott and R. G. Francis by the breaking down of their machines, and Weeks by a badly sprained wrist.

The first times come from Marlboro' Hill, and are given by Alfred and Arthur Herbert, who report as below :—

"Rain commenced falling at 7.30 a.m., and continued more or less till all the competitors had passed. They took up their usual station at the top of the hill at a quarter to ten, and at a few minutes after that hour a grey uniform appeared in sight coming swiftly towards the hill. As soon as the rider came within the range of practical eyesight he was observed to be carrying a large black bottle, which was proof positive that he was not engaged in the struggle. It proved to be Jephson, who had trained from Bath, and had come to attend upon W. K. Adam. At a quarter past ten the first three men came into sight together, and L. B. Reynolds was the first to reach the top of the hill. Five yards behind came Harold Smith who was half-a-minute ahead of H. R. Reynolds, and in a few seconds Ryan came. An interval of two minutes took place, and then seven men arrived almost in a body, and the remainder followed very soon. The time between the passing of the first man and the last was 38mins. The men who were apparently most fresh were L. B. Reynolds, Hindley, and Wyndham, though many others appeared but little the worse for their 33 miles.

Oliver Thorn was reported to have been upset in Marlborough by a dog running into his wheel broadside, and all the starters were accounted for except A. S. Morris and C. Wigan, of whom no tidings could be obtained. The following is the order of arrival at the top of the hill :—

L. B. Reynolds	10.19
Harold Smith	10.19
H. R. Reynolds	10.19½
H. L. Ryan	10.20
G. F. Beck	10.22
A. Lloyd	10.23½
S. G. Hough	10.23½
R. B. Hough	10.24
E. D. Sewell	10.24
W. K. Adam	10.24
E. H. Hindley	10.24½
A. Hawley	10.32
R. H. M. Francis	10.32½
H. M. Hewitt...	10.34½
W. Wyndham...	10.35
W. Meyer	10.35½
A. C. Forster	10.39
T. D. Belfield	10.42
J. W. Alison	10.45
R. M. Gruggen	10.57

Morris and Wigan were subsequently found comfortably seated in the train which passed through Newbury soon after two o'clock, having retired from the contest early. Oliver Thorn was with them, and seemed none the worse for his encounter with the dog, beyond a slight grazing of his knees."

At Newbury, W. A. Smith was posted, and reports as follows :—

"At the time at which the first man appeared last year, the narrow street in which the "Checquers" is situated was quite filled by a traction engine and four wagons, which however luckily went towards Dounington. Nearly half an hour later than the time at which Weeks put in an appearance in 1881, the brothers Reynolds came down the hill, H. R. slightly leading and rather bent over his handles, L. B. was sitting bolt upright, and both seemed very fresh ; H. R., who had arranged with me for a supply of food, etc., had them handed up to him as he rode by, but L. B. dismounted and lost a trifle over two minutes, and just before he mounted Harold Smith went by at a fast rate—these three thus early in the trial having gained at least one mile upon the other competitors. The next to appear was W. K. Adam, with Jephson in attendance. While he was eating a hearty lunch, Hough, Beck, and Ryan came in, and the latter, after a hasty lunch, went on again. Beck here gave up the contest on finding that the brothers Reynolds were twelve minutes ahead, while Hough took twelve minutes to lunch, during which time Lloyd, Sewell, and Hindley came in together; the former stayed to lunch, but the latter, after getting a fresh relay of provisions, rode away in fine condition, coached as far as Reading by Mr. Hollands, the crack local rider. Sewell then went away, followed by Waddy Wyndham, who rode through without stopping in capital form. Hawley was the next at 11.57, and immediately after his arrival Lloyd and S. Hough left together. Then R. H. M. Francis, Hewitt, and Meyer followed in rapid succession, and all stayed a few minutes. Belfield and Forster rode through without stopping, and then came Alison, who went on again after having had his hind wheel attended to. Gruggen came in rather tired at 12.57 ; Beck and Hough were very smart in oiling machines, etc."

The times at Newbury, as taken by Smith, are as follows :—

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	Arr. hrs. min. sec.	Dept. hrs. min. sec.
Reynolds, H. R.	11 35 0	—
Reynolds, L. B.	11 35 0	11 37 3
Smith, H.	11 37 0	—
Adam, W. K....	11 41 35	11 50 10
Hough. S.	11 46 30	11 58 0
Ryan, H. L.	11 46 45	11 49 27
Beck, G. F.	11 46 45	stopped.
Lloyd, A.	11 50 51	11 58 0
Hindley, E.	11 50 53	11 52 15
Sewell, E. D.	11 50 55	11 54 40
Wyndham, W.	11 56 0	—
Hawley A.	11 57 8	12 3 0
Hough, R. B....	11 58 0	stopped.
Francis, R. H. M.... ...	11 59 50	12 6 10
Hewitt, H. M.	12 1 20	12 5 0
Meyer, W.	12 2 17	12 7 0
Belfield, T. D.	12 7 0	—
Forster, A. C.	12 10 30	—
Alison, J.	12 20 0	12 26 0
Gruggen, R. M.	12 57 0	—

The next report comes from A. Koch at Reading, as follows :—

H. R. Reynolds	12.43
L. B. Reynolds...	12.43
Smith	12.47
Adam	1.8
Sewell	1.13
Wyndham	1.14
Hindley...	1.16
Hough	1.17
Lloyd	1.19
Hewitt	1.19
Ryan	1.20
Belfield	1.25
Francis	1.29
Hawley	1.29

From Maidenhead, A. Henry reports as below :—

Name.	Time.	Departure.	Remarks.
*H. R. Reynolds ...	1.40	... — ...	Went through, accompanied by M. D. Rucker.
*L. B. Reynolds.....	1.40½	... — ...	Went through.
H. Smith	2.8	... 2.14 ...	Spoke broken ; accompanied by E. S. Price.
W. K. Adam.....	2.24	... — ...	Went through, accompanied by F. L. Adam and Jephson.
S. G. Hough	2.26	... 2.29½	
E. D. Sewell	2.26½	... — ...	Went through.
A. Lloyd	2.27	... 2.29⅔	
E. H. Hindley	2.28	... 2.32½	
H. L. Ryan	2.32	... — ...	Went through.
H. M. Hewitt	2.32½	... — ...	Went through.
W. Wyndham	2.33	... — ...	Went through, accompanied by O'Reilly.
R. H. M. Francis...	2.37	... — ...	Went through, accompanied by R. G. Francis.
T. D. Belfield	2.44½	... 2.48 ...	Accompanied by A. H. Koch and Weeks.
A. C. Forster	2.47	... 3.4	
A. Hawley	2.55	... 3.8	
J. W. Alison.....	3.14	... — ...	Went through.
R. M. Gruggen.....	4.18	... — ...	Went through.

From Maidenhead the two Reynolds had the lead quite in their own hands, and H. R. Reynolds passed the post at 2.58 p.m., being 7hr. 28min. from the start.

The order in which the post was passed, and the times occupied, are as below :—

FULL RETURN.

		Hr. min. sec.
1.	H. R. Reynolds, enamelled medal	7 28 0
2.	L. B. Reynolds, previous medallist	7 32 0
3.	Harold Smith, 2nd medal	8 1 45
4.	W. Wyndham, 3rd medal	8 24 55
5.	W. K. Adam, 4th medal	8 25 30
6.	S. G. Hough, 5th medal	8 27 10
7.	E. D. Sewell dead heat 6th and	8 30 35
8.	A. Lloyd dead heat 7th medals	
9.	E. H. Hindley, 8th medal	8 34 55
10.	H. L. Ryan, 9th medal	8 35 0
11.	H. M. Hewitt, 10th medal...	8 35 30
12.	R. H. M. Francis, certificate	8 46 55
13.	T. D. Belfield ditto	8 53 30
14.	A. C. Forster ditto	9 18 0
15.	A. Hawley ditto	9 18 0
16.	J. W. Alison ditto	9 24 30

Beck, R. B. Hough, Morris, Thorn, and Wigan trained up the latter part of the course ; Meyer and Gruggen rode through very pluckily, and both reached Hounslow after 5.30 p.m., looking as though they done a hard day's work.

The men, on their arrival at Hounslow, adjourned to the "Milford Arms," where tea was provided. The house has again come into fresh hands, and though the landlord showed great desire to provide for our comfort, he was perhaps not quite so successful as his predecessor last year. Possibly his inexperience of hungry men, fresh from a hundred miles ride, prevented him from rightly gauging our appetites. A serious hitch, too, occurred in the conveyance of the luggage from Bath ; it should have reached Brentford, to which it was forwarded from Paddington, at 3.10 o'clock ; but on arrival of the train, the two large sacksful of goods and chattels were not forthcoming to the driver of the conveyance sent for them by the landlord of the "Milford Arms." Much disappointment resulted ; but the good humour of the new Medallists was contagious, and the sufferers were more lenient with the poor Captain than he had any right to expect. The missing bags were found by him, after the dispatching of letters and telegrams right and left in every direction, about seven p.m. at Brentford Station, which place they reached shortly before that hour.

The wind during the day was light, from the S. and S.W., and weather fine though rather close. Roads near Bath rough, sticky, and in places greasy. On the Downs the travelling was very good ; from Reading to Hounslow it was fairly good in the centre, though very rough at the sides. Near Colnbrook, 80 yards of soft ground were walked by nearly all. At Bath our thanks were due to Mr. Fenner for his attention to our comfort ; probably at no hotel in the country do our men ever meet with more uniform courtesy and consideration.

To the Timers—Alfred Herbert, W. A. Smith, Koch, and A. Henry—our thanks are certainly due for their self-denying and most valuable work. They are requested to tell the

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Captain of the expenses they may have incurred in connection with their commissariat. The latter on his own account wishes also to thank all the competitors for their kindness in helping him to carry through the various duties connected with the Trial of 1883.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

By an accident, which I very much regret, the luggage sent by me on Whit-Monday from Paddington to Brentford direct did not reach the latter place till 6.30 p.m. There I found it at 7 o'clock, and as most of the men had then left the "Milford Arms" I thought it best to bring it up to town, where it now awaits its owners who can receive their property by calling at any time at the address below. If preferred I will forward any articles on receiving instructions.

As two men left Newbury without paying for their dinners I shall be glad if they and any others who may have done so, will remit the amounts to W. A. Smith, Savernake Cottage, Acton, who kindly settled with the landlord of the "Chequers."

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain,
42, Finsbury Square, E.C.

NOTES BY THE NINTH MILESTONE.

At last my inborn merit has been recognised, and I have been requisitioned as special correspondent by the Editor. Another proof, this, of his extraordinary talents—not one of the members who had previously held the reins of this largely circulating journal having had the discernment to select one who is admirably placed, and who has seen all the finishes of the previous trials save one, when from circumstances over which he had no control, or, in other words, because Theo. Godlee would *sit on him*, he was unable to see A. D. Butler do the best and least rewarded performance yet accomplished on the *viâ sacra*.

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The first occurence worthy of note was the arrival of an important officer, whose head-gear was of an æsthetic kind. Deep was the pang I felt for him, which was rivalled by the ostler of a neighbouring pub., whose inclinations had led him to adopt the same description of *tile*, not, alas, of the same subdued colour, but of a vivid blue, bound about with scarlet.

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It was curious to note the interest taken in the event by the inhabitants of Hounslow. On H. R. Reynolds riding in with his well known dash, in the good time of 7h. 28m., one of the local magnates informed an admiring audience "That the time was two minutes longer than last year." Another gave out "that the prizes were only medals, and that the real object of the competitors was to reap honour for the Club," and the words "They are the London Bicycle Club," were frequently repeated in explanatory whispers.

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The approbation of the bystanders, however, appeared to be confined to the L.B.C., as every other bicyclist was the target for a good deal of chaff. "You'll win, sir," ejaculated an irrepressible yokel to a rider adorned with gold lace, etc.

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As the time drew near when the first arrivals were expected, there was a good sprinkling of the fair sex anxiously awaiting the hero of the day. No less than three were on tricycles; indeed, I never saw so many ladies riding, as several others passed without stopping.

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A good many L.B.C. men were at the winning post. I noticed also Mr. Rucker, senior, and Mr. Hough, senior.

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Of the racing itself you will no doubt be informed by a less stationary person than myself, for after all a Milestone is, for reasons that can be easily understood, somewhat limited in his experience of this subject; but I may point out that the Reynolds Brothers made a close race of it for the enamelled, riding together for 95 miles; that Harold Smith spurted in gamely; that Wyndham's success was most popular; that Adam was only thirty-five seconds behind Master Waddy; that Hough looked fit; that the Dead Heat was cleverly managed; and that Hindley, Ryan, and Hewitt were close together.

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Ten minutes after the last medal was gone, in rode R. H. M. Francis. I always feel sorry for the eleventh man, especially when he makes such good time as 8.47. However, he can console himself with the thought that it takes a very good man to ride 100 miles in that time, and that if he had not stopped quite so long on the road he might have been better placed.

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But the most unfortunate man was Pigott, who broke his bi., and missed the train to Bath by three minutes.

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And now I must make up my mind to another wearisome period of some twelve months before I can again have the excitement of seeing another finish in the Bath Trial. A bitter thought this is to your correspondent,

THE NINTH MILESTONE.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—I beg at the instance of the South-West D.C. to withdraw the expression "hopelessly bad" as applied to the average attendance of his District. I had not calculated this year's average, and must have been led to imagine it worse than it really is by reading such accounts in the GAZETTE as "Present: H. L. Ryan and A. E. Buckler"; "Present: the following four members"; "Mustered three strong," etc. As to the comparison of last year's attendance with that of the South-East, not only should the Editorial foot note concerning the three

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picnics not be forgotten, but it should be noticed further that throughout the year the S.W. include in their calculations members from other Districts, and outsiders, while the S.E., who were favoured with the company of thirty-one visitors, are content to base their averages upon the number present of their own members, and to include no one.

But as I have already had occasion several times to remark, the question of attendance is only a side issue; for even if every member in the West and South West did his duty always in the matter of Club runs, I should still think it advisable to dismember the West.

I don't, sir, blame anyone for the existing state of things, and I don't forget the irresistible attraction of the river; I only submit that this quarter of the club is not as prosperous as it might be, and I bring under the notice of your readers a scheme by which it might in my humble opinion be bettered, and—

> The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
> Not a frown further.

And now, sir, as we have reached, as I apprehend that we have, the conclusion of this discussion, let me pass for a moment to an entirely different subject. I wish, as the seconder of the motion which changed the locale of our Annual Race Meeting, to be allowed, as the mover already has done, to record my opinion that to keep to a two mile handicap in the face of *five* other meetings with open events in the London neighbourhood is absolutely suicidal, and to express a hope that we at all events shall not be held responsible for an empty card and an empty cash box.—Yours truly,

J. S. WHATTON.

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

What is the new name of the Bicycle Union to be? That is the all-important question to be decided at the next Council Meeting on the 14th June. The following names have been suggested: Bicycle and Tricycle Union; 'Cyclists', or Cycle Union; Wheelmen's Union; British Union of Wheelmen; Wheelmen's Association.

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It is said that the first name is hardly comprehensive enough, as riders of other machines than bicycles and tricycles are likely to increase—quadricycles, "Otto's," etc. Some critics think the second name savours to much of slang to be acceptable, while others maintain "cycling," not "'cycling," to be a perfectly legitimate word, at least as good as the hybrids—bicycle or tricycle. Others again advocate one of the last three names. For these, it is said, the two first would enable us to retain the name by which the B.U. is at present well known, the second even allowing us still to use the present contraction.

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It has been objected in some quarters that the word "wheelmen" is an Americanism, and therefore unfit for English use. But it is an Americanism which will bear analysis with an entirely favourable result. It is an excellent, descriptive Saxon compound which would probably meet with the approval of Professor Skeat. Of course, there is also the question—Is a new name necessary at all? No doubt, if the founders of the Union were now naming it for the first time, they would probably not choose a name limited to one branch of the sport; but still, many people may think it as undesirable to change the name of an athletic association as that of a commercial firm. I am sure our members would rather "die on the field," or in any other equally convenient place, than change the beloved letters L.B.C. (which, according to a recent leader, are as a strawberry mark on the left arm of every L.B.C. man), in order to "encourage" any amount of tricycling. But we shall see what we shall see. I hope those of our members who will have to vote on the knotty point in June will give the subject a calm and dispassionate consideration, and take such action as shall seem fit under the circumstances.

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The London Tricycle Club held their 100 Mile Road Race on Monday, the ride being from Boston (Market-place) to Bell Bar, near Hatfield. Both wind and weather were against the competitors, and the roads were also rough. The start took place at 6.30. Nixon took the lead early in the race, and reached the half-distance in 4 hours 53 minutes, being then 28 minutes ahead of Rising, and, gradually increasing his lead, reached the winning post in 10 hours 38 minutes; Rising came in second, 56 minutes later, Salmon and Radford (one of our members) riding in together half an hour later.

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The Ten Miles Tricycle record was upset at Leicester on Tuesday by Lowndes, who won by about three-quarters of a mile from Moore, in the splendid time of 34 mins. 3 secs. Vesey was third, 8 secs. behind Moore.

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H. West, of Bristol, cleared the board at the Plymouth B.C. Races at Devonport on Monday. He won no less than four races, and left some good men behind him.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

May 26.—C.U.Bi.C. University Trials, Cambridge.
26.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
26.—West Kent Races at Crystal Palace.
June 2.—Surrey United at Crystal Palace.
2.—Anfield B.C. Sports at Liverpool.
5.—Inter-University Races at Oxford.
9.—Pickwick Races at the Crystal Palace.

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June 9.—C.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Cambridge.
11.—C.U.Bi.C. Club Races, Cambridge.
13.—O.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Crystal Palace.
16.—London B.C. Races at Crystal Palace.
16.—Private Banks at Catford Bridge.
19.—University College Hospital at Stamford Bridge.
23.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
23.—Clapham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
30.—Speedwell Sports at Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham.
30.—A.A.A. Championships at Lillie Bridge.
30.—Brixton Ramblers B.C. at Crystal Palace.
July 7.—Crewe Alexandra A.C. Meeting.
July 7.—Belgrave B.C. Races at Stamford Bridge.
7.—B.U. Five Mile Bicycle and One Mile Tricycle Championships at Birmingham.
7.—Lewisham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
7.—Belgrave B.C. at Stamford Bridge.
14.—B.U. Ten miles Tricycle and One mile Bicycle Championships at Crystal Palace.
14.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
19.—Crichton Three miles Invitation Race at Crystal Palace.
21.—Fifty miles Bicycle Championship at Crystal Palace.
25.—Eastbourne B.C. Races.
Sept. 15.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
May 19.—DUNSTABLE. General Meet with the O.U.Bi.C. and C.U.Bi.C.						
May 26.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30 and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for ERITH. Meet S.E.	"Jack Straw's Castle," 3.45, for Iver. Meet S.W. and W..	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for IVER. ("Swan.") Meet N.W. and S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for IVER. Meet N.W. and W.	4.0, Croydon Central Station, for ERITH. Meet N.E.	"Hare & Billet," 4.30, for ERITH. Meet N.E.
June 2.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for HARLOW.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for CHENIES.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for CHENIES, "Bedford," *via* Harefield.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for SHEPPERTON.	PAPERCHASE.—Sanderstead. Meet 5.0.	

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

Out of the ten medals, four went to the N.E., three to the S.E., and one to each of the other Divisions.

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The S.E. however carried off the palm, as the first, second, fourth, and fifth arrivals were members of the "big district."

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Bravo, Waddy! Judgment and pluck, my boy!

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I hope that R. H. M. Francis, the "poor dog," will accept my sympathy, especially as he also ran close to a medal last year in spite of a bad fall.

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There were no less than four different timers at various points in Reading, one of whom was Hampton Roberts.

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Four or five wags presented "Bath Oliver" with biscuits, synonymous with his *sobriquet*, at the "White Lion." They were pocketed with good grace, and further instalments will be received.

A buckled wheel did not seem to disconcert the Hon. Sec. His face, beaming with delight from the top of a cart, quite refreshed the competitors and varied the monotony of the last ten miles.

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E. T. Sachs must look to his laurels. A rival conjuror entertained the competitors who went down by the five o'clock train on Saturday.

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Two of the most striking objects on the road were the Zulu's *bull-poop*, and the Captain's *Tam o' Shanter*.

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The latter was, I hear, donned as a *feeler* in view of a coming change in our head-gear.

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The office of *Bath-coach* is no sinecure, I can tell you; what with spurting on ahead for drinks, and after paying (?) to find your man nearly a mile away. I am sure no candidate was more pleased at the sight of the ninth milestone than was I!

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To a youthful aspirant to Bath fame *well up* at Marlborough Hill:

Macte, puer, virtute nova sic itur ad HOUNSLOW.

(*Virgil*, with variations.)

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Jephson did as good a day's work as anyone. After having retired to bed in the small hours of Monday morning he got up at about four o'clock and went down to Barrington's. After breakfast he took the train to Marlborough, and from there he coached W. K. Adam for the remaining 66 miles to the finish. Those who are unacquainted with the duties of this office can form but a small idea of what it means, but when I tell them that one who performed them from Reading assured me that he would never do it again, they will appreciate the magnitude of Jephson's achievement.

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Another member was not content with coaching, and thoroughly attending to the wants of two competitors from Maidenhead, but he also provided oranges for two others, one of whom was a quarter of a mile in front.

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Was it admiration of the individuals or a general idea of the superiority of man that made the verger's wife of St. Mary's, Bath, make two young ladies give up their places to two of our members on Sunday evening last when the church was full? Needless to say that L.B.C. indignation was aroused and could but be satisfied by full apologies to the fair occupiers of the seats; and our West member declares that the sweet "Certainly!" he received in reply made him forget the Bath Trial for the rest of the evening, and that is saying a great deal.

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It was verily a sight to see Jephson and Wigan racing on a track fifty rounds to the mile the day before the Trial at Bath. Jephson says he did not like the corners.

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The thanks of several of the competitors are due to The O'Reilly for the kind manner in which he saw to their machines.

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The manner in which bread and milk was indulged in at Bath shows that there are still many who cling to the dishes of their early years.

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The longing look the Captain gave the men at the start showed that although he followed the precedent of former years his heart was still in the Race in which he has competed for the last three years.

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Should there be any members who have doubts as to the meaning of club-feeling I can strongly recommend them to ride in our Road Trial, and if they don't find it out then—they never will.

* * * * * *

H. R. Reynolds' times compared with last year show the following results. Owing to the bad surface to Devizes he reached Marlboro' Hill 7 minutes later than last year. Newbury was reached 10 minutes 40 seconds later than the previous occasion, the roads being soft in parts. At Reading he was 7½ minutes behind, but he arrived at Maidenhead 2 minutes earlier than last year.

* * * * * *

Probably there is no more popular medal than that of Wyndham's. And none of the unsuccessful have more of the sympathies of members than Gruggen and Alison. Their plucky persistent efforts will, I hope in a future year, if they run again, meet with the success they deserve. At any rate they entitle them at present to our respect.

* * * * * *

The usual Sweepstake at Bath resulted in giving the first prize, value £2 10s, to E. D. Sewell who drew H. R. Reynolds, the second, value £1, to Hindley who drew L. B. Reynolds, and the third, value 12s 6d, to Jephson who drew H. Smith. Thirty-three men took shares (2s 6d each), and it contained four blanks which fell to Wigan, F. M. Williams, Baldwin, and A. S. Morris.

* * * * * *

This is the fourth year that Marlboro' Hill has been taken by the Herberts. The thanks of the Club are certainly their due for the self-denying work that this entails. *Esprit de corps* must still be lurking somewhere among us.

* * * * * *

Bath Sunday is usually a time of tribulation to competitors. Waddy, however, whose old racing habits had led him to discard nervousness, seemed to regard it as one of rejoicing, and his pleasant smile went a long way to cheer his companions. H. R. Reynolds was quite his old self again when the signal was given, though till then he seemed anything but happy. Even Hindley was hardly proof against the "bad quarter of a hour" preceding the start, though at the breakfast, after consuming two chops and steaks and eggs to match, he was heard to enquire, with an air of forced gaiety, when breakfast would be served.

* * * * * *

The N.E. D.C. is uproariously delighted at the success of the little district in the Bath, and has forgiven much absence from Club runs.

* * * * * *

The North East predictions which I shed last week I think I may fairly refer to with pride; all I mean to remark is, what did I say about Smith, Lloyd, and S. G. Hough? *and* what does the report say? The Editor's sporting prophet is out of it.

* * * * * *

For several days before the Trial H. G. A. Brown had been suffering most acutely from neuralgia and cold, and on the day itself he was under the influence of nitrous-oxide gas with a gag in his mouth, just when he ought to have been well out of Reading.

PORCUPINE.

DUNSTABLE MEET.—N.E. DISTRICT.

The route for next Saturday will be by West Green and Colney Hatch, and members at the Lea Bridge Road are encouraged to believe that others will go to West Green direct. I may remind members of the N.E. that record is only 18; so we really ought to beat that.

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Herbert G. Middleton, Waltham Villa, Sunny Bank, South Norwood.

O.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C.

This match will be run at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, 13th June, at 6 p.m. Tickets, price 1s., can be obtained from me.

E. S. PRICE.

EXCHANGE LIST.

WANTED.—A strong machine 54 or 56-in. for a beginnner; must be low price, and in good condition. C. E. Parker, 6, Strand.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 12.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. MAY 24, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

OUR ENEMIES.

We propose to call attention to a field of usefulness which the Bicycle Union might well cultivate with great benefit to our sport, and it is this. Many agricultural societies keep a consulting entomologist for the purpose of advising on the best methods of dealing with the insect foes of the farmer; and surely it would be a great benefit to the pursuit of cycling that a judiciously selected committee should, in a truly scientific spirit, investigate the nature of the enemies that prey upon our sport, and should prescribe remedies of easy application and certain effect to be used against the most common disorders fatal to bicyclists. We do not pretend to do more than offer suggestions for this great end, and can only deal with a part of the vast inquiry.

For the subject at once divides itself into two parts; there are the causes which prevent people from becoming bicyclists at all, and the enemies whose attraction renders cyclists faithless to their (bicycling) love. The former head opens such a boundless field of inquiry, starting with the wide question of why people do anything, that we dare not touch it; and on the latter point we can only suggest a few leading inquiries.

For instance, it is a perplexing question whether the profession of a Potterer is at all related to that laziness which proves so fatal to some once ardent cyclists, or whether it is not the ultra-energetic individual, represented by our correspondent "Dodo," who is more subject to the attacks of a strong propensity for "Taking of his *dolce far niente*." In our own view the "humble potterer"—as the chief representative of that class delights to call himself—is more likely to attain to bicycling old age than the ten-miles-before-breakfast-every-morning-young-man, who ultimately succumbs to "D. F. N." in company. But we anticipate.

Then, what a field for analysis in the rival attractions of Lawn Tennis and the River, as diminishing attendances at Club Meets. How interesting to scientifically test whether an "all-men" or a "mixed" set at tennis is a more powerful bait for the bicyclist! And what a convincing refutation might be published by the Union, of the foolish mistake of supposing that there can be any pleasure in knocking "regulation balls" backwards and forwards on a high grassy lawn, surrounded with trees not too near to spoil the light or too thick to shut out the view, with a vision of claret-cup in the distance! Or, again, what an an exposure could be made of the delusive folly of drifting down stream in the twilight, with oars barely rippling the quiet water, through the dark and mystic shade of lofty trees, to where the full moonlight shimmers on the peaceful river! How a committee would enjoy investigating these matters in the interests of science, and how we should like to serve on that Committee!

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There is, indeed, another foe the most dangerous of all, which we should forbear to mention were it not that the damage we are likely to suffer from the winged words of our esteemed contributor, "A. W. Oman," will be amply rewarded by the gain of the reader of the GAZETTE. Further, this foe has already attacked so many of our hardest and sternest riders with such fatal effect, and the sufferers brazen out their lapse from (bicycling) virtue so stonily and so angrily, that we fear an allusion to their siren-like captors may be followed by the arrival of an angry deputation at Eastcheap, and the retreat of the Editor up the not too commodious chimney of the editorial den. But duty calls: we therefore timidly hint that it is (we believe) a medical axiom that persons afflicted with disease of the heart should not have recourse to bicycling; and that (at least we are so informed on credible authority) intercourse with that sex which, as the poet so beautifully remarks, "cheers but not inebriates," and study at those books which, according to a brother poet, teach naught but folly, have a strong tendency to divert from those paths of duty which lead to the Club Meet. Possibly, the Committee might recommend an extension of the use of the "Sociable," which would enable our stronger brethren to convert some misguided sisters (other people's) from their present infatuation: at any rate, the Committee would find in the Scientific Analysis of the Influence of Woman, and in experiments thereon, a most absorbing task. And though we cannot disguise from ourselves the danger of those researches we are ready to sacrifice ourselves in the causes of cycling and scientific research, and we have no hesitation in volunteering as a member of that Committee.

COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee, held on Monday, 21st May, the resignation of Mr. A. H. Garvey was accepted as from 1st January last.

A letter was read from Messrs. Darling & Son, offering to make a deduction of 6s. per publication of the GAZETTE after the month of May, and expressing a wish that the friendly relations so long existing between themselves and the L.B.C. would continue to be felt. It was decided that Messrs. Darling's new tender should be accepted.

After considerable further discussion it was resolved "That the Committee having carefully considered the position of tricyclists in the Club, and the question of encouraging tricyclists to join our ranks, are of opinion that no alteration is advisable in the Club rules or organisation, and that it is not expedient to hold a Road Trial for tricyclists."

The Special General Meeting was fixed for Monday, 18th June, at 6.30 p.m., at the "City Arms Tavern,"

The kind offers of Messrs. Rucker, Theo. Godlee, and Scrutton, to present the Club with the prizes for the Club Mile were gratefully accepted, and the Hon. Sec. was directed to write these gentlemen, thanking them most heartily.

NOTICE.—SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Special General Meeting, to discuss and decide the advisability of encouraging Tricyclists to join our ranks, will be held at the "City Arms Tavern," St. Mary Axe, on Monday, 18th June, at 6.30 p.m.

AGENDA.

The Committee will recommend—

"That after having carefully considered the position of Tricyclists in the Club, and the question of encouraging Tricyclists to join our ranks, they are of opinion that no alteration is advisable in the Club Rules or organisation, and that it is not expedient to hold a Road Trial for Tricyclists."

To consider the following motions:—

Motions by T. E. Scrutton—

I. In Rule 11, to insert before "members of the Committee" "past and present," and to insert after such words "or member of the Club, being at the time an officer of either of the O.U.Bi.C. or C.U.Bi.C."

II. To add to Rule 5 "not being members of any other Bicycle or Tricycle Club having its headquarters within twenty miles of London."

Motion by W. J. Williams—

In Rule 2, for the Prizes for Attendance at Club Meets, to alter the words "to the extent of the prescribed course," so as to read "to a point ten miles distant from the starting place."

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

This event of the year, as members are already aware, takes place on Saturday, 16th June, at 3 p.m. Tickets are obtainable from members of the Committee at the reduced price of 1s. 6d. A free ticket and entry form was sent round with the last GAZETTE, the latter I shall be very pleased to receive back filled up for at least the Club Mile. The great attraction of this race lies in the fact that three ex-Captains of the Club—Messrs. Rucker, Theo. Godlee, and Scrutton, have presented the prizes this year, a thing that may not again occur in the annals of the Club. Members are urgently requested to make this meeting a success in every way; those who can, by getting entries, and everyone by selling tickets. E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

O.U.Bi.C. *v.* L.B.C.

Our Annual Match with the Oxford University Bicycle Club will be held on the Crystal Palace Track on Wednesday, 13th June, at 6 p.m. Tickets are obtainable from me at 1s. each. Although members do not save anything by purchasing them from the Club, they are particularly requested to do so, as we have to settle with the Crystal Palace Company for one hundred tickets, whether used or not. E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

I must remind those members who have delayed sending in their Subscriptions that they are now five months overdue. I call their particular attention to Rule 18.

151, Amhurst Road, Hackney. R. B. HOUGH.

NOTICE.—IMPORTANT.

L.B.C. MATCHES WITH THE UNIVERSITIES.

I shall be glad to receive names of any members who may be willing to ride for our Club in either of the above.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

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S.E. DISTRICT.

Next Saturday it is to be hoped that as many as possible will turn out for the run to Erith to give the N.E. a hearty welcome on S.E. soil. The Croydon division will start at 4.15 *punctually*, and proceed direct to Erith *viâ* Orpington. We shall have tea at the "Cross Keys" inn, which stands on the river side.

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

N.E. DISTRICT.

I hope members will recollect that we go to Erith next Saturday, and that it is a well established precedent to have a good muster. The roads in the S.E. are going really to be good this time.

Theo. Godlee, District Captain.

W. DISTRICT.

Next Saturday is the run to Iver, for which I hope all who can will manage to assemble at 3.45. The average attendance so far *far* exceeds that of any other year, so if each member will do his best to sustain that average through the entire season the result will reflect the greatest credit on the District, as also on those members who have given it their support.

Harold C. Pigott, District Captain.

LAWN TENNIS.

All worthy members have given their attention to the Bath Trial lately, and I presume the entries for the tournament have suffered, as only fifteen names are down; consequently anyone who wishes to enter may send in his name and shilling any time before Monday evening, 28th instant. Under no circumstances will any entry be accepted after this time. H. N. Sharp.

GENERAL MEET AT DUNSTABLE WITH THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BICYCLE CLUBS.

The adventures of the various Districts are thus recorded by their respective D.C's. Suffice it now to say that St. Albans, the appointed rendezvous, saw about forty men, representing all Districts but the S.E., awaiting the order to start at 5.45 p.m. Concerning the S.E. men, the S.E. D.C. writes:—

"Shortly after ten o'clock last Saturday morning, a small body of South-East men might have been seen leaving the "Town and Borough of Croydon" for the Dunstable Meet. There was MacRae, Paull, Whealler, and the D.C.; but the quartette thus formed was soon to be increased by one, for the ex-D.C.. with one of his demon spurts, literally dashed into our midst just as we reached Sutton. Some little disappointment was felt at finding no one at Nonsuch Park Gate; we had hoped that a *kinder* fate would have smiled on us. However, casting our care to the winds in true holiday style, we jogged on merrily to Kingston. Here, it is darkly rumoured, one or two so far forgot themselves as actually to indulge in *iced* ginger beer, while the ex-D.C. was engaged in one of his periodical tinkerings. After a steady slog against the wind over the Feltham Flats, we were met by our old chief, Fred Williams, who kindly invited the whole party to lunch. Those present will not soon forget the genial hospitality and good fare accorded them at West Drayton by Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

With no time to spare we were soon on our way again, and, with F. Williams for our guide, the party was made up to a round half dozen. A slight tendency to spurt occasionally jarred on the complete harmony of our going, but, with plenty of ballast and a steadying breeze, we made our way through Rickmansworth and Watford—to borrow a nautical expression—with a tolerably even keel to St. Albans. Here we heard news of Stephen Smith and his merry men—four in number—who had ridden from Blackheath. As we did not feel quite equal to the *official thirteen miles an hour*, we made a start before the main body arrived, and were soon extended in loose order along the loose track of the Dunstable Road. The wind was a *noser*, and it *wasn't* nice on the whole. One man said he liked it, but we didn't believe him, and his machine leaning with a rakish air against the walls of more than one hostelry gave evidence in our favour. Even the long ascent through Market Street could not last for ever, and at last a view of Dunstable on ahead rewarded our exertions, and a vision of the 'Sugar Loaf' itself completed our happiness.

Dunstable is not very accessible to the South East, still there are one or two men whose consciences should prick them on reading the names of the sixteen S.E. men who were present."

Concerning the West District, the W. D.C. writes:—

"Four members assembled at Savernake Cottage at three o'clock punctually, including the D.C. No time was lost in making a start, for we were due at St. Albans at 5.45, and the motto of this district is 'punctuality.' The route chosen was *viâ* Hanger Hill, Alperton, and Sudbury, where we struck the main Harrow Road. Branching to the right at the bottom of the hill we wended our way through the pretty lanes leading to Harrow Station, whose beauty was somewhat diminished by the bad surface, which caused rather unparliamentary language to flow glibly from the tongues of most of us. For preference, the Oxey Lane was chosen, which leads over a picturesque and undulating country to Watford. Passing through the town, and turning to the right, we joined the main Reading and St. Albans road, the surface of which was indeed excellent, the perfect pleasure of gliding over which only being marred by a N.W. wind, which was here encountered in full force. Owing no doubt to the pleasant company, and its consequent conversation on everything in general, the time and

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roads passed so quickly that we found ourselves at the bottom of St. Albans Hill by 5.15. Here was the first dismount made, only the D.C. essaying to negotiate the precipitous pitch leading to the 'Pea Hen.' Distance from Acton 23 miles, time 2 hours 15 minutes. At St. Albans we waited for the other divisions by order of the Captain; consequently three-quarters of an hour was wiled away until all had assembled, when a general move was made for Dunstable under the excellent generalship of the Commander-in-Chief. Only two West essayed to ride home again that night, Leeds and the D.C. starting at 9.30; home was reached at 1.30 a.m., after an enjoyable run by moonlight. 'Self praise is no recommendation,' but the District is to be congratulated upon the successful muster."

The N.W. D.C. reports:—

"Only five men left 'Jack Straw's' at the appointed time, or rather a quarter of an hour late, and rode *viâ* the usual rough road to Tally Ho! where the N.E. and several N.W. were waiting. After this the District was amalgamated with the main body, and had no separate history."

The S.W. D.C. reports:—

"Two members of the S.W. met at the 'Coach and Horses,' Kew, at the appointed time, and as no other representative of this or any other District had joined them by 3.15 p.m., they thereupon made a start for St. Albans. The route selected was by Ealing Common, Pinner Hill, Sudbury Station, Harrow Weald, and several other interesting places, to the 'Pea Hen' at St. Albans, which reached in sufficient time to start with the other Districts from thence to Dunstable. After so severe a trial as the recent one from Bath, the hill leading up to the 'Pea Hen' seemed to present no insurmountable difficulty to one of our members, who skilfully negotiated it!

We overtook Naylor on a tri. wending his solitary way into St. Albans."

The N.E. D.C. reports:—

"The exact starting points of the N.E. are a little confusing. Baldwin started early. Lyne and Large got to Dunstable early. The Captain and Lloyd left Walthamstow about 3.0; the D.C. and Weeks about 20 minutes past. Gibbs and Long were a little late at the corner, and after waiting in divers likely spots were picked up by the D.C. and Weeks who were flying rather for Tally Ho! Nevill came up to Tally Ho! with the N.W. as far as can be gathered, and Rucker brought Kinder through London. Stunt reached Dunstable, but history is indistinct how. Forster started very late, but got into tea. This leaves the main body which consisted of the brothers Hough, E. D. Sewell, Kelsey, and Gerard Smith, who may be assumed to have left Lea Bridge at 3.0 o'clock sharp and proceeded to Tally Ho! Of the above, thirteen left Tally Ho! in company with the N.W., (it will be readily calculated who these were) and they proceeded with the main body to Dunstable except Gerard Smith who had not had his bicycle out for some time, and who turned back at St. Albans, so that the total at Dunstable was seventeen. Of these seventeen, six, namely the Captain, Long, Gibbs, Kelsey, Baldwin, and very likely Weeks, who is a problem, stayed at Dunstable, the remaining eleven making their ways home at divers times and paces."

Report from the Captain of the O.U.Bi.C.:—

"Nine members left the Club rooms at 12.20 for Dunstable. After getting clear of the town the pace was made fairly fast, and with a favourable breeze, no halt was made until about two miles beyond Thame. Here Walter and D. R. Smith were sent on to order lunch at Aylesbury, and Andrews, who was riding a borrowed machine two sizes too large for him, and with a most galling saddle, changed machines with the Captain. Loose order was maintained until Aylesbury was reached at 2.40. Here Andrews, having been sufficiently tortured by his saddle, left us and trained to Dunstable. Having made a hearty lunch at the "George," we started again at four o'clock. The roads being good, and everything in our favour, we bowled merrily along through Aston Clinton, and then taking a sharp turn to the left we made for Ivinghoe. Here we met Jephson and Wigan, and after a few minutes' halt we rode on across the Downs to Dunstable. About four miles from Dunstable, Newenham, through pulling up too soon, croppered and involved Jephson in his downfall. However, after a few minutes rest and having straightened the handle bars of both machines, we rode on, reaching Dunstable, where we found Crofton awaiting us, soon after 6.0 p.m.

Ride Home from Dunstable.

Walter, D. R. Smith and the Captain started from Dunstable exactly at 8.0 p.m., with a splendid moon, and a breeze in our faces just sufficient to keep us cool. The pace was made warm, and Aylesbury, seventeen miles, was reached in 1hr. and 12mins. Here a halt of 25mins. was made and some delicious tea and hot toast partaken of at the "George." From Aylesbury the pace was made somewhat slower, and without a dismount, we reached Magdalene Bridge (23 miles from Aylesbury), in five minutes under the two hours, and we reach our respective Colleges with a quarter of an hour in hand."

Report from the Captain of the C.U.Bi.C.—

"The Cambridge men rode down in two divisions, fast and slow, the latter of which was overhauled at Baldock by the fast lot, headed by the secretary in his best form. From Baldock the two divisions rode together twenty strong to Dunstable, which they reached at 6.30 p.m. The two other members came separately from Cambridge by road, and one availed himself of the train for part of the distance. The road was rough and the wind contrary. Distance 40 miles. After tea, the arrangements for which were greatly appreciated, the main body returned to Hitchin for the 10-20 train; four rode the whole way, and the Captain

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went on to St. Alban's with part of the West District and the Blackheath Division. The "Queen's" thereat has changed hands and can be recommended. He returned *via* Tewin, Welwyn, and Hitchin, on the following day."

Having thus conducted the University men and the S.E. District to Dunstable, the progress of the main body, made up of the four other L.B.C. Districts, from St. Albans to Dunstable, must be narrated. This latter, assembled at the "Pea Hen," after waiting a few minutes for chance stragglers, left about 6 p.m.; they were a little late, but hoped by punctuality and strict adherence to business to merit the applause of the friends at Dunstable prepared to welcome them at 7 p.m. However, *l'homme* propose, tho' the wind disposes, and the best laid plans of men and mice go oft awry. So was it with the Captain and his battalions.

A fierce N.E. wind and thirteen miles of loose and dusty high road soon thinned out the ranks, and only by frequent slowings up could the stragglers be kept in hand. Rucker, Kinder, and Gruggen did duty, and did it most carefully and efficiently as *leaders*, while Lloyd and Hough, sen., acted as *rearmen*—the latter stopping behind with an unfortunate who had passed over his handles, and, bringing him up triumphantly after a long stern chase. Eight miles out from St. Alban's the enforced stoppages tried the patience of our younger bloods too severely, and as they sailed ahead over the distant hills the Captain was seen to be nervously searching his pockets for the accustomed six-shooter. Had he not by an accident (which will not recur) omitted to provide himself with this aid to discipline, the Club would have lost one of its most genial officers. Soon the roofs and chimneys of Dunstable suggested that our journey was nearing its end, and the slow contingent having amalgamated itself with the main body, the column entered the town in very good form at 7.15, and with a passing cheer from the University men and some of our own members at the Town Hall, disbanded at the sign of the "Old Sugar Loaf." Here they found extensive washing appliances, and with little loss of time adjourned to the hall, where the capital tea, which Mr. Saunders with his well-known liberality, had provided, soon banished all remembrance of dusty roads, head winds, and endless hills. At eight o'clock the University men to our regret left us; but before going, the L.B.C. was proposed by J. S. Whatton the Cambridge Captain—the O.U.Bi.C. was proposed by the L.B.C. Captain—and the C.U.Bi.C. by W. F. M. Buckley the Oxford Captain; the latter gave a finish to the proceedings by calling three cheers for the Cambridge men, which was briefly acknowledged on their behalf by C. A. E. Pollock of their Club and our own. When our friends had gone, the hungry L.B.C. men settled down to work, and were soon so well engaged that they failed even to notice the non-attendance of the Town Band—absent from the indisposition of the Trombone, who, since our last visit, has married and gone out of training. The good moon induced many to ride home, some it was said, among whom was the S.E. D.C.'s Substitute, making Blackheath at 3 a.m. Many men slept in Dunstable, and were well cared for by Mr. Saunders, to whom our thanks and those of Oxford and Cambridge are due for his kindness and unfailing good nature. Altogether our triple Meet this year may be regarded as a success, and it is pleasant to learn that the University men are as much gratified as ourselves.

Present:—

Grand Total	90.
Consisting of—	
L.B.C.	55 men.
Joint L.B.C. and University ...	12 „
Cambridge	18 „
Oxford	5 „

S.E. H. G. A. Brown, A. Day, S. Herbert, J. Kinder, MacRae, Morgan, The O'Reilly, Paull, F. B. Smith, S. P. Smith, S. E. Whealler, R. G. Francis.

S.W. H. L. Ryan, R. M. Gruggen.

W. Koch, Dr. Langmore, W. Meyer, W. E. Naylor, Radford, Sewell, O. Thorn, F. M. Williams, H. C. Pigott.

N.E. Baldwin, Ashley Barrett, A. C. Forster, G. H. Gibbs, R. B. Hough, S. G. Hough, Kelsey, Large, Lloyd, Long, Lyne, Nevill, Rucker, E. D. Sewell, Stunt, Weeks, Theo. Godlee.

N.W. Alison, Barnett, E. L. Boyer, J. Boyer, W. R. Boyer, Elgood, Hawley, Hindley, Jackson, Lown, McBean, C. Newman, Price, Tulloch, W. J. Williams.

L.B.C. and C.U.Bi.C. A. B. W. Whatton, J. S. Whatton, C. A. E. Pollock, Leeds, Latham.

L.B.C. and O.U.Bi.C. D. R. Smith, C. Wigan, W. F. M. Buckley, L. Andrews, W. A. G. Walter, M. H. Jephson, G. Stapleton.

C.U.Bi.C. Barton, Batten, Brown, Carr, Ellrington, Fagan, Fox, Gibson, Harmer, Jolly, Moffatt, Olive, Quinn, Richardson, Rumney, Schwind, Sykes, Tanner.

O.U.Bi.C. R. T. Nicholson, A. B. Newenham, G. F. Woolridge, W. M. Merry, Rev. W. d'A. Crofton.

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

The May list of candidates for the C. T. C. numbers 1058. As far as can be ascertained nearly 7500 names are now entered on the roll.

* * * * * *

At the Annual General Meeting to be held at Birmingham on Saturday, the most important resolutions are proposals by Mr. G. C. Locket, that an entrance fee of half-a-crown be charged after 1st July next, and another by Mr. W. B. Tanner, that from the end of the current year the entrance fee be one shilling, and that the subscription be four shillings per annum, to include ticket and handbook.

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The Hampton Court Meet was held for the tenth time on Saturday. The number of riders fell short of last year's, and the largest Club muster was that of the Brixton Ramblers, who were 39 strong. A conspicuous feature was the large number of riders who preferred to play the part of spectators.

* * * * * *

At the Sutton B. C. Meeting at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the Five Miles Invitation Scratch Race was won by H. W. Gaskell, W. K. Adam was second, Tacagni third, and F. L. Adam fourth. G. F. Beck also started and was close up at the finish. Gaskell covered the last mile in 2 min. 50 sec.

* * * * * *

At the West Kent Meeting on Saturday next there are seventy-three entries for the Open Mile Handicap, and the following are amongst them, and if all goes well there ought to be some good racing. Gaskell, Buckley, Thompson, Tacagni, W. K. Adam, F. L. Adam, Wyndham, Butler, Mackinlay, Beck, and Latham Clarke.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
May 26.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30 and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for ERITH. Meet S.E.	"Jack Straw's Castle," 3.45, for Iver. Meet S.W. and W..	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for IVER. ("Swan.") Meet N.W. and S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for IVER. Meet N.W. and W.	4.0, Croydon Central Station, for ERITH. Meet N.E.	"Hare & Billet," 4.30, for ERITH. Meet N.E.
June 2.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for HARLOW.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for CHENIES.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for CHENIES, "Bedford," *via* Harefield.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for SHEPPERTON.	PAPERCHASE.—Sanderstead. Meet 5.0.	

AFTER THE BATH.

So they were! All of them! The ex-Editor, with simplicity one would hardly expect from a long experience, imagines he has only to ring the bell to get a bath. Boots tells him he will have it ready in ten minutes, but Fred., after waiting about half-an-hour, comes down to find the wily ones have engaged everything that will hold water. But I am going away from the point before I have even come to it, for the bath everyone was after was at Dunstable. We had all to get to St. Albans. Not meaning to exert myself against a head wind I start early, with a man who has not ridden this year. He gives me an awful doing—begin to think there is not much glory about that medal I won on Monday if this is the kind of thing I shall have to put up with. St. Albans at last—Cyclomaniac appears—wonder what that tremendous rubber ring in front is for—should like to ask him, but he disappears—arrival of S.E., with their Captain disguised in a Reynolds' hat and O'Reilly shoes—we start in good order—wish there was an enamellist to ride on with—must be much easier than riding with some of these novices who will persist in spurting me up hills—don't like hills—think they are a great mistake—Dunstable reached—Stephen P. taking the part of Sister Ann on balcony of Town Hall—no band this year—evidently afraid to make too much of us because of the soldiers in the town—two youthful aspirants to bicycling fame career wildly up and down in front of hotel on boneshakers, nearly capsizing late arrivals—don't think I could work one up the hill—have a wash—tea—only a few of the men seem to know one another—The O'Reilly turns up amidst great applause—the three Captains seem to have made speeches, but the hall is so bad for sound, that beyond the first two or three words I heard nothing—they might have coupled "ladies" with the "gentlemen," as we are honoured by a few of the fair sex in the ladies' gallery—I hear one very young member remark, "there's a deal of gal about that gallery;" but of course he will grow older later on—wish they would have some songs—remember they went down very well at Hitchin—a very fetching programme might be made up—say, for instance—part song—"Which way does the wind blow"—by this year's starters—Baldwin might oblige with "Let me like a soldier fall"—then a glee by the Bath medallists, "Oh, who will o'er the downs so free"—next, Godlee might give us, "'Tis but a little faded flower," and a grand *finale*—special engagement, for one night only, of the bugler attached to the regiment quartered in the town, so that we could recall the echoes of the past on hearing once again the bugle calls printed in the blue book, and the newer members might get an idea of the martial strains with which our every action was accompanied and set to music; but no,—the Captain is too matter of fact, and soon is deep in Club business with Whatton—should not like to be tackled with a note book such as the L.B.C. Captain runs—Sewell and Thorn have come down by train—always did want to see Sewell ever since I read his articles in the GAZETTE—won't have too much to say to him, tho'—might find myself in his next—have never seen Oliver out of costume before—doesn't seem right—the boro'

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of Dunstable has evidently seen Fred on the 'bus, for they have fixed a poster with a caution to drivers on to him—the Nor'-Easters start for home—don't think Godlee can do justice to that flower and control his new medallists at the same time.

Turn into smoking room—wish Titeboy would go on telling tales instead of the other fellows talking Bath Trial—nothing but L. B., H. R., and Waddy—had enough of them on Monday—the enamel seems to partake of the nature of the chameleon; one man swears to it being white, another blue, and both are right—go to bed—don't get to sleep, four festive gentlemen having a bolster fight overhead. Nor do Captain's duties seem to have ended, for I hear him having a long discussion as he takes his last pipe with two Committee men. At last to sleep, and dream of Harold Smith arriving at the ninth milestone on a machine with only one spoke left in it. Woke at five, and saw the O'Reilly start—such energy ought to be encouraged among the younger members—turn in again until 8.30. Great discussion at breakfast between three married men—Williams, Radical; Kinder, Liberal; Brown, Conservative; Barrett, Speaker. Make a start with two men who seldom ride, and three scorchers—first-named take us at a rare pace to St. Albans. Here we meet a lot of our men, and seeing Whatton a short way up the hill, send the N.W. infant in pursuit. J. S. W. seemed to think of coming back until he heard the Captain was at the "Peahen;" but then, having that note book in mind, rode straight on. Some delay in getting dinner, as the Bishop engages the attention of the entire staff. Hardly the place one would expect to find a Bishop. Look round Cathedral—ordination going on—get into the saddle again—two casuals still taking us along; one soon turns off, and the other, who is showing us the way, beguiles us gently down a long hill, with the wind at our backs, and leaves us with the remark that he now turned off to the right, and we should have turned to the left at the top. By the way, I suppose, there was an Affirmation Bill passed for Mr. Dioscorides, to save him the trouble of swearing at the porpentine. The flyers, on getting again to the top, make the pace warmer—mildly suggest would be a nice gate to sit on—remark met with grim silence by my adversaries, who look upon it as a sign of weakness on my part, and make the pace very hot—express my intention of not going so fast now I have won a medal, and don't—shall be afraid to wear that medal when it is presented to me—everyone will go for me if they only know. Come to the conclusion there are a good many "Trials AFTER the Trial."

N. H., Jun.

W. A. Smith would feel greatly obliged if members of the Club would refrain from calling upon him at his place of business during office hours, the rules of the establishment being "no followers allowed."

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

May 26.—C.U.Bi.C. University Trials, Cambridge.
26.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
26.—West Kent Races at Crystal Palace.
June 2.—Surrey United at Crystal Palace.
2.—Anfield B.C. Sports at Liverpool.
5.—Inter-University Races at Oxford.
9.—Pickwick Races at the Crystal Palace.
9.—C.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Cambridge.
11.—C.U.Bi.C. Club Races, Cambridge.
13.—O.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Crystal Palace.
16.—London B.C. Races at Crystal Palace.
16.—Private Banks at Catford Bridge.
19.—University College Hospital at Stamford Bridge.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

Would-be prophets of the Bath Trial will be consoled to learn from an ingenious correspondent of the *Echo* that out of sixty-six published prophecies for the recent meeting at Newmarket, only eight proved correct!

* * * * * *

The Editor is rather proud, so he tells me, of his predictions. His leading article selected only twelve candidates, of whom eleven started; eight took medals, including the first three, and six out of the first eight, and he tells me he only refrained from mentioning W. K. Adam on being told on first-rate authority that he wasn't going to start.

* * * * * *

I am requested to contradict the rumour that the Captain has been offered a contract in connection with the new Parcels Post by the G.P.O.

* * * * * *

The Editor was not at Dunstable, missing the Inter-University meet for the first time. He was seen in the city at a suspicious hour with a suspicious looking bat, but he wishes it to be known that he had a far more serious reason for absence than tennis, which is a game he doesn't like and can't play at.

* * * * * *

At Dunstable I observed certain revolutionists who, inverting the natural order of things, carried their colours—black, red, and blue. Such a flagrant violation of Rule 4 strikes at the very root of all social order.

* * * * * *

I am pleased not to be able to agree with our censorious Captain's criticism upon the "Milford Arms" collation. The tea, at any rate, was strong and plentiful—rarely have I found better.

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The Captain's much-vaunted map of Hertfordshire (3d. plain, 6d. coloured) is said by the irreverent S.W. D.C. to owe distinctness mostly to its having but one road marked upon it.

* * * * * *

Our Editor says he noted at Dunstable several men at various times during the evening jotting down in sly corners *notes* and *tips* to be served up in *Quills* at *Porcupine's* discretion. This pleases me much.

* * * * * *

Our hungry member informs me he was perfectly satisfied last Saturday at Dunstable, for not only was there food in abundance, but that wherewith to feast the eyes.

* * * * * *

The little District, though it does not technically beat its record, never has had seventeen N.E. members to tea at once before.

* * * * * *

A very good portrait of G. P. Coleman appeared in last week's issue of the *Bicycling News*.

* * * * * *

My predecessor's motto, "There's a chiel among ye takin' notes," is being adopted as a rule of practice by an eminent officer of the L.B.C. I hope "he'll print them" to carry his motto to its legitimate end.

* * * * * *

"Tricycling.—Following the example of the old Bicycle Club (!), the One Hundred Miles Road Race was arranged for Whit-Monday, etc."—*Graphic.*

What have we done to be antiquarianized in this way?

* * * * * *

Our main body ought certainly to have been larger to have done credit to the bunting and the enthusiastic inhabitants of Dunstable.

* * * * * *

That we made an impression is evident. An old gentlemen on the road from St. Albans enquired what Club it was, and, being told it was the "London," he remarked, "Nice lot," to which our irrepressible member replied "Very."

* * * * * *

In spite of the crowd of faces on the balcony, I was assured by a N.W. member that he recognised Stephen Smith two miles off.

* * * * * *

Dunstable is described in Paterson's as "remarkable for the size of its larks." Perhaps this was one of them.

* * * * * *

The programme of our Race Meeting looks very well on the board of the Otter Swimming Club at their baths.

* * * * * *

There was a rehearsal of "The Bells" at Committee on Monday; R. B. Hough as Matthias. The chimes of a neighbouring church sounded so much like Bath.

* * * * * *

L. B. Reynolds ran second in the Mile Race (flat) at the Sports of the Victoria Rifles on Saturday.

Since the Road Trial was instituted, fifty men have gained medals, forty-six of whom are still members, which is about one fifth of our present strength.

* * * * * *

A good account of the Trial, with a brief *resumé* of all the previous ones, was published in last week's *Field.*

* * * * * *

A Lacrosse Match will take place this evening, at Clapton, between a team consisting of three representatives from each of the four following families: viz., Barrett, Newman, Sachs and Archer, against a scratch team, of whom our Club are represented by F. Jolly, T. Child, A. Murray, and the energetic Secretary, Arthur Smith.

* * * * * *

Yesterday the king of the Belgians was thrown from his horse, which was run into by a bicyclist, but his Majesty was not hurt.—*Globe*, Thursday, May 17th.

* * * * * *

The road from Woolwich to Erith was officially inspected on Tuesday morning and pronounced to be in excellent condition with the exception of one mile in Woolwich. It runs along the ridge of a thickly wooded hill, commanding extensive and interesting views of the Thames estuary.

* * * * * *

Take a friend's advice, and, whatever you do, *don't* go out for a *quiet* ride with a man who had meant to but didn't start for this year's Trial.

* * * * * *

Stephen Smith and Day achieved a best on record on Saturday by riding from Blackheath to the Meet at Dunstable and back, a distance of ninety miles!

* * * * * *

Most conspicuously energetic among the other S.E. members who attended the Meet, were Morgan and F. B. Smith, who came by road from Sevenoaks, and S. E. Whealler, who rode from Croydon, most of the way with a broken handle-bar.

* * * * * *

It was a pitiable sight to see three men on the way to Dunstable deliberately make a funeral pile of themselves and their machines in trying to turn in a narrow lane.

* * * * * *

To improve the occasion, the Club Scholiast commenced the recitation of a parallel passage from the Mantuan Bard —*re* Dido (as our legal friends would have it).

PORCUPINE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

W. R. Sewell, 5, Sheen Villas, Park Road, Richmond. District, South West.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

An Official Record of the Runs, Races, and other Doings of the L.B.C.

Vol. VI. No. 13.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. May 31, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

DUTY.

Lately we have tried to show some of the varied duties of the Captain and his Committee, and beyond doubt the account given must prove that office in the L.B.C. brings with it no repose, that *atra cura* rides behind the Gold Badge, and that the disgrace of a failure or the joy of a success is shared in by every man, even the least prominent on the Committee. But to make a Club pre-eminent, as the London should be, more than hard work from its officers is wanted. Every Clubman needs to feel that his responsibilities are not erased by the Treasurer's receipt for his annual subscription. There should be no drones in our social hive, nor men who—doing no work themselves—have nought but criticisms for those who are exerting themselves. However, leaving generalities, it is our task to show how the L.B.C. man may, if he has the will, serve his Club. Dunstable, with its triple meet, is now a thing of the past; but there still remains certain events in connection with which each man has it in his power to lend a hand. These are the two Race Meetings at the Crystal Palace—one, the match with Oxford on June 13th; the other, our own sports on June 16th. Probably it is known that the Palace permits the use of its track on Wednesday, 13th, a shilling day, on condition that the Committee purchase of the Company at least 100, or £5 worth of tickets. In order to recover this amount, it therefore behoves members to buy of the Hon. Sec. By so doing they will help the Club, though they will themselves reap no special benefit. For our own Race Meeting on June 16th, tickets may, as has already been announced, be bought of any Committeeman for 1s. 6d. each, and these admit to the Palace and Grounds on what is otherwise a 2s. 6d. day. Moreover, in addition to selling tickets, the energetic member will himself enter for one or more of the events. This he will do *pour encourager les autres*, even if not himself much of a racing man. Of course we assume that his apprenticeship to tumbling has been served; if otherwise, for the sake of others it would be well for him to refrain from starting. Then further, he will furnish himself with entry forms, and hunt up competitors among his racing acquaintances. Much should be done in this direction, since there are three or four other meetings on other grounds upon the same date as our own. It should be noted that the racing variety of the bicycular species is somewhat coy, and though yielding readily to an energetic canvasser, it needs a good deal of finding out. Suburban and Metropolitan Racing Tracks on Saturday afternoons form its *habitat;* and to close with it more effectually, one of our patriotic members, though himself no racing man, is known to have entered for an open handicap of another influential Club;—not unlike the distinguished traveller who, at the risk of his life, visited the holy shrine of the Prophet with the crowd of Mohammedan pilgrims disguised

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after their fashion. Such devotion cannot be expected of many; still, all should recollect that the racing man is of a simple, confiding disposition, not always keenly alive to his own manifest interests, and should endeavour to convince him that these are located on June 16th at the Crystal Palace.

THE ANNUAL RACE MEETING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SATURDAY, JUNE 16TH.

As the Committee intend to make the Race Meeting a success in every way, they trust members will exert themselves vigorously to sell tickets in every direction among their friends, remembering that for every ticket sold a small profit accrues to the Club. Even those who are not specially interested in bicycling may be glad to buy tickets when they learn that these can be obtained through our Hon. Sec. for 1s. 6d. apiece upon what is ordinarily a half-crown day.

By purchasing through this channel a gain of one shilling upon each ticket will be effected, and the ticket so obtained will admit to the Palace and grounds as well as to our Race Meeting. Subjoined is a comparative statement of expenses:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Ticket of Admission to Palace, Grounds, and our Race Meeting, if bought of the Hon. Sec.	1	6	Ticket of Admission to Palace, Grounds, and to our Race Meeting, if bought at the Palace, Railway Stations, or of other Agents	2	6
Railway Fare, 1st Class Return from London to the Palace	2	0	Railway Fare, 1st Class Return from London to the Palace	2	0
Profit	1	0			
	4	6		4	6

ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

This event of the year, as members are already aware, takes place on Saturday, 16th June, at 3 p.m. Tickets are obtainable from members of the Committee at the reduced price of 1s. 6d. A free ticket and entry form was sent round with the last GAZETTE, the latter I shall be very pleased to receive back filled up for at least the Club Mile. The great attraction of this race lies in the fact that three ex-Captains of the Club—Messrs. Rucker, Theo. Godlee, and Scrutton, have presented the prizes this year, a thing that may not again occur in the annals of the Club. Members are urgently requested to make this meeting a success in every way; those who can, by getting entries, and everyone by selling tickets.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

L.B.C. MATCHES WITH THE UNIVERSITIES.

C.U.Bi.C. *v.* L.B.C.

Our Annual Match with the Cambridge University Bicyle Club will be held at Cambridge on Saturday, June 9th, and will commence at 3 p.m. Competitors should leave Liverpool Street Station for Cambridge by the 11.55 a.m. train. If the weather is favourable I propose riding up, and shall be pleased to meet any L.B.C. men and their friends who may like to accompany me, and who will let me know of their intention not later than Wednesday, June 6th, by Waltham Cross at 8 a.m. punctually.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

O.U.Bi.C. *v.* L.B.C.

Our Annual Match with the Oxford University Bicycle Club will be held on the Crystal Palace Track on Wednesday, 13th June, at 6 p.m. Tickets are obtainable from the Hon. Sec. at 1s. each. Although members do not save anything by purchasing them from the Club, they are particularly requested to do so, as we have to settle with the Crystal Palace Company for one hundred tickets, whether used or not. After the Match the competitors will dine together in the Palace, and I shall be glad to receive the names of any gentlemen (whether members of the L.B.C. or not) who may desire to be present. Names should be sent into me not later than Thursday, June 7th, in order that the necessary arrangements may be made.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

LAWN TENNIS.

The following is the result of the drawing, and it is hoped that the number of brackets will not confuse the competitors (?).

The first round must be played, and the winners must declare themselves by June 23rd (the best out of three sets in the first three rounds, the remainder the best out of five sets).

Hewitt's address is 89, Cambridge Gardens, W., all the others are in the Blue book.

1st Round.	2nd Round.	3rd Round.	4th Round.	5th Round.
Hewitt, G. S. ...				
Wyndham, W...				
Gruggen, R. M.				
Naylor, H. S. ...			A bye	
Powell, J.				
Rucker, M. D...				
Elgood, F. M. ...				
Hindley, E. H...				
Scrutton, T. E...				
Lloyd, A.....				Wins.
Potter, L.				
Reynolds, H. R.				
Herbert, Arthur				
Potter, A. L. ...				
Beck, G. F.				
Scrutton, J. H...				
Francis, R. H. M.				
Potter, J. F. ...				
Francis, R. G. ...				
Barker, A.				
Herbert, Alfred..				
Sharp, H. N. ...				
Paull, R. J.....				
A bye.				

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ROAD TRIAL.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—As timers at Newbury and Maidenhead this year are considerably out of pocket through expenses incurred by them in providing champaigne, brandy, and other refreshments for those riding in the trial, I hope none of the latter will fail through forgetfulness to discharge their obligations. It need not be said that as a timer's work is very arduous and responsible, it would be most unfair to make him suffer pecuniarly.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

NOTICE.—IMPORTANT.

L.B.C. MATCHES WITH THE UNIVERSITIES.

I shall be glad to receive names of any members who may be willing to ride for our Club in either of the above.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. DISTRICT.

26th May. It was not a pleasing prospect, and the District has rather a habit of resting after an effort such as the Dunstable run, so that the D.C. and Lloyd were hardly surprised to find themselves alone at the Corner. Very soon after the start it began to rain, and it did not see its way to leave off. James's Lane, The Flats, and East Ham was the route adopted, and Woolwich was reached considerably under the hour. Some delay was caused by waiting for the ferry, and Stephen Smith was in attendance on the other side. The road to Erith may fairly be considered the best bit of riding the N.E. have yet had in the big District; there is one big hill and a mile or two of tram lines in the six miles, but taken for all in all it is good. As for the views of the Thames Estuary, the little District took them on trust—they were not visible with the naked eye. At Erith, Weeks and Arnott were waiting, and the visitors felt relieved; and when by and by the Captain turned up there was a feeling that five was not a contemptible turn out for the weather. Tea was prepared for forty and was about as good as they build them, indeed, the "Cross Keys" has been made a note of for future use. Just as we were beginning, the S.E. D.C. came in and completed the party. The five North-Easters returned together by the ferry in decided rain, and made Woolwich by daylight with the assistance of S. P. Smith. Present:—Arnott, Ashley W. Barrett, Lloyd, Weeks, and

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

S.W. DISTRICT.

So far as I can learn, few members of the S.W. seem to have taken advantage of the pleasant programme carefully prepared for them for Saturday in the unavoidable absence, at the last moment, of the D.C. It is true to say that the day was overcast, and at times even moist, but this of course will not be regarded as the real reason for so very small an attendance; perhaps the double tricycle did start for Iver, but as we have had no account of its arrival, or any details of the journey, we have our misgivings on this point, and look forward with anxiety to the publication of our next issue. This unaccountable lack of information up to the present time, and the difficulty combined with the improbability of obtaining any reliable facts in connection with the District's doings on Saturday last, leads me to hope—in the unlikely event of my being absent again—that in future members will "combine" to carry out the "official" run, and to give an interesting account of their proceedings. I am prompted to make this request, since it has come to my knowledge that the impressive effect produced upon one of our members who attended our recent Northern General Meet was so great that he ignored our shorter District run to Iver, and rode again to St. Albans and Dunstable on Saturday. No doubt this enthusiasm should be commended, and even encouraged, but in consequence of this fact the notion suggests itself that perhaps others, fascinated by some of our meeting places nearer home and by acting on similar impulses, have gratified their respective inclinations and neglected the interests of their District.

Next Saturday the run is to Shepperton, and the meet at Kingston Station at 4.30 p.m., when I hope that we shall have a good muster. As the evenings are long and the distance to Shepperton short there will be ample time for a row on the river either before or after tea.

R. M. GRUGGEN, District Captain.

S.E. DISTRICT.

Beneath a leaden sky and a soaking rain the D.C. left home on Saturday in the hopes of meeting one or two daring spirits on Hayes Common. After a miserable half hour spent in anxiously waiting for what came not among the dripping oaks and hawthorns, he made the best of rather an unpleasant ride through the Cray Valley to Erith, and arrived at the "Cross Keys" just as Stephen Smith and five of the N.E., who had braved the weather, were setting down to tea. After a sumptuous repast, worthy of a better day, and as much jollity as may be supposed to prevail generally among half-drowned rats, the party broke up, and the homeward journey was made under auspices not much more favourable than those attending the outward run. Present: S. P. Smith, and

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

W. C. Oswald and Wigan also came to the starting point, but did not persevere in following out the whole run.

MEET AT ERITH.

As I seem to have been the only member who attended this Meet, I suppose it is my duty to send you a short account of it. I started from the Crystal Palace about

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3.30 and rode to Locks Bottom, hoping to meet the Blackheath and Croydon Divisions at that place; not seeing anyone, and being far too wet to stand about doing nothing, I rode on to Erith. The ride would have been agreeable enough had it not been for the jokes of sundry people on the state of my back, which would have done very well to grow mustard and cress on, or any other small vegetables not requiring a great depth of soil. I also suffered from another cause, and that was the conviction which began to creep over me as I got farther on my way that I was rather foolish to start; and the farther I rode, the firmer this idea rooted itself in my mind. On arriving at the "Prince of Wales Hotel" I was met by the landlady, who looked very serious, and who wished to know "why I had not sent a telegram to say the Club was coming?" Tea for thirty men had been prepared and laid out—"she was much annoyed at not having received notice as promised," etc. etc. It seems, a gentleman from Blackheath had ridden over on Wednesday evening to make arrangements for tea, promising faithfully to telegraph on Saturday morning whether the Meet would be held or not. Of course I pleaded ignorance, and got away from her ladyship by saying I must change my clothes, at the same time promising to eat the thirty teas should the other men not arrive. Having put on some dry togs I had bought in the town, I set to work to feed, and can honestly assure you I never had a more satisfactory meal. After a smoke and a chat with the landlady's son (who was kind enough to lend me a good overcoat to travel home in), I bethought myself of getting home. It was quite out of the question trying to ride, for I could not get the saddle far enough back to permit of my mounting—bear in mind the thirty teas that had to be made room for.

In conclusion, allow me to say I was treated most kindly at the hotel. I trust we may have a good Meet there ere long—we are sure to be made comfortable.—Yours faithfully, CHAS. E. PARKER.

SOUTH-EAST PAPERCHASE.

The Captain has signified his intention of joining our Annual Paperchase next Saturday, so it is to be hoped we shall have a *fine* day and a *fine* attendance. The Croydon Division will leave the Fire Station at 4.30 for Sanderstead, and the hares, Barker and Wyndham, will start from the Church at five o'clock punctually. We shall have tea at the "Glyn Arms," Ewell, at half-past six, and I hope anyone who is too late or does not care for the Paperchase will meet us at tea there.

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division
June 2.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for HARLOW.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for CHERNIES.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for CHENIES, "Bedford," *via* Harefield.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for SHEPPERTON.	PAPERCHASE.—Sanderstead. Meet 5.0.	
June 9.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for BLACKMORE.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for WHEATHAMPSTEAD.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.15, for LEITH HILL.	Kingston Station, 4.0, for EAST GRINSTEAD. Meet S.E.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for EAST GRINSTEAD. Meet S.W.	3.30, Old Lewisham Church, for EAST GRINSTEAD. Meet S.W.

June 16.—ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

BICYCLING IN SWITZERLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79.)

§ 19.—*Zurich to Einsiedeln and Egeri, and back.*

This would be too long a round to make without locomotive help. It is therefore best to take the train to Einsiedeln. We left by the first train from Enge (at 5.30), getting to Wädenschwyl (or Wädens*weil*, as you will find it and similar terminations sometimes spelt) at 6.20. Here you have to wait till 7.40, giving you nice time for breakfast at the "Engel" hard by. The railway to Einsiedeln is a continuous incline, and the engine *pushes* you up: hence from the end of the leading carriage you get an unimpeded view of the scenery in front of you, and can enjoy it in its own bright pure morning atmosphere undimmed by smoke and without any risk of getting hot cinder dust in your eyes. It makes one think of the enjoyments in store for us when trains in general are driven by electricity instead of steam. The question of whether it is worth your while visiting Einsiedeln or not must be settled by a reference to Baedeker: if not, you will leave the train at Biberbruck, the station short of it. The road from Einsiedeln to Biberbruck, though slightly down hill, is not in very good condition, and I think some of the lay brethren of the monastery might turn their attention to it with advantage. The following will be your itinerary starting from Einsiedeln.

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Height. Feet.			Distance. Miles.			
2900	...	...	—	...	...	Einsiedeln.
2730	...	...	4	...	...	Biberbruck.
3000	...	...	8½	...	...	Rothenthurm.
2700	...	...	11½	...	...	Sattel.
2370	...	...	18½	...	...	Egeri (Unter).
1355	...	...	25	...	...	Zug.
1450	...	...	27	...	...	Baar.
1750	...	...	30½	...	...	Sihlbrugg.
2250	...	...	34	...	...	Top of the Pass (Hirzel).
1350	...	...	38½	...	...	Horgen.
1350	...	...	48	...	...	Zurich.

At Biberbruck you cross two streams and the railway, and then turn to your left up on to the moors; there is at least one bit of *stiff* hill to encounter, before you reach the highest point. At Altmatt, about two miles on, and again at Rothenthurm, you will meet with an unusal obstruction in these parts in the shape of a gate across the road—not a toll gate, but a parish gate dividing the pasturages and kept closed on account of the cattle, after the manner of the gates on the principal upland roads in Wales and in our English Lake district. It is no earthly use your expecting the natives to open the gate for you; they never seem to be capable under these circumstances of doing more than one thing at a time, and that one is staring in abject astonishment at you and your bicycle. You had better make up your mind to dismount at once. There is a delightful descent all the way down to Sattel, where you will have to double back again a bit to your right, unless you are lucky enough to observe a short cut. As you approach Sattel, the road forks; the right hand road leads up into the village—you keep on the lower one. After this you had better refer to your map, or a villager, if you feel uncertain, for the way to Egeri (the native pronunciation will be *Ahgerry*—hard *g*). About 1½ mile beyond the spot where you double back, the road enters a little cutting and then goes down hill (tortuous and steep); this we found stoned and requiring great care, but afterwards the road is very good, and it is a lovely ride all along the Lake of Egeri. This lake, which lies 1000 feet higher than its bigger neighbours of Lucerne, Zug, and Zurich, is a spot seldom, if ever, visited by the tourist. It lies completely off any known coach route, has no railway near it, and obtains the most scanty and parenthetical mention in Baedeker. We certainly saw it to great advantage on a perfectly still bright morning, with the snow peaks (visible in the distance over the head of it) glistening with a fresh fall during the night; we thought it one of the sweetest scenes we had seen as we rode by, and wondered why it was so little known. But a still greater surprise was in store for us in the view from the brow of the hill, just before commencing the long descent to Zug. This fairly took our breath away. The road was good—z'gzags, but not too steep—and we were enabled to enjoy it to the full as we spun down it. You should hold well back on the sharp pitch just entering Zug, as you will have to dismount at the corner for paving. Between Baar and Sihlbrugg they were altering the levels in a few places, necessitating a dismount. At Sihlbrugg, after crossing the bridge, you keep to the *right*—alongside of the river—and you have a continuous hill of about three miles of moderate, not excessive steepness, somewhere about 1 in 20. It was one of the very few really hot days we had this summer in Switzerland, and we were content with riding two out of the three. The 4½ miles downhill to Horgen is excellent.

An expedition to the Lake of Egeri might be very well made from Lucerne, either (*a*) by taking the lefthand fork between Arth and Goldau (see § 14), leading up by Steinen to Sattel, or (*b*) by taking the early boat to Brunnen and riding by Schwyz and the Schlagstrasse to Sattel. From Zug you could return to Lucerne, either by the lake or by Rothkreuz (see § 13).

§ 20.—*Glarus, Elm, and Linththal.*

This is an expedition in which you will have to avail yourself of the train, and also send a bag for sleeping out. We left Enge (Zurich) at 5.30 and got out at Schwanden—the point where the two valleys of the Sernf and the Linth unite. Here we breakfasted at the "Adler," and saw our trout caught for us in the fish tank whilst we were giving our bicycles their morning oil. Do not order tea—like the famous green cheese of the valley, it is strongly meliloted. The bill was, I thought, higher than it should have been at such an inn, and another time I shall try breakfasting at the railway station, which is handier. After the first three-quarters of a mile, the road from Schwanden (1720 feet) up the Sernf valley to Elm is a continual mount (1 in 20) nearly as far as (5 miles) Engi (2550 feet), then fairly level to (7 miles) Matt (2720), when you have a further gradual mount of three miles to Elm (3175). What portion of this ten miles you can accomplish in the saddle must depend entirely on the condition of the roads. In this district they are mended with the *slatier* forms of limestone, and whilst in wet weather they are like so much glue, they are when dry (yet not too dry) the most lovely surface conceivable, so firm and yet so soft and even. This season, I fear, glue has prevailed; it was in full tenacity the day we were there, and I do not think we rode more than four of the ten miles at the outside. The descent, again, owing to the extremely yielding and viscous character of the mud—which let you form a rut and held you there—was also a troublesome business, requiring extra caution, though we managed to accomplish it within the hour. Elm is the scene of the great landslip of September in last year (1882), full accounts of which, with pictorial illustrations, appeared in all the English papers at the time. It is certainly on a large scale, and a most sad and terrible spectacle of destruction; but the newspaper descriptions had led us to anticipate something of far vaster and more appalling dimensions than it really possesses, and though of course we were glad

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in one sense that the scene of havoc should be found to be less extensive than one had imagined, we were undoubtedly disappointed with its character and extent, and I should think that it is hardly a tenth of the size of the Goldau landslip (see § 14). It is, however, probably one of the biggest, if not the biggest, Bergfall that has happened since that on the Rossberg. Entering the Linththal again at Schwanden, we pursued our way up the valley to Stachelberg—a big hotel and bath establishment, close to the terminus station of the Linththal railway—where we were to sleep the night. It had been our intention after lunch to ride further up the valley as far as the road goes—some six miles higher up—for the sake of the views of the Tödi, etc., but the incessant rain prevented it. However, we had seen enough of the valley both from the train and from the saddle to appreciate its intense loveliness, and I should certainly, another time, leave the train earlier (at Näfels), so as thoroughly to enjoy the beauty of it. We rode *down* it the next day, but there are limits to your power of constantly craning your neck round to look at the view behind you when you are riding a bicycle, and nothing but a ride *up* the whole length of the valley on a fine day can give you an adequate notion of it. The ride back again to Zurich is for the most part downhill or level. You should remember to bear to the left-hand side of the valley at Nettstall where the road divides. You cannot well go wrong elsewhere. I append the distances from the Hotel Tödi, the highest point of road in the valley.

Height. Feet.	Distance. Miles.	
2665	—	Hotel Tödi.
2250	4	Linththal.
2180	5	Stachelberg.
1910	8	Betschwanden.
1790	9½	Luchsingen.
1710	12½	Schwanden.
1630	14	Mitlödi.
1490	16½	Glarus.
1460	18½	Nettstall.
1460	21	Näfels.
1580	23½	Nieder-Urnen.
1580	26	Bilten.
1440	29	Reichenburg.
1350	35½	Lachen
1370	39½	Pfäffikon (see § 18).
1350	61	Zurich.

Glarus is paved, but rideable. The inhabitants of the valley are an enterprising race; they use their streams not only for irrigating the fields that feed the cows, that give the milk, that makes the cheese they season with melitot, but also for turning the wheels that work the looms, that make the silks, that garnish the windows of the wonderful shop that Mr. Henneberg has just built close to the Baur au Lac at Zurich. On our way down the valley, on passing through one of these thriving villages, we overtook a posse of factory girls marching to work linked arm in arm, two deep, in rows extending over the whole breadth of the road. We did not ring our bells till we got just up behind them, when we suddenly gave full tongue. Such a stampede and screaming I never saw or heard before. They flew asunder as if a shell had burst among them, and cackled away like a brood of chickens into which a fox had sprung.

"They vanish'd panic-striken, like a shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand;
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower."

The effect of this scatteration was so irrepressibly ludicrous, that for hours afterwards one or other of us would burst out mechanically into sudden spasms of laughter, and to the anxious inquiry "What was he laughing at?" would come the invariably reply, "Oh! those girls at Luchsingen." Even at this distance of time, and under the sobering influences of Alma Mater, I can scarcely hold my pen as I write these lines and feel incipient vibrations of laughter simmering up inside me.

Running parallel with the Glarus Valley, some thirty miles east of it, is the valley of the Rhine, leading to Ragatz and Chur and the many diverging passes beyond. We had not time to investigate this valley on wheels, and it could of course only be made the scene of a bicycle expedition from Zurich by sleeping out. We went over, however, by train one wet day to see the Gorge of Pfaeffers, quite one of the most interesting scenes in Switzerland. We observed that the roads were like those in the Glarus Valley—excellent in not too dry weather, but gluey in wet. The road from Ragatz up to Pfaeffers, though narrow, would be when in the right condition one of the most delightful bits of riding possible; it is so well engineered, and so admirably taken care of. The Lake of Wallenstadt (considered by many the most picturesque of all Swiss lakes), which you pass in the train, is unfortunately not yet accessible on a bicycle. They are making roads at different places, but I fear they will require several seasons' use before they are fit for our purpose, as the traffic is inconsiderable.

August, 1882. GERARD F. COBB.

(To be continued.)

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

Having two Race Meetings and the Barnes Tricycle Meet on Saturday last the clerk of the weather should have been on his best behaviour, instead of which he was in sulks of the most objectionable description. The West Kent Races, at the Palace, took place before about 150 spectators, who were as enthusiastic as possible under the circumstances. The only cheerful persons were the ducks, who flapped about the track in the most festive manner.

* * * * * *

Some idea of the state of the track can be gathered from the fact that Buckley at scratch, with a handicap made for

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2.49, did not do better than 3.7, and after the first two or three heats, *i.e.*, as soon as the path became cut up, no heat was run under 3 minutes.

* * * * * *

The L.B.C. were well represented with Buckley (scratch), W. K. (15) and F. L. Adam (25), Wyndham (60), Beck (65), and C. A. Brown (85), while Jephson and H. R. Reynolds were on the ground. Unfortunately the weather put the back mark men out of it, and Buckley was the only one of our men who struggled into the second round. The only consolation for the scratch men in each heat was that they came in with clean faces, whereas the front men were one mass of cinder splashes from each other's hind wheels.

* * * * * *

Hay (85), who won the Surrey Mile, Wilson (75), of the Surrey, and Scott of the Lee B.C., 140 yards, were most fancied in the second round; they all met in the first heat, and a splendid race resulted in Hay's winning by about a yard from McKinlay (60), Wilson being close up. Buckley won the second heat pretty easily.

* * * * * *

The final, however, was set a little too soon after the second round, and though Buckley came magnificently in the last lap, he could only get second place, three yards behind Wilson, while McKinlay was third, a foot behind him. Time 3min. 6⅘sec.

* * * * * *

The Invitation Tricycle Race (One Mile)—in the final of which the Committee actually started three men, with a reckless disregard of the penalty attaching to manslaughter,—was won easily by Letchford, Radford of the L.B.C. and L.T.C. being second.

* * * * * *

The Invitation Bicycle Race (Three Miles) brought out a small field, Buckley, W. K. and F. L. Adam, throwing away moral certainties, and leaving Wyndham to represent the Club. The other starters were Thompson (Sutton), Tacagni (Canonbury), Vesey (Surrey), and McKinlay (Beckenham). Owing to the bad state of the track the time was very slow; Wyndham lay behind till the bell rang, and then, coming away in the old style, won all out by nearly thirty yards in 10 min. 47⅘ sec. Needless to say "the victory was very popular."

* * * * * *

At Stamford Bridge there was a Mile Handicap, the heats in which were won by Milner (scratch), Medcalf (60), and Thorn (70), Medcalf winning the final pretty easily from Milner in 3 min. 1⅘ sec.; Milner's time of a shade over 3 min. 2 sec. is very good for the course and the day.

* * * * * *

Gaskell had entered at the Palace, but went down to Birmingham without success. I hear he has entered for our Races on the 16th.

* * * * * *

The Cambridge trials were postponed on Saturday "owing to damp."

* * * * * *

Before the next number is out the Inter-'Varsity will be over, and though the racing should be very exciting—the meeting of Whatton and Buckley especially so—I think that Oxford will probably avenge the beatings of the last three years. As usual, nearly all the competitors will be L.B.C. men.

* * * * * *

Day will ride for Cambridge, but D. R. Smith will be unable to ride for Oxford owing to "Exams."; W. K. Adam will ride for Oxford.

* * * * * *

Nixon has accepted Lowndes' challenge for 100 miles, when some good times ought to be done.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—As I find on carefully reading "Dodo's" spirited impeachment of the lazy friend that I fill the bill in every particular, except perhaps the disinclination to get up, I rush into print in defence of the noble army of potterers in response to the editorial hint. Our friend "Dodo" apparently belongs to the I-will-get-there-or-break-a-suspender contingent, and maps out a tour from A to B irrespective of wind, weather, views, or objects of interest, and, fixing his cap firmly on his head, starts off determined to do and dare all that doth become a member of the L.B.C. The probability is that he will get there, even if he has to go on one leg, and verily he has his reward, for of such are Bath medallists made. But are the whole pleasures of bicycling to be compressed in getting there, or wrecking your hosiery in the attempt! Apart from the pleasure that a man who is fit always feels in doing his level best, is not some of the pleasure prospective in being able to come home and play at Ananias with the other fellows about the headwinds you had and the hills you rode? Any delay on the road, or a range of hills to be surmounted, causes anguish to the soul, because it reduces the record. Not so the potterer; he is sublimely indifferent alike to time and distance. The hill has no terrors, because it promises a view, which taken in connection with a pipe prospectively fills his soul with peace, and he grinds up the hill cheerfully in anticipation of the promised rest. Many similar comparisons might be made, but they will only emphasise the indisputable fact expressed by "Dodo," that if the hare and the tortoise start on a tour together there will probably be trouble. But it can be looked at from both the hare's and the tortoise's point of view; and I can sympathise with "Dodo's" companion, who must have been temporarily a sort of bicycling "Jo" in a perpetual state of being moved on. In conclusion, be not too rough on the lowly potterer, ye Scorchers, for he has his mission; he pays his subscription, gangs his ain gait, and enjoys himself and Nature according to his lights; and often when placidly puffing his pipe in the shady nook or on the grassy bank he will discuss your doughty deeds on path and road, take pride in them as a fellow member, and ask no more than to bask undisturbed in the light of your reflected glory.—Yours, etc.,

W. R. SEWELL.

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QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. Browne.

One of the features of next winter is to be "Readings from the Works of Thackeray, by W. W." It was "the Ladies' Prize."

* * * * * *

I should have thought the second prize would have suited "our popular member" better:—"Wedded, by Sir Francis Leighton." It would be followed, of course, by "Wedded, by the Archbishop of Canterbury," or some other high dignitary.

* * * * * *

One of our most prominent University members is off for the Antipodes two days before our Annual Race Meeting! Opinion is divided as to whether he should be adjured by all he holds most dear to charter a special steamer (which certainly would be rather dear), or whether he shall be arrested on the day of departure, and let out on bail to ride for the Ladies' Challenge Cup.

* * * * * *

I hope some of our members will ride down to Cambridge on Saturday week to see the Inter-Club Match. Here is a chance for our crack District (need I say I allude to the N.E.): let them fix their Meet to Cambridge, and they will probably beat record. They can go *via* Chelmsford.

* * * * * *

Well! after Erith, I think the S.E. had better abdicate. A district half their size, which has to cross the river to get at them, turns out more than double the number of their men present. *I* think the S.E. are rather butterflies.

* * * * * *

Why is the S.E. D.C. after me with a big stick? Where is a convenient hole?

* * * * * *

The Cyclist of last week commits itself to the statement that the Bath Trial has never been done under ten hours with a head wind! What about Walmsley's year?

* * * * * *

Up to this date our men have won eight prizes this year; viz., four firsts, and four seconds. Buckley has taken two, and Wyndham, Leeds, Radford, W. K. Adam, A. B. W. Whatton, and J. R. Walter one each.

* * * * * *

I am told by a North-Easter that the scenery between Woolwich and Erith was as pretty as could be expected, considering the view was limited to 200 yards, and the falling rain only enabled it to be seen through half-shut eyes.

* * * * * *

Under the heading "Prospective Tours" in the last issue of the *C.T.C. Gazette* there appears the following:—"A Quiet Spin. Companion Wanted. Average per day 120 miles, etc." Riddle—If this is a "quiet spin," what is a scorch?"

* * * * * *

"*On revient toujours à son premier amour.*" I am glad to see that two of our older members, Gerard Smith and H. S. Naylor, after sundry coquettings with *extras* and tricycles have come back once more to the genuine article, in the shape of the ordinary bicycle.

* * * * * *

Saturday's rain was enough to damp anything—except, of course, the energy of a D.C.

* * * * * *

Hunting Appointments.

Saturday, 2nd June. Sanderstead, five o'clock, opening meet of the Croydon Harriers.

* * * * * *

Hares are very strong in this locality, and anyone wishing for a good afternoon's sport cannot do better than try his fortune with this crack pack.

* * * * * *

Try as he would the Editor could not conceal his indignation last Saturday when an enterprising gentlemen asked him to race at Willesden, mistaking him for a prominent Eastern counties' flyer.

Porcupine.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

June 2.—Surrey United at Crystal Palace.
2.—Anfield B.C. Sports at Liverpool.
5.—Inter-University Races at Oxford.
9.—Pickwick Races at the Crystal Palace.
9.—C.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Cambridge.
11.—C.U.Bi.C. Club Races, Cambridge.
13.—O.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Crystal Palace.
16.—London B.C. Races at Crystal Palace.
16.—Private Banks at Catford Bridge.
19.—University College Hospital at Stamford Bridge.
23.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
23.—Clapham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
30.—Speedwell Sports at Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham.
30.—A.A.A. Championships at Lillie Bridge.
30.—Brixton Ramblers B.C. at Crystal Palace.

Editorial Note.—We regret that at the time of going to press no account of the W. and N.W. runs have been received.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

H. C. Pigott, Gunnersbury, W.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

An Official Record of the Runs, Races, and other Doings of the L.B.C.

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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

YOUR FRIENDS.

(In answer to "Our Enemies.")

Many thanks, most worthy Editor, for your courteous challenge. You have so spurred the sides of my feeble Pegasus with your "timid hints" that I must give him a little exercise; but as he will be rather heavily weighted with a few hard truths, his wings must be bound to keep him from soaring to realms of rhyme and sentiment, and we will trot together on the high road of common sense. You seem to look upon us as the most dangerous enemies of the L.B.C. Let us see if we deserve this character. (Happy thought!—as I am writing as the Championess of Woman, why not adopt the editorial "we," and drop the egotistical "I?") Even the "hardest and sternest riders," be they married or be they single, must, as years roll on, lose strength and taste for Club Races, Runs, and Teas. The sound of the race bell will not raise their pulses by one beat, and the glorious excitement of the last lap, with the spurt up the straight as rider after rider is overhauled, and the white tape marked first by their victorious wheel, can be theirs no more. But, shall the names which once rang through the air ring only in memory, and shall old friends of the L.B.C. gaze down the Race Programme seeing there naught familiar? Let us look forward but a few years, and may we not hope for such a scene as this? A crowded Race Meeting of the L.B.C. The grand stand filled with ladies. We notice very many familiar faces—many looking more matronly than in 1883, and all with anxious eyes fixed on the course. A pistol is fired, and we, too, turn our eyes. But what is this! The field looks as if we were gazing through the large end of a *lorgnette!* Little feet and legs move little treadles, and tiny machines move swiftly along. The bell rings, and two or three small forms draw away in front. Then with a dreamy feeling we hear again the names familiar to us in past years shouted by bass voices, and even echoed by treble, and then amidst cheers from the one and something like happy tears from the other the first London Bicycle Club Boys' Race is won by ——; but here our prophecy must end. Doth not a future like this make amends for the present irregular attendance of a few "hard and stern riders?"

We will answer "timid hint" No. 1 by another "medical axiom," given to those suffering from disease of the heart—avoid worry and excitement. To show this answer is applicable we must diagnose the special form of heart disease of which this article treats. We would refer you to Dr. Quain's *Dictionary of Medicine*, but although no less than eighty pages are given up to various disorders and diseases of the heart, he does not mention that special one called Love. One of the first symptoms is a curious softening and tenderness, often accompanied by palpitation when the exciting cause of the malady is present. This

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tenderness causes a feeling of chivalrous respect towards all women. (Be it known I treat only of the true disease, and not of any of the many spurious forms which are, alas, too often mistaken for it.) The sufferer feels as if the world and all things in it were better and brighter than he thought before. He becomes so sensitive that he cannot bear that anyone should guess from what he is suffering, and looks upon his heart as a shrine enclosing the secret from all prying eyes. Solitude indeed has charms for such a sufferer. The treatment should be as gentle as possible, and when the fever has reached its height either the tonic of acceptance or the corrective of refusal will work the only cure. The heart will then resume its proper action, especially if treated with the tonic, and the patient will again become companionable, but with a brightness added to his whole life.

Now we would ask you if that treatment is followed by the L.B.C.; would it not rather be of this kind? The patient is persuaded to come for a Saturday run, and no sooner are they fairly off than a fire of chaff is opened upon him, and his sacred secret (as he has fondly imagined it) dragged from its retreat and held up as a target for all to practise upon. Tennis, the river (moonlight included), and we weak women are not such deadly foes as that systematic chaff so much indulged in. Will the Club Scholiast tell us from what the word is derived? We read in times of famine that bread has been made of chaff, but not enjoyed with an appetite, as it was apt to stick in the throat. Believe us, so does very much of the verbal chaff. To the professional chaffer (surely one *f* would express the name better) nothing is sacred, and in one evening he hurts more feelings and causes more irritation than a bad-tempered man would do in a week. With the latter it is easy to think it is only his affliction, or to shut him up in any way most effectual. But who can shut up the chaffer? Most sensitive people would rather receive a good blow than be tormented by a swarm of midges, and to nothing is the chaffer more like than these tormenting little insects. Of course we do not mean to say all chaff is to be censured, as when occasional and good tempered, and not upon tender subjects, it is often amusing. But we women think no one ought to be chaffed about us, as we are certainly tender subjects, and when we sometimes hear what has been said about our friends, we cannot tell when it may be our turn to suffer in a like manner. It would be as well to try and stop this particular form of chaff, before ordering a Club Sociable.

And now for a few words as to another foe which keeps some men from joining ours, I beg pardon, your ranks. It is the continual cycling talk both in and out of season. Horsey men are not always horsey, and yachtsmen can ride some other hobby than the waves, but to very many cyclists all things are cycling (a new word). We would not dare mention such a very tender subject, had we not so very often heard this particular trait remarked upon. It is to be hoped the proposed Search Committee will not make the "Scientific Analysis of the Influence of Woman" too superficial. We all like to feel our influence, but not only on tennis ground, rivers or waxed floor. We are almost as a body friends to bicycling, and in fact all outdoor sport, and though sometimes we may feel Saturdays a little dull, and have more than our share of doctoring cuts, sprains, and gravel rash, and seeing to coats and knicks, yet better ten thousand times to know Our Boys are amongst green fields on the rolling wheels, than to fear they are spending their time in other and far more dangerous ways. You may think I have taken a more serious view of this subject than necessary, but I shall not have written in vain if I induce one or two of you to look upon us not as your enemies but your friends. A. W. Oman.

COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee held on Monday, 4th instant, the following gentlemen were elected members of the Club:—

Name and Address.	Proposer.	Seconder.
John Dixon Butler, 11, Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.	W. Wyndham.	O. Thorn.
Llewellyn Hartridge, Hillside, Park Hill Road, Croydon	A. Barker.	R. G. Francis.
Gordon, C. Larkworthy, 35, Belsize Avenue, N.W.	C. Tulloch.	C. L. Hill.

Messrs. H. G. A. Brown, G. P. Coleman, Theo. Godlee, S. P. Smith, and W. A. Smith were appointed delegates of the Club on the Bicycle Union for the present year.

E. S. Price, Hon. Sec.

ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

One Mile Club Handicap.
Two Miles Scratch for Ladies' Challenge.
Two Miles Open Handicap.
Five Miles Open Scratch.
Ten Miles District Challenge (no entrance fee).

Entries close on this Saturday, 9th instant. Entrance fee for the first four events 2s. 6d. each.

Tickets are obtainable from members of the Committee or myself, admitting to the Palace and Grounds for the whole of the day, at the reduced price of 1s. 6d.

E. S. Price, Hon. Sec.

L.B.C. MATCHES WITH THE UNIVERSITIES.

C.U.Bi.C. *v.* L.B.C.

Our Annual Match with the Cambridge University Bicyle Club will be held at Cambridge on Saturday, June 9th, and will commence at 3 p.m. Competitors should leave Liverpool Street Station for Cambridge by the 11.55 a.m. train. If the weather is favourable I propose riding up, and shall be pleased to meet any men by Waltham Cross at 8 a.m. punctually, if I hear of their intention to ride down by 5 p.m. on Friday.

Ashley W. Barrett, Captain.

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CAMBRIDGE MATCH.

We understand that the L.B.C. team against Cambridge will probably be made up as follows :—

1 *Mile.*—F. L. Adam, J. D. Butler, W. Wyndham.
4 *Miles.*—F. L. Adam, G. F. Beck, J. D. Butler.
15 *Miles.*—W. Wyndham, H. R. Reynolds, M. H. Jephson.

O.U.Bi.C. *v.* L.B.C.

Our Annual Match with the Oxford University Bicycle Club will be held at the Crystal Palace *next* Wednesday, 13th instant, at 6 p.m. Tickets are obtainable from me at 1s. each. Although members do not save anything by purchasing them from the Club, they are particularly requested to do so, as we have to settle with the Crystal Palace Company for one hundred tickets, whether used or not. After the Match the competitors will dine together in the Palace, and I shall be glad to receive the names of any gentlemen (whether members of the L.B.C. or not) who may desire to be present. Names should be sent in to me not later than Monday, June 11th, in order that the necessary arrangements may be made.

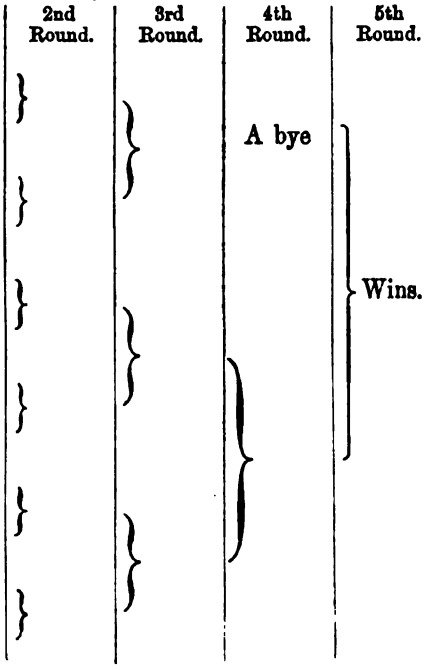
E. S. Price, Hon. Sec.

LAWN TENNIS.

The following is the result of the drawing, and it is hoped that the number of brackets will not confuse the competitors (?).

The first round must be played, and the winners must declare themselves by June 23rd (the best out of three sets in the first three rounds, the remainder the best out of five sets).

Hewitt's address is 89, Cambridge Gardens, W., all the others are in the Blue book.



IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN STATED LAST WEEK THAT "TIES ARE NOT TO BE PLAYED ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS OR EVENINGS."

H. N. Sharp.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

Members are reminded of the above, which takes place on Monday, 18th instant, at "City Arms Tavern," at 6.30 p.m.

E. S. Price, Hon. Sec.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. District.

June 2nd.—Notwithstanding the glorious weather only five men assembled at Syborn's Corner, of whom, alas! the D.C. was not one; he was reported as being engaged in sharpening his legal acumen in foreign climes. After some time spent in criticising the new tram-cars and discussing the route, each member modestly disclaiming any right to a casting vote, a somewhat late start was made *viâ* Whip's Cross and Woodford. The Forest Road was then chosen, and found to have greatly deteriorated since last visited by the District. Here charming glimpses of forest scenery were obtained, and many longing glances cast at the shady glades lying below the road, but in spite of dust, a scorching sun, and a slight head-wind, stimulated by a sense of duty and the scent of the hawthorns, the party jogged on, and were rewarded with a better surface at the "Wake Arms." Shortly after Weeks was sighted, enjoying d.f.n. under a shady tree in company with what he is pleased to term "his new meerschaum" (scoffers were heard to hint darkly at a more humble material). At Epping, Baldwin pulled up, and was left at the "Old Thatched House" to be called for; the remainder of the road was new to the majority, and the fine views over open country, a contrast to the thick wood of the forest, much appreciated. Harlow was reached shortly after six without a dismount by the original starters, and enquiries resulted in finding the "Green Man" and a most urbane landlady, whose amiable qualities, alas! did not appear to be shared by her "hired gal;" to this fact subsequent complaints as to the quality of the milk may possibly be attributable. Tea was, however, satisfactory on the whole, the interval preceding its preparation being spent in taking stock of a small fruit garden, some fine strawberry blossoms attracting special attention, and awakening in the bosom of one individual certain selfish, not to say greedy, plans for future operations. Just as tobacco time arrived the Brothers Hough rode up, having rushed from Hackney in an hour and three quarters; after giving them breathing time, a start was effected about 8.20, amid cheery good wishes from two local riders at a cottage opposite; the ride out having been uneventful a hind wheel kindly enlivened the return journey by shedding its tyre, but by the aid of some wire cork-screw arrangements was effectually secured. [Mem.—These same wires have already done good service by keeping a tyre secured for about 25 miles after the Dunstable Meet without perceptible wear.]

A halt was made at Epping to light up and call for Baldwin, but the bird had flown. The market carts were

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for once comparatively harmless, but some inconsistent behaviour on the part of the driver of a trap occasioned a momentary excitement. The usual breaking up commenced at the Waterworks in the Woodford Road, the Clapton contingent making for the Marshes, arriving at the top of Spring Hill without incident, whence your reporter wended his solitary way across Stamford Hill and reached home in safety. It was generally regretted that the Erith Meet had not been favoured with equally good weather. Present: Baldwin, R. B. Hough, S. G. Hough, Kelsey, Lloyd, Long, Weeks, and

C. Y. LYNE.

W. DISTRICT.

The D.C. having given notice that urgent private business would require his presence in another direction, the run on June 2nd was carried out in rather a casual manner. Langmore, starting from Paddington and going by way of Harrow, Pinner, and Rickmansworth, reached Chenies at 6-30, where he found that four North-west men had already arrived and had gone down to the river for a bathe, whereupon he followed in search of them. As the party were returning to the "Bedford Arms," Naylor appeared from West Drayton, and soon after Oliver Thorn came in from town, making with half a dozen North-west and one North-easter, a fairly respectable muster. After a satisfactory tea, four members started home *viâ* Rickmansworth, Pinner and the Harrow Lanes, Naylor going back to West Drayton, whilst the others were left discussing the relative advantages of stopping where they were or going on to High Wycombe. Roads loose and stony in places, but fair on the whole. Present: J. W. Langmore, E. Naylor and O. Thorn

S.W. DISTRICT.

Owing to the unexpected absence of our respected D.C., I now take the earliest opportunity of reporting our adventures of Saturday last. Being favoured with the finest of weather, although with the dustiest of roads, Hawley and myself each pursued our own course to the "Anchor" at Shepperton, where, during vacuum filling, we were charmed with the sweet tone of the bugle by the well-known 'Arry and his pals. Judging from the paucity of numbers, it leads me to presume that the beauties of the Thames acted as a deterrent to the two wheeler. It seems somewhat disheartening to a member to ride from Hampstead, and, on arriving at his destination, to find he is the sole being until I arrive on the scene. Next Saturday will be the run to East Grinstead to join the S.E. Members present: A. Hawley and

HARRY L. RYAN.

N.W. DISTRICT.

If things continue as they have been lately, the N.W. will very soon have a claim to the title of "the Little District;" *five* men out last Saturday, and a blank run the week before, is a sad come down from our average last year. After waiting in vain at Hendon Station from 4.25 to 5.0 o'clock, I rode *viâ* Watford to Rickmansworth, where I met Oliver Thorn, and we then proceeded together to Chenies, where we found two W. and one N.E. man, besides four N.W. who had started from Hampstead an hour before the Meet time. These directed us to the bathing place, which we found to be about the size of the baths at the "Milford Arms," but not quite so deep. Returning to the house, we saw our friends ride off in detachments as they had come, while we sat down to a frugal meal, after which we rode together as far as Harrow, where we parted. Present: Elgood, Hill, Tulloch, Spencer, Stunt (N.E.), and

H. S. JACKSON.

S.E. DISTRICT.

The clock of the little church at Sanderstead, one of the prettiest villages, by the way, in the district, had not long struck five, and around the palings were gathered a dozen or so of the South East last Saturday afternoon, on paper-chasing thoughts intent. On one side the two hares, Wyndham and Barker, conversed in low mysterious tones, while the faces of not a few were turned down the road, looking for first signs of the appearance of the captain, nor were their expectations, *this time*, doomed to disappointment. Ten minutes had scarcely slipped away when the captain—and there was no mistaking the well-known *form*—was seen breasting the hill. A moment more and he was the centre of an admiring group, all eager to welcome him. Meanwhile, the hares had managed to fix on their shoulders the bolster-shaped bags. At a quarter past five the signal was given, and away they sped down the Westerham Road. How long?—Five minutes. Time's up! and after them strained the whole pack of six and a half couples, led by an old veteran, the hero of many a hard day's sport. At Warlingham Green it was evident the hounds were at fault; a false scent had led to a check, and from this point the hounds were for several minutes "all abroad." Some following real or imaginary tracks through ploughed fields, over hedges and down precipices, others by working along the roads, came upon the scent again casually. But before very long the leading hounds were giving tongue in hot chase back towards Croydon, over Riddlesdown. Here Stephen Smith, who was not to be enticed by false trails, however artfully laid, held a long lead of the other hounds. Day and Hartridge came next, with the two Browns coming up fast. Up the hill past the infirmary and then through shady lanes, where one would fain linger on a fine summer's evening, the hares held a straight course for Banstead, and passing by the Station, they reached the "Glynn Arms" at 6.16, one hour and one minute from the start. The first hound (C. A. Brown) arrived 4¾ minutes later, having passed Stephen Smith—who was delayed by an untimely fall—half a mile from home. H. G. A. Brown, when well up, lost his place by taking a wrong turn at Banstead Station. The times of

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the hares and the leading hounds, for which we are indebted to Arthur Herbert, were as follows:—

Hares.	Left.	Arrived.
A. Barker... ... ... / W. Wyndham... ...	5.15	6.16
Hounds.		
C. A. Brown	5.20	6.20¾
S. P. Smith	„	6.21
A. Day	„	6.22
R. G. Francis	„	6.23½
H. G. A. Brown ...	„	6.26
Hartridge (v.)... ...	„	6.29
McRae	„	6.31
A. Barrett ... ... / A. C. Potter (v.) ...	„ ...	not timed.

Several members were found awaiting our arrival at the "Glyn Arms," and altogether 23 men and 3 visitors sat down to tea after what may be considered a successful run, in spite of one or two mishaps. Present: F. L. Adam, A. Barker, Ashley Barrett (N.E.), Belfield, C. A. Brown, H. G. A. Brown, A. Day, Halliday, Alfred Herbert, Arthur Herbert, Leeds (W.), McRae, W. C. Oswald, Parker, J. F. Potter, J. W. Potter, C. F. Schmettau, S. P. Smith, S. E. Whealler, Willis, F. M. Williams, W. Wyndham, three visitors (Barker, Hartridge, and A. C. Potter) and

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

EAST GRINSTEAD.

A great many men have promised to come to next Saturday's run to East Grinstead, so there is every chance of a really good Meet. The result of the Match with Cambridge will be telegraphed to the "Railway Arms," where we shall have tea at 7 o'clock. The Croydon Division will leave the Fire Station at 4.30 punctually. This will allow the Blackheath men a quarter of an hour's grace.

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

WEST DISTRICT.

On account of the races at Cambridge on Saturday next, and as a great number of members will consequently be there, the run has been altered, by special request, from Leith Hill to East Grinstead, in order to meet the S.E. at their favourite rendezvous. Those who can manage to go, kindly meet at Barnes Station at 4 o'clock.

H. C. Pigott, District Captain.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
June 9.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Blackmore.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for Wheathampstead.	Barnes Station, 4.0, for East Grinstead. Meet S.E.	Kingston Station, 4.0, for East Grinstead. Meet S.E.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for East Grinstead. Meet S.W.	3.30, Old Lewisham Church, for East Grinstead. Meet S.W.
June 16.—ANNUAL RACE MEETING.						
June 23.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30 and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Chigwell. Meet S.E.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle," for Stanmore. Meet W.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for Stanmore. ("Crown.") Meet N.W.	Kingston Station, 4.0, for Newland's Corner and the Silent Pool.	3.45, Croydon Central Station, for Chigwell. Meet N.E.	"Hare & Billet," 4.45, for Chigwell. Meet N.E.

BICYCLING IN SWITZERLAND.

(continued from page 110.)

§ 21.—*Zurich to Schaffhausen, and the Falls of the Rhine.*

The Rhinefalls are often spoken of as a somewhat "hackneyed" sight, such as one is bound to see once in one's life for the sake of maintaining a position in society and not being taken at a disadvantage in the intercourse of the dinner table. But to my mind there are few sights so enchanting, if you only give yourself time to enjoy it at full leisure, and to make the regulation expeditions to the different points of view provided for you. If Zurich be the point from which you visit them I recommend you to take your bicycle by train to the *Dachsen* station. There is a fairly quick train leaving Zurich at 7.20 and reaching Dachsen at 9.0. This will give you full leisure for enjoying the falls. You will ride from Dachsen to (¾ mile) Schloss Laufen, where you leave your bicycle in the courtyard. The road from Laufen to Schaffhausen mounts up a bit at first, and the top bit (after passing a fork where you keep to the left) may very likely be found stony. Soon after this you turn into the main road from Zurich to Schaffhausen, and have a lovely descent of some 2½ miles into the town; the road is so good that on returning we rode up it again the whole way *against a very strong wind.* The following is the route from Schaffhausen to Zurich:—

Height.	Distance.	
—	—	Dachsen (Rheinfall).
1285	4½	Schaffhausen.
1370	9½	Benken.
1400	12	Orlingen.
1120	14	Andelfingen.
1410	18½	Hettlingen.
1415	20	Oringen.
1400	23	Winterthur.
1400	25	Töss.
1510	27½	Kupferhammer.
—	30½	Tagelschwangen.
1400	35½	Schwamendingen.
1350	40	Zurich.

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Besides these levels, you have to rise about 300 feet between Schaffhausen and Benken, 200 between Kupferhammer and Tagelschwangen, and another 200 between Schwamendingen and Zurich. No occasion to dismount, unless for the hill in Andelfingen. It is a broad high road all the way, on which you cannot well go wrong. At the fork just beyond Töss both roads lead to Zurich—the left or lower one is the main road (Haupt Strasse), but it is quite likely that the other is just as good. The shell of the old Minster Church at Schaffhausen is interesting, but as regards fittings it is without any exception the meanest building of an ecclesiastical description I was ever in, and does not even boast of an organ. Winterthur is a nice bright pleasant little town with a very lively station. It is worth while to ride a bit about the streets. You should lunch at the "*Lion d'Or*" and ask for some "Schloss Teuffen," a most excellent red wine at 2f. 50c. the bottle. Musical members will be interested to know that Hermann Goetz, the composer of "The Taming of the Shrew," whose early death we all deplore, was for some time organist at Winterthur, in succession to Kirchner, a pianoforte composer of some note, who is still living at Leipzig. It has the reputation of being the most musical town in Switzerland. The Winterthur road enters Zurich by the Rämi Strasse at the back of the University Buildings, and you should follow this throughout, as that part of the town is very steep, and short cuts would only land you in difficulties. The Leonhard Gasse in particular, which curves down from the *front* of the University Buildings to the bridge near the Railway Station, should be carefully avoided. The upper part of it looks tempting, but round the corners below it is very dangerous indeed.

§ 22.—*Zurich to Constanz and back by Schaffhausen.*

From Zurich either ride or take the train to Winterthur; if you ride, the other road to Töss, alluded to in the last section, might be followed for variety. Similarly, if you rode back from Schaffhausen, an alternative road through Marthalen might perhaps be taken for a bit of the way, but I have not been along it. Unless, however, you send a bag and sleep at Constanz, all you would be able to do in the day is to ride from Winterthur *viâ* Constanz to Schaffhausen, taking the train at both ends for the rest of the way. The course can be further shortened by taking train to Zurich from Stein instead of from Schaffhausen.

Distances. Miles.	
—	Winterthur.
5	Attikon.
7½	Islikon.
10	Frauenfeld.
14½	Pfyn.
17	Mülheim.
21	Sonterswylen.
24½	Tägerwylen.
26½	Constanz.
31½	Ermattingen.
37	Steckborn.
44½	Stein.
51	Diessenhofen.
57	Schaffhausen.

Frauenfeld is worth a dismount irrespective of paving. From Pfyn you have a pretty steady mount of 600 feet, nowhere unridable, to a mile beyond Sonterswylen, when you descend the same amount to Constanz. From Constanz to Schaffhausen you follow the Rhine all the way, and there are no hills to speak of after the first short pull up to the turning in Tägerwylen. The villages you pass through on the side of the Rhine are extremely pretty, and the houses have quite a style of their own. The "Constanzer-Hof" is a very good hotel, but Constanz itself is a most depressingly dull place—a kind of city of the dead. There is a good bathing place near the "Constanzer-Hof." The lake was very rough the day we were there, and (as Baedeker touchingly puts it) I went very near to "experiencing all the horrors of seasickness." Our ride to, or rather towards, Schaffhausen was in the teeth of the very strongest gale I ever experienced in the saddle. By the time we got to Stein we were quite worn out with our exertions in buffeting it, despite our then nearly two months' training, so we took to the train. The Rhine was lashed into regular breakers, and the colours of the river were most varied as well as lovely, according to the variations of exposure to the wind and the broken lights of cloud and sunshine playing upon it.

August, 1882. GERARD F. COBB.

(To be continued.)

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

The O.U.Bi.C. trials to select representatives for the match against Cambridge were held on the O.U.A.C. Running Ground on Thursday, May 24th.

* * * * * *

As Walter and Buckley had up to the week before been rowing in their College eights, and were consequently somewhat out of form, and as W. K. Adam was not up yet, the Committee decided to postpone the Twenty-five Miles.

* * * * * *

Two Miles Race.—W. F. M. Buckley, Ch. Ch., 1; W. M. Merry, Exeter, 2; L. Andrews, Ch. Ch., 0. Merry led for four laps, after which Buckley went to the front and won by 30 yards. Time 6min. 22½sec.

* * * * * *

Ten Miles Race.—W. F. M. Buckley, Ch. Ch., 1; D. R. Smith, Queen's, 2; W. A. G. Walter, Exeter, 3; G. Stapleton, Oriel, 0. Smith led for five miles, when Buckley passed him, and, going away, won by 200 yards; Smith, after a capital race, beat Walter on the post for second place; Stapleton close up. Time 33min. 3sec.

* * * * * *

The Cambridge Trials for the "Inter Varsity" were held on Thursday afternoon at Cambridge, when J. S. Whatton beat Day in the Two Miles by four yards, in the capital time of 5.54½. He also won the Ten Miles by a yard from his brother, in the slow time of 33.19⅘. The Twenty Five

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Miles resulted unexpectedly in the victory of Carr of Trinity by a few inches from Day, Olive being well up third. Time 1h. 24m. 17⅘sec.

* * * * * *

I am sure all our members will regret to hear of the resignation by Mr. Cobb, of the presidencies of the Bicycle Union and of the C.U.Bi.C. He has held each office practically since the foundation of each society. To him indeed the B.U. owes its existence and early training, and he has been the life and soul of the Cambridge Club for many years. I am glad to hear that the members of the latter Club have determined to present him with some permanent memorial of his connection with the Club, which will probably take the form of an addition to that musical library which many members of the L.B.C. have become acquainted with. More than £50 was collected among members of the Club in a fortnight towards this end.

* * * * * *

The next Council Meeting of the B.U. is fixed for Thursday, June 14th, at the "City Arms Tavern." Among the chief matters on a very lengthy agenda paper are the change of name. The Executive recommend that the name be changed, and that "National" form part of it, but find themselves unable to move anything more definite. Mr. Todd moves, "The National Cyclists' Union," Mr. Hampton Roberts, "The National Wheelmen's Union." The subject appears promising for talk.

* * * * * *

An elaborate code of regulations for appeals from suspensions has been drawn up, and is to be submitted to the meeting. A. B. W. Whatton continues his appeals to outsiders by a motion designed to draw manufacturers into the fold. The Council will also be asked to consider racing tracks and advertising the value of prizes.

* * * * * *

But the most important resolution stands in the name of of Mr. Todd and is as follows:—

"That from this date any Amateur wilfully competing at Sports not held under the rules of the Union, or rules approved by the Union, shall be liable to be suspended for such time as the Executive shall think fit, subject to the same right of appeal as in suspensions for other offences."

This is a similar rule to that of the Amateur Athletic Association, and we hope very much that the Council will see its way to adopt it. It will do more than anything else to purify the racing branch of the sport.

* * * * * *

Our Evergreen Member is shooting forth with renewed vigour. He scored another win in a two mile handicap on Thursday last at an evening meeting of the L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge. Time 5.54⅕, with 70 yards from Milner.

* * * * * *

Popplewell of the Ipswich B.C. did a good performance in the Annual Five Mile Road Race of his Club on the Norwich Road; his time for the distance being 15 min. 30 secs.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BICYCLE RACES.

The Inter-University Races took place at Oxford on Tuesday. The weather was fine, but the path very loose, the wind raising thick clouds of dust, and making the times bad by hurrying the riders down the hill at such a speed that they had to ease at the lower corner, and at times almost bringing them to a standstill coming up the straight.

Two Miles Race.—W. F. M. Buckley, Oxford, 1; J. S. Whatton, Cambridge, 2; C. L. Schwind, Cambridge, 3; J. R. Walter, Oxford, fell. One of the slowest races ever seen among first-class riders. Buckley led with Whatton at his heels, either waiting for the other until 150 yards from home, when Whatton drew up nearly level, Buckley however responded, and quickly obtained a lead of five yards, by which distance he won. Time, 6.37.

Ten Miles Race.—W. F. M. Buckley, Oxford, 1; J. S. Whatton, Cambridge, 2; J. Stapleton, Oxford, 3; L. C. Carr, Cambridge, 0; A. W. Rumney, Cambridge, 0; W. M. Merry, Oxford, 0. At the end of the seventh mile Stapleton was leading, followed by Whatton and Buckley. At this point Buckley suddenly took the other competitors by surprise by putting on tremendous steam and completely running away from them all; Whatton was quickly in pursuit, but after riding very pluckily, a hopeless stern chase was defeated by 300 yards. Time, 32 min.

Twenty-five Miles Race.—W. K. Adam, Oxford, 1; W. A. G. Walter, Oxford, 2; E. T. Olive, Cambridge, 3; G. D. Day, Cambridge, 0; C. Fagan, Cambridge, 0; E. G. Frazer-Luckie, Oxford, 0. At twenty miles, the order was Walter, Day, Adam, and this continued until rounding the bottom curve for the last time, when Day passed Walter; Adam put on one of his finest spurts on entering the straight, and forty yards from the finish had just taken a slight lead of Day, when most unfortunately the latter fell, and left Adam to finish 10 yards in front of Walter. Day was not hurt, with the exception of a few small cuts. Time, 1 hr. 27 min. 12 sec.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

More N.E. energy. One day last week R. B. Hough rode from Hackney to Stowmarket and back, a distance of 170 miles.

* * * * * *

It was just as well that the N.E. members had not been informed of the sudden departure of their D.C. for Vienna. On learning it, at Syborn's Corner, an old and steady-going member of the District, was heard to remark "If I had only known it, I would'nt have come out in this cap."

* * * * * *

"The reason of my success in the paperchasing line" said a S.E. notable on Saturday before the start, "is that

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I make use of my head." E'er half an hour was over an unkind fate had taken him at his word. Fortunately a bent handle and a hole in the road were the only bad results.

* * * * * *

Turkish duplicity is notorious. But if all I hear is true about the wily Zulu having hired myrmidons along the road to deceive the ingenuous hounds with false trails and falser words, the Turk surely is no longer in it.

* * * * * *

It was quite like old times to find Arthur Herbert once more at S.E. meets, and to see Jack Potter plying his treadles with all his pristine impetuosity.

* * * * * *

I can pity a man who has injured his leg in the manly sport of bicycling; but at lawn tennis—a game only fit for women and infants—bah! the thing's impossible.

* * * * * *

The Captain's mount long used to Essex Flats and Essex Mole Hills, did not seem quite at home at first on the Surrey uplands. A few more runs in S.E. country would soon remedy this.

* * * * * *

I hear that the S.E. D.C. is quite longing for another wet Saturday, in order that his so-called "butterflies" may have all opportunity of retrieving their laurels—presuming of course they have lost any.

* * * * * *

I remind our members with all the vigour of which I am capable that entries for our race meeting close on Saturday; every member should enter for the Club Mile at least.

* * * * * *

I hope to see a large number of men at the Palace on Wednesday, to see our match against Oxford. Tickets should be taken through the Secretary to save the Club expense.

* * * * * *

The winners of all the races at the Inter-Varsity are L.B.C. men.

PORCUPINE.

THE ANNUAL RACE MEETING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SATURDAY, JUNE 16TH.

As the Committee intend to make the Race Meeting a success in every way, they trust members will exert themselves vigorously to sell tickets in every direction among their friends, remembering that for every ticket sold a small profit accrues to the Club. Even those who are not specially interested in bicycling may be glad to buy tickets when they learn that these can be obtained through our Hon. Sec. for 1s. 6d. apiece upon what is ordinarily a half-crown day.

By purchasing through this channel a gain of one shilling upon each ticket will be effected, and the ticket so obtained will admit to the Palace and grounds as well as to our Race Meeting. Subjoined is a comparative statement of expenses:—

	s.	d.
Ticket of Admission to Palace, Grounds, and our Race Meeting, if bought of the Hon. Sec.	1	6
Railway Fare, 1st Class Return from London to the Palace	2	0
Profit	1	0
	4	6

	s.	d.
Ticket of Admission to Palace, Grounds, and to our Race Meeting, if bought at the Palace, Railway Stations, or of other Agents	2	6
Railway Fare, 1st Class Return from London to the Palace	2	0
	4	6

RACING FIXTURES.

June 9.—Pickwick Races at the Crystal Palace.
9.—C.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Cambridge.
11.—C.U.Bi.C. Club Races, Cambridge.
13.—O.U.Bi.C. v. L.B.C. at Crystal Palace.
16.—London B.C. Races at Crystal Palace.
16.—Private Banks at Catford Bridge.
19.—University College Hospital at Stamford Bridge.
23.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
23.—Clapham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
28.—Rovers B.C. at Crystal Palace. Evening Race Meeting.
30.—Speedwell Sports at Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham.
30.—A.A.A. Championships at Lillie Bridge.
30.—Brixton Ramblers B.C. at Crystal Palace.

July 7.—Crewe Alexandra A.C. Meeting.
7.—Belgrave B.C. Races at Stamford Bridge.
7.—B.U. Five Mile Bicycle and One Mile Tricycle Championships at Birmingham.
7.—Lewisham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
7.—Belgrave B.C. at Stamford Bridge.
10.—National Temperance League—Band of Hope Union. Two Miles Open, at Crystal Palace. Entries close June 30th.
14.—B.U. Ten miles Tricycle and One mile Bicycle Championships at Crystal Palace.
14.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
19.—Crichton Three miles Invitation Race at Crystal Palace.
21.—Fifty miles Bicycle Championship at Crystal Palace.
25.—Eastbourne B.C. Races.

Sept. 15.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

J. W. Alison, Claremont Villa, Montague Road, Datchet.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 15.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. JUNE 14, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE EDITOR.

Under this heading we do not propose to give an autobiography of ourselves, which would be of little interest to our readers, but to discuss shortly—very shortly—the various duties, difficulties and cares which appertain to an office which we humbly submit is of some importance.

The first and principal duty of an Editor is to be strictly impartial, and he should not neglect to be punctual: to exercise a complete control over his temper, which will be sorely tried.

How difficult it is to explain to a contributor that his copy is irrelevant and cannot be published without hurting his feelings, and how much is the difficulty increased when the article is the result of a special appeal for copy. Take, as an instance, the present effusion. We can imagine our worthy Editor tearing his auburn locks when he peruses it, and exclaiming—Oh, that we had never asked that man! How truly weak is this! How are we to reject without incurring undying enmity? And then we can see the copy being hurled into the waste paper basket, and an expression of unbending firmness coming over that face we all love so well. His emotion overpowers him. He cannot work, so he lights his pipe, and presently the unbending features become less stern, a *laissez aller* kind of smile appears; the copy is picked out from the basket with the tongs and is sent upstairs to be set up. Then comes temptation. Shall we have a direful revenge. It is full well in his power; but no, the Club knew it could trust the man when it selected him, and it was right, he decides *not* to publish the name of the writer.

Want of copy is a great source of care. Of padding there is usually plenty; but it is the absence of those articles, quills and interesting letters, that is the Editor's real trial. He could probably write them himself if he could only think of good subjects, but having composed article after article, quill after quill, for past numbers, he gradually reduces his stock of subjects which looked so inexhaustible when he took the reins, and longs for ideas. So, dear fellow members, if you would help the Editor, send up ideas; never mind how crude in form, he will put them into shape.

There is one peculiarity about this important post which we must not pass over without honourable mention. It is, we believe, the only office in the Club into which the elected one is duly installed—or, speak more correctly, installs himself—with due ceremony. The first act of the new hand is to invest in a postcard, on which he proceeds to indite a humble request that his predecessor will consent to honour him with his presence at dinner at an early date, and not neglect to bring the contents of the "tub" with him. This is not very difficult, for, although from a sense of *amour propre*, the Editor will not allow that the "tub" is not brimming over with good material, we may perhaps

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so far let our readers into State secrets as to divulge the harrowing fact that the contents of the aforesaid tub can occasionally be carried in a waistcoat pocket.

The invitation being accepted, and the ex-Editor having been beguiled into the banqueting hall, he is feasted right royally and plied with as many different kinds of wine as he can be induced to take. The moment arrives when, with Spartan like firmness, he refuses the sparkling nectar, and he is then conducted to the billiard room, and after being supplied with the balmiest Havanas, he is informed that the ladies "like tobacco!" When the Havana is nearly consumed—peace be to its ashes!—the subject of the GAZETTE is introduced in the most unsuspicious manner, and the victim having been complimented on the brilliancy of the articles published during the past year which are assumed to be his—though probably he never wrote one of them—he is gradually and skilfully led to initiate the neophyte in all the treasured secrets which ordinary mortals must not know. The process of pumping having been successfully brought to the driest of ends the pumped one is consigned to bed, and next morning, after having plunged into a bath of the temperature of 32°, which he pretends to enjoy, is taken up to town and dismissed.

Having described the sublime and pleasing ceremony of installation, we might proceed to initiate our readers into many other editorial mysteries, but honestly we dare not; the stern visage of our Captain seems to appear before us and forbid us to continue, so we conclude with a pleasing consciousness that we have written much and told little.

NOTICE.—SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Special General Meeting, to discuss and decide the advisability of encouraging Tricyclists to join our ranks, will be held at the "City Arms Tavern," St. Mary Axe, on Monday, 18th June, at 6.30 p.m.

AGENDA.

The Committee will recommend—

"That after having carefully considered the position of Tricyclists in the Club, and the question of encouraging Tricyclists to join our ranks, they are of opinion that no alteration is advisable in the Club Rules or organisation, and that it is not expedient to hold a Road Trial for Tricyclists."

To consider the following motions:—

Motions by T. E. Scrutton—

I. In Rule 11, to insert before "members of the Committee" "past and present," and to insert after such words "or member of the Club, being at the time an officer of either of the O.U.Bi.C. or C.U.Bi.C."

II. To add to Rule 5 "not being members of any other Bicycle or Tricycle Club having its headquarters within twenty miles of London."

Motion by W. J. Williams—

In Rule 2, for the Prizes for Attendance at Club Meets, to alter the words "to the extent of the prescribed course," so as to read "to a point ten miles distant from the starting place."

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

Members are finally reminded of the above, which takes place at the Crystal Palace this Saturday, 16th inst., at 3 p.m. Tickets are obtainable from members of the Committee at the reduced price of 1s. 6d., and from myself. All members who do not use the free ticket sent to them are requested to return it to me as soon possible, as the Club has to pay for all tickets that are not so returned. The following entries have been received:—

TWO MILES (Open).

T. W. Hewitt.	H. H. Stinton.
C. W. Coe.	O. Thorn.
Theo. Godlee.	F. Izard.
H. R. Reynolds.	C. King.
F. G. Medcalf.	H. Walker.
W. Wyndham.	R. Dover.
F. G. Dray.	A. Fisher.
J. E. Phillips.	G. Fraser-Luckie.
O. G. M. Leeds.	H. C. White.
E. Tyler.	W. F. M. Buckley.
Sydney Lee.	W. M. Merry.
G. R. Oxx.	E. S. W. Roberts.
F. S. Buckingham.	A. Thompson.
A. R. Lockwood.	F. E. S. Perry.
A. L. Radford.	H. B. Clayson.
C. D. Vesey.	W. Agate.
G. F. Beck.	J. D. Butler.
M. H. Jephson.	R. A. Woolnough.
W. K. Adam.	H. W. Gaskell.
G. Stapleton.	D. Albone.
L. B. Reynolds.	

ONE MILE (Club).

A. L. Radford.	M. H. Jephson.
S. P. Smith.	W. K. Adam.
Theo. Godlee.	G. Stapleton.
H. R. Reynolds.	L. B. Reynolds.
C. Wigan.	O. Thorn.
M. H. Dicker.	S. Herbert.
O. G. M. Leeds.	Harold Smith.
A. Barker.	H. M. Hewitt.
A. Day.	A. Lloyd.
C. E. Parker.	L. Andrews.
G. P. Coleman.	W. C. Oswald.
R. G. Francis.	H. G. A. Brown.
G. F. Beck.	C. A. Brown.

FIVE MILES (Scratch).

C. D. Vesey.	A. Thompson.
G. F. Beck.	A. J. McKinlay.
W. K. Adam.	J. D. Butler.
Chas. King.	R. A. Woolnough.
W. F. M. Buckley.	H. W. Gaskell.
J. C. Tacagni.	

LADIES' CHALLENGE.

W. Wyndham.	O. Thorn.
G. F. Beck.	W. F. M. Buckley.
W. K. Adam.	J. D. Butler.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

[NOTE.—This list is not complete, as nearly twenty late entries have not been foewarded by the Secretary.]

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O.U.Bi.C. *v.* L.B.C.

Members will oblige by settling up *at once* for all tickets they may have had for the above Match.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

BATH TRIAL, 1883.

Successful competitors in the above are reminded that the medals and certificates are presented at the Annual Race Meeting next Saturday, the 16th inst., and are particularly requested to be present.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. DISTRICT.

Saturday, June 9th. Vienna,—*J'y suis, j'y reste*, was the D.C.'s terse account of himself. So without their leader four members left Syborn's Corner, and took the usual route through Chigwell and Abridge, the roads, as might have been expected, being found very dusty. At Passingford Bridge a noisy spring was sufficient excuse for a short rest, and an unfortunate water rat was made the target for a shower of stones. Then on by the main road till the turning to Shonk's Mill was reached, and the dust and traffic of the high road exchanged for the seclusion of narrow lanes, now up, now down, now twisting and turning in a manner that would put to blush those ignorant beings who talk of Essex as flat and uninteresting. The aspect of the country, now wearing its prettiest garb, was frequently admired—the trees, untouched by the cold winds that so spoilt their beauty last year, having as yet lost none of their freshness. At two or three different points it was noticed that the timber was being felled, and roots grubbed up, and a rustic volunteered the information that the Baron (Lord Carlingford) was clearing the ground. From the watersplash the road was stony to Navestock Common, where Child felt hungry, and fearing lest Blackmore would be capable of satisfying his appetite, he decided to stay at the "Green Man." The other three rode on, and, after fighting their way through numberless Essex calves, reached Blackmore about 6.30. The small village was scanned for a hostelry, and in the process of searching the party came upon the church, which has a remarkable wooden tower of three stories. The door being open, an inspection of the interior was made—an altar tomb with effigies of some Elizabethan worthies, and a fine piece of stained glass called forth much admiration. Adjoining the church is a house that bears the name of Jericho, the previous building having been used by Henry VIII. as a country seat, and at his occasional disappearance his courtiers were wont to observe that "his Majesty had gone to Jericho." A native having recommended the "Leather Bottle," the machines were stabled; and just as Long was trying to impress the landlord with the extent of our appetites, Weeks and Arnott on a "Sociable," and Lyne appeared, followed just as tea was ready by Stunt, who had ridden round by Chelmsford. The meal was chiefly remarkable for the scarcity of the milk—if it could be obtained anywhere, one would think that this would be about the best place; but, no! the only way to get it, as was suggested, would be to wait for the next train from London. Just as tea was finished the Treasurer rode in, having left Hackney at six o'clock. After the "Sociable" had been tried and approved of by all, it was thought desirable to make a start; but a considerable delay occurred, owing to two members having mysteriouly disappeared. However, they turned up as mysteriously as they had disappeared, and the return journey was made by way of Dudbrook, instead of Navestock Common—a shorter and more pleasant way, though there was scarcely light enough to appreciate the scenery. On reaching the Ongar road, lamps were lit, and a steady pace maintained for the rest of the way, though the riders of the "Sociable" found it rather too slow. It is hoped that the D.C. will take note of this, as the Treasurer is anxious to atone for past sins, notably on the occasion of the Dunstable Meet. Near Walthamstow the party gradually broke up, and it is presumed they all reached home in safety. Present: Arnott, Child, R. B. Hough, Kelsey, Lloyd, Long, Lyne, Stunt, and Weeks.

S.W. DISTRICT.

The S.W. storm, (for such it must be styled, as its unfortunate influence appears to have been but little exerted elsewhere on Saturday last), was sufficiently copious to act as a strong deterrent to those of our members who would doubtless have been filled, under ordinary circumstances, with something more practical than good intentions. Starting from home as the downpour was commencing, I was wet through ere I reached that convenient cabmens' shelter adjoining the Kingston Station. Here I waited patiently for any welcome companion, but in vain, and my only consolation, as I watched the violent and drenching rain, was a distant ray of brightness in the sky that suggested faintly that the weather might clear. The hoped for termination of thunder and rain took place about 4.35 p.m., and consequently, after leaving word for the benefit of any adventurous member, that the "District" had left for the double gates at Merton, I betook myself thither in the hope of finding some members of the W. who were understood to be likely to join us at this point. So local had the storm proved that my dripping condition occasioned much surprise on the way to Merton, and provoked frequent inquiries from passing cyclists as to the condition of things in the direction from whence I had travelled. Merton was reached at 5 p.m., and half an hour was spent on the constant alert for W. members, but as no single L.B.C. man was forthcoming, I took the road to Mitcham, proceeding thence through Sutton and by Burgh Heath to Reigate

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Hill, which was reached about 6.45 p.m. A reference to a map at this point showed painfully clearly that some seventeen more miles had to be covered ere I could reach the "Railway Hotel" at East Grinstead, and consequently that one and a half hour's more of solitary journeying must be undergone before I could hope to indulge in the varied pleasures of an extensive Club tea. These were decidedly unsatisfactory reflections, and further progress being apparently almost useless, I completed my afternoon of disappointment by turning the wheels for home, and thus afforded myself ample opportunity for meditating on the sins of the District. I could, however, arrive at no satisfactory conclusion as to the best method of remedying our occasional shortcomings. On returning to Kingston, I met Buckler, who had been unavoidably prevented from attending the run. Again, further on I found Sewell and Barnett, whose energies had apparently been expended in a somewhat different direction, whilst Ryan was presumably busy on the track preparing for the District Challenge Cup. In conclusion, let me remind members that the meeting place next Saturday is at the Crystal Palace, where I trust that the whole District will be found. I would also call the particular attention of members to the following Saturday, the 23rd inst., when we make our annual excursion to Newlands Corner and that Silent Pool, full of romantic traditions, even at so remote a period as the reign of King John. We shall have tea as usual at Albury. As our worthy Captain has promised to pay us a visit upon this occasion, we must all endeavour to obtain an exceptionally large muster of our members as a proof of our appreciation of the honour he is doing us, and at the same time we cordially invite members of other Districts to assist us in giving him a hearty welcome.

R. M. GRUGGEN, District Captain.

S.E. DISTRICT.

The air was sultry, and thunder-clouds were hanging over the the tops of the surrounding hills when a small party of five left the Fire Station on Saturday for East Grinstead. Just before reaching Caterham we were overtaken by H. G. A. Brown, and at the "Clayton Arms" we found J. Kinder, J. F. Potter, and McRae waiting for us. The road on as far as Blindley Heath was dusty and more than usually rough, but its superficial evils were borne with the usual resignation, or even contentment. A heavy shower had just passed off when we reached the foot of *Persuasion Hill*, and with the exception of one whose untiring zeal for records had led him to act as our pioneer, we of the main body were fortunate enough to arrive at our destination with dry skins. Here our forces were supplemented by F. B. Smith, Morgan and his brother, H. N. Sharp, and last, but not least, The O'Reilly, who had encountered a succession of showers on his way up from Brighton. Wyndham's telegram announcing the victory of our men at Cambridge came as a pleasant surprise, and soon after we had sat down to tea J. W. Potter (another pleasant surprise) arrived and made up the number to sixteen and two visitors. Present: H. G. A. Brown, Day, Hartridge, S. Herbert, J. Kinder, McRae, Morgan, W. C. Oswald, The O'Reilly, J. F. Potter, J. W. Potter, Sharp, F. B. Smith, F. H. Williams, F. M. Williams (W.); Morgan and A. C. Potter (visitors), and

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

W. DISTRICT.

Saturday, 9th. Only one member. F. M. Williams arrived at East Grinstead. No doubt the distance and the Cambridge races combined to prevent others from getting to the favourite haunt of the S.E. The D.C. started, but owing to the heavy storm of rain which descended, one hour's delay was caused, rendering it therefore an impossibility to ride so far and to return the same evening. The next run is on Saturday week to Stanmore, to meet the N.W., when I hope all will have recovered from the effects of the multiplicity of runs which are taxing the utmost efforts of all the District, and that we shall see a large muster in atonement for the preceding blank runs. Present: F. M. Williams.

H. C. PIGOTT, District Captain.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
June 16.—ANNUAL RACE MEETING.						
June 23.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30 and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for CHIGWELL. Meet S.E.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle," for STANMORE. Meet W.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for STANMORE. ("Crown.") Meet N.W.	Kingston Station, 4.0, for NEWLAND'S CORNER and the SILENT POOL.	3.45, Croydon Central Station, for CHIGWELL. Meet N.E.	"Hare & Billet," 4.45, for CHIGWELL. Meet N.E.
June 30.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for STIFFORD.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for LITTLE BERKHAMPSTEAD.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for MICKLEHAM. ("Beehive.") Meet S.W. and S.E.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for MICKLEHAM. Meet W. and S.E.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for MICKLEHAM. Meet W. and S.W.	3.30, Old Lewisham Church, for MICKLEHAM. Meet W. and S.W.

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BICYCLING IN SWITZERLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118.)

§ 23.—*Zurich to Bale.*

Distances. Miles.		
—	... ...	Zurich.
3	... ...	Altstetten.
7½	... ...	Dietikon.
11½	... ...	Neuenhof.
14½	... ...	Baden.
19	... ...	Oberburg.
20½	... ...	Brugg.
26	... ...	Effingen.
30	... ...	Frick.
32½	... ...	Eiken.
34½	... ...	Stein.
36	... ...	Nieder Mumpf.
39½	... ...	Möhlin.
43	... ...	Rheinfelden.
53½	... ...	Bale.

It was stated in one of my earlier letters that the distance from Bâle to Zurich was 56 miles. That is the rail distance; I find the road distance is a little less, as it cuts off some corners. This was our last ride preparatory to packing up our bicycles at Bâle and wending homewards. There is one, and only one considerable change of elevation in the route, and that is the passage of the Botzberg or mountain range separating the valley of the Aare from that of the Rhine. The mount up from Brugg is about 800 feet. In riding from Bâle to Zurich a dismount would be necessary at the top of the last steep quarter of a mile down into Brugg, for the road is very rough and you have a sharp turn on to a narrow bridge at the bottom, and then a steep pull up the paved streets. Except Rheinfelden, which is utterly unrideable, we knew this would be our last pavement, so we finished off by riding down it. We had made an early start from Zurich, too early to admit of our getting anything but a little bread and butter for breakfast, but on this and the delicious morning air we rode the whole way from Zurich to Rheinfelden (43 miles) in 4 hours and 20 minutes, all hills and halts included. The villages through which we passed after crossing the Botzberg were a sad contrast to the bright, clean, picturesque villages of other parts of Switzerland. Being so near the Black Forest, the inhabitants of the Canton Bâle seem to share the manners and customs of their Baden neighbours, and love to line their streets with pestilential heaps of "the fertiliser." The plastered houses, too, all have a mean and squalid aspect, utterly unlike that of the carved and festooned chalets of other Cantons. After having a good lunch and rest at Rheinfelden, we crossed the bridge and rode to Bâle by the Baden side. This is by far the best road of the two, but we found that one place where we had had to dismount two months previously, as they were altering levels, had not yet settled down into a rideable condition. We reached our old quarters at the "Hotel Euler" about one o'clock, and by four, thanks to the invaluable assistance of our good friend Gustav, the bicycles were cleaned, dismembered, and safely ensconsced in their crates. I may mention that they only took eight days on their way to Cambridge, instead of thirteen, so that the Great Eastern Railway Company were correct in telling me previously that they might be expected to take seven or eight days in transit. It is apparently cheaper to send a bicycle as one of two on the same note of consignment than to send it separately, as you get the advantage of a reduced rate on the joint weight. The "Centaur," which had been despatched by the same route previously by itself, cost 13s 4d to reach Cambridge; I paid 16s 8d for the other two, a trifle more than they cost going out, probably on account of the greater "terminal" charges at this end.

August, 1882. GERARD F. COBB.

(To be continued.)

L.B.C. *v.* C.U.Bi.C.

Fortune has at last smiled upon us, and the winning of all three events on Saturday last should compensate for our defeats in the three previous matches with the C.U.Bi.C: The match was run on the ground of the latter, and was well attended, among the spectators being Koch, Jackson, Hindley, O. Thorn, and Ashley Barrett, all of whom had ridden up, also C. A. Brown and M. H. Dicker, who had travelled by train. Though the weather was unspeakably hot, the course was in really first rate order, thanks to the careful watering it had undergone on the previous day from the Cambridge officials. Without doubt our opponents suffered greatly in being deprived of the services of their Captain, J. S. Whatton, and the ill-health that prevented him from running is as much a matter of regret to our men as to the members of his own club. For the London, Ashley Barrett acted as judge, and J. S. Whatton for the Cambridge; the starter being H. Nicholls. Details of the racing are as follows:—

ONE MILE.

Heat 1.—F. L. Adam, London, beat G. D. Day, Cambridge, by 10 yards in 3 min. 1 sec. Adam went ahead in the last lap in spite of a fly, which, finding its way into his left eye, almost prevented him from seeing the course, and subsequently in the Four Miles Race hampered him very considerably.

Heat 2.—A. B. W. Whatton, Cambridge, beat J. D. Butler, London, by 3 yards in 3 min. 4 secs. Our man led till last lap, when Whatton went to the fore, though Butler spurted gamely.

Heat 3.—Wyndham, London, beat C. A. E. Pollock, Cambridge, by 12 yards in 3 min. 4½ sec. Our man led throughout, and went away in the last lap.

FOUR MILES.

	London.	Cambridge.
1.—G. F. Beck	6	—
2.—C. A. E. Pollock	—	5
3.—J. D. Butler	4	—
4.—A. B. W. Whatton...	—	3
5.—F. B. Westcott	—	2
6.—F. L. Adam	1	—
	11 points	10 points

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This was a fine race, the men being close up throughout. At the end of the first mile Beck took the leading place, which he held to the finish, completing the whole distance in the good time of 12 min. $26\frac{3}{5}$ sec., being separated from the last man by not more than 14 yards. It may be noted that the time for this race is $12\frac{4}{5}$sec. better than that for the same race over the same course in 1881, and is 43sec. better than that for the corresponding race last year. Whatton was reported to have been shut out, but then Adam's mishap prevented *him* from doing full justice to his powers, so we may not speculate too freely upon what would have happened had things been otherwise. The first mile was done in 3min. 18sec, Westcott leading, closely followed by Adam and the rest of the field; two miles were ridden in 6min. 26sec., the order being Beck, Adam, Westcott; three miles in 9min. 32sec., the order being Beck, Westcott, Adam.

FIFTEEN MILES.

	London.	Cambridge.
1.—W. Wyndham...	6	—
2.—G. D. Day	—	5
3.—H. R. Reynolds	4	—
4.—M. H. Jephson	3	—
5.—L. C. Carr	—	2
6.—E. J. P. Olive...	—	1
	13 points	8 points.

In this race again very good time was made; since it was run in 3min. $41\frac{4}{5}$sec. less than was occupied in 1881 in completing the distance over the same course, and was 2min. $9\frac{3}{5}$sec. better than the time of last year.

The time of the first man, who was about 25 yards in front of the last competitor on finishing his 15th mile, was 47min. $18\frac{3}{5}$sec.

The time at the end of each mile, with the order of the men, are appended:—

Mile.	Time. Min.	Sec.	
1	3	10	Reynolds, Wyndham, Jephson, Carr, Day, Olive.
2	6	4	Jephson, Day, Carr, Wyndham, Reynolds, Olive.
3	9	10	Jephson, Day, Wyndham, Carr, Olive, Reynolds.
4	12	15	Jephson, Day, Carr, Wyndham, Reynolds, Olive.
5	15	21	Jephson, Day, Wyndham, Carr, Olive, Reynolds.
6	18	35	Jephson, Day, Carr, Wyndham, Reynolds, Olive.
7	21	45	Carr, Day, Jephson, Wyndham, Reynolds, Olive.
8	25	6	Wyndham, Jephson, Day, Carr, Olive, Reynolds.
9	28	18	Jephson, Day, Carr, Olive, Wyndham, Reynolds.
10	31	30	Wyndham, Day, Jephson, Olive, Carr, Reynolds.
11	34	52	Reynolds, Day, Jephson, Wyndham, Carr, Olive.
12	38	7	Reynolds, Jephson, Day, Wyndham, Carr, Olive.
13	41	24	Wyndham, Day, Carr, Olive, Jephson, Reynolds.
14	44	22	Jephson, Day, Wyndham, Reynolds, Carr, Olive.
15	47	$18\frac{3}{5}$	Wyndham, Day, Reynolds, Jephson, Carr, Olive.

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

It blew a small gale at Oxford on the 5th, when the Inter-Varsity Races were held. This, no doubt, favoured the home team, who knew the track, and could negotiate it better under such circumstances than the Cambridge men.

I never saw a more brilliant and better sustained spurt than Buckley's in the Ten Miles. He simply walked away from his men in the commencement of the eighth mile, and went on increasing his lead until the finish. At a large and enthusiastic meeting this would have meant a triumphal progress to the dressing room on the shoulders of frantic admirers.

* * * * * *

What a contrast to the Bicycle Union Championship Meeting at Leicester in 1881, when the same rider was allowed 75 yards start in the One Mile Handicap!

* * * * * *

And what sincere regret there is to think that he may not be able to compete for any of the Championships of 1883.

* * * * * *

Day's fall within fifty yards of home, after a finely contested race, in which he uniformly maintained second place, was most unfortunate. The exact cause is not known, but I think he leant too far forward in his sudden anxiety to keep ahead of Adam who was just on level terms with him when he fell.

* * * * * *

J. R. Walter was very little hurt after his fall in the first lap of the two miles funeral procession.

* * * * * *

Many L.B.C. men were on the ground, and Stephen Smith was Referee and C. A. Pollock one of the Judges, his colleague being the Rev. W. D'A. Crofton.

* * * * * *

Buckley was rowing in the Christchurch boat, and is now in training with the four for Henley, with a day off for the L.B.C. match.

* * * * * *

"*That's* where the corpses go," said a cynical Cambridge man as he assisted Day, after his smash at Oxford, to a full length position on the long table in the Pavilion, to which Douglas Smith had been carried two nights before. There were three accidents while the C.U.Bi.C. team was at Oxford.

* * * * * *

Day's pluck in coming out again on behalf of his Club four days after his fall was on every tongue on Saturday. The fifteen miles was his last race, and his genial company and pretty style will be greatly missed at Cambridge and elsewhere.

* * * * * *

The meeting of the Pickwick B.C. at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last was a great contrast to the West Kent meeting a fortnight before, in weather, times, and attendances. While at the West Kent only two heats were run under 3 minutes, and the scratch man could not do better than 3min. 7sec., last Saturday it was the exception for heats to take more than 2min. 50sec.; and Thompson, of the Sutton B.C., with 20 yards, did three miles equal to 2min. $48\frac{1}{5}$sec., 2min. 48sec., 2min. 49sec., from scratch.

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The Open Mile was won by Frost, of the Brixton Ramblers B.C., with 120 yards start, who oddly enough was a "fastest loser" in the first round, and also the "fastest loser" in the second round, third in his heat; Mayes, (120 yards start), Centaur B.C., was second, beaten by a foot; Hay, (55 yards start), third, a foot behind; while Thompson, (20 yards start), was close up. The handicapping was a triumph for the Union handicapper, as the second round also gave some very good finishes.

* * * * * *

The only London men riding were W. K. Adam from scratch, and Leeds with 80 yards start, but neither was successful. Adam was asked to do 2min. 47⅗sec. in his heat.

* * * * * *

In the Tricycle Invitation Race (half mile), Liles ultimately won by five yards from Radford of the L.B.C. and L.T.C. in 1 min. 40⅘ sec.; but in the heat Liles *v.* Lowndes, in which some swerving occurred, the time was 1 min. 32⅗ sec., and Radford did 1 min. 32⅕ sec. in his heat. Tricycling records are suffering.

* * * * * *

The C.U.Bi.C. held their Club Races on Monday last. The chief feature on the programme was the Five Miles Invitation Race, which resulted in a dead heat between Whish and Palmer, the latter coming up with a tremendous rush at the finish; A. B. W. Whatton was third, 25 yards behind; and Wyndham fourth. The time was poor, 16min. 35sec., though the last quarter of a mile was done in 38⅖sec.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—As an Essex calf, I beg to protest most emphatically against an expression of "Porcupine's," in the last isssue of the GAZETTE, about "Essex Flats and Essex Mole Hills." Does "Porcupine" know the road from four miles beyond Cambridge to Linton, and on through Sible, Hedingham, and Halstead to Lexham, near Colchester? Flat!!! The scenery is not touched within the four seas; and where there is any level, it is to allow the cyclist to enjoy a road which goes through avenues of glorious trees, like a magnificent park. Does "Porcupine" know the view from a gate near Stondon? The valley of Ongar first, and the ridge of hill beyond is something that even my father, who loves the pavement of Oxford Street, and was heard to remark last winter when following the hounds on foot along a muddy lane, that he wished there were some nice flagstones under foot, went into positive raptures over. "Mole Hills," indeed! Has "Porcupine" ridden up South Weald, or Theydon Bois hills?—I mean the one between Theydon and Epping, not that between Theydon and the "Wake Arms." I grant that there is a narrow strip of flat by the river by Tilbury.

May I be pardoned for telling a little tale? An uncle of mine was telling me the other day of some dreadful property he knew of in Essex which the proprietor left to someone in his will, saddled with a condition that the happy recipient should live there six months in the year, as the heir presumptive had been heard to say, that nothing would ever make him live in the place. I remarked, the property must have been near Tilbury. "Well," said my uncle, "I don't know the geography of Essex. The place was near Orsett."—Yours, etc.,

C. H. F. CHRISTIE.

THE LAWN TENNIS QUESTION.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—Without attempting to criticise the wisdom of the Club identifying itself with the Lawn Tennis movement, I should like to offer a few remarks on the subject. I would remind the stern disciplinarian, who will own to but one permissible mania—that of the wheel—that it is not possible for everyone to keep *going* at a perpetual high state of pressure." "*Dulce est desipere in loco;*" which, for his benefit, I will translate "It is pleasant to play Lawn Tennis occasionally." At the same time it cannot be denied that there are many objections that may be urged against our thus openly and officially encouraging a rival pastime. Men may not indeed play their ties on Saturday afternoons and evenings, but their is nothing to hinder their practising *then* for their matches; and who will guarantee that in giving a tournament we are not nourishing a viper, which, if we cannot crush altogether, we ought certainly to keep under as much as possible?

The promoters themselves must own that their venture at present stands on a very slender basis. It rests with them, and with those who have followed them through the gap, to show that so far from keeping men away from Saturday runs, the tournament has actually an opposite tendency in that it increases good fellowship among our members. Several of those whose names appear in the list of entries have been but very feeble supporters of their District, and it is said that there is one man who has not attended a single Club run this year. One thing is certain, that we ought not to run the risk of wounding the susceptibilities of some of our most zealous members, if those, at the instance of whom the iron rule is relaxed, cannot by their conduct assure us that in holding a lawn-tennis tournament, we are not in any way running counter to the primary interests of our bicycling community.

DODO.

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O.U.Bi.C. *v.* L.B.C.

ONE MILE RACE.

Heat 1.—W. Wyndham (L.), 1; W. A. G. Walter (O.), 2. Time, 2 min. 54⅘ sec. Won by 10 yards.

Heat 2.—F. L. Adam (L.), 1; M. H. Jephson (O.), 2. Time, 2 min. 51⅕ sec. Won by a length.

Heat 3.—W. K. Adam (O.), 1; A. B. W. Whatton (L.), 2. Time, 3 min. 11⅕ sec. Won easily.

FOUR MILES RACE.

G. F. Beck (L.), 1; F. L. Adam (L.), 2; W. A. G. Walter (O.), 3; M. H. Jephson (O.), 4; J. D. Butler (L.), 5; G. Stapleton (O.), 6. Time, 12 min. 24 sec.

The L.B.C. team thus won by 13 points to 8.

FIFTEEN MILES RACE.

H. R. Reynolds (L.), 1; W. Wyndham (L.), 2; O. Thorn, (L.), 3; W. K. Adam, (O.), 4; W. A. G. Walter (O.), 5; W. M. Merry (O.), 6. Time, 47 min. 30⅕ sec.

The L.B.C. team thus won by 15 points to 6.

(Full particulars will appear next week.)

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

The *Water's Meet* at Lynmouth is said to be one of the finest things of the kind, but I hear from one who has seen both that it was surpassed on Saturday by the *meet of the Freddy Williams'* at East Grinstead. Whatever the latter scene may have lacked in the picturesque it more than made up for in dramatic significance.

* * * * * *

A bowl of punch was, I hear, brewed at East Grinstead in honour of the success of our men at Cambridge, and the healths of the victorious team drunk enthusiastically.

* * * * * *

"Scott," the S.E. Colley, scored his first attendance this year on Saturday last.

* * * * * *

The W. and S.W. Districts (in their proposed state of amalgamation) were represented by quality rather than quantity, in the person of the Ex-Editor.

* * * * * *

"Speed on my *bi*, speed on," sang Jack Kinder, but with a cracked back-bone the *bi* could hardly be expected to answer to his appeal.

* * * * * *

The joint Meet, to be held at Chigwell on Saturday week, promises well. The N.E., I hear, are going to beat record; several of their oldest members will attend, and many a conscience will be eased of a load of broken promises. There will also be a counter move on the part of the S.E., who are determined to revenge Erith.

* * * * * *

The watersplash at Navestock did not suit the N.E. "Sociable;" one of its occupants getting his shoes full of water. This accounts for the persistence with which he advocated another way home. PORCUPINE.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

June 16.—London B.C. Races at Crystal Palace.
16.—Private Banks at Catford Bridge.
19.—University College Hospital at Stamford Bridge.
23.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
23.—Clapham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
28.—Rovers B.C. at Crystal Palace. Evening Race Meeting.
30.—Speedwell Sports at Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham.
30.—A.A.A. Championships at Lillie Bridge.
30.—Brixton Ramblers B.C. at Crystal Palace.
July 7.—Crewe Alexandra A.C. Meeting.
7.—Belgrave B.C. Races at Stamford Bridge.
7.—B.U. Five Mile Bicycle and One Mile Tricycle Championships at Birmingham.
7.—Lewisham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
7.—Belgrave B.C. at Stamford Bridge.
10.—National Temperance League—Band of Hope Union. Two Miles Open, at Crystal Palace. Entries close June 30th.
14.—B.U. Ten miles Tricycle and One mile Bicycle Championships at Crystal Palace.
14.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
19.—Crichton Three miles Invitation Race at Crystal Palace.
21.—Fifty miles Bicycle Championship at Crystal Palace.
25.—Eastbourne B.C. Races.
Sept. 15.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—We regret that at the time of going to press no account of the N.W. run has been received.

EXCHANGE LIST.

58-in. "Humber." Racer; ball bearings, 26-in. handle-bar well bent down, in good condition. £7 10s. L. B. Reynolds, 10, Adelaide Crescent, Brighton.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

E. R. Shipton, 139–140, Fleet Street, E.C.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 16.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. JUNE 21, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

In spite of threatening clouds in the morning, the clerk of the weather so far favoured us as not to inflict on us more than one sharp thunderstorm during the afternoon, and that was reserved for the last mile of the last race of the day. A rather strong wind blew in gusts, but the times were decidedly good. Though the want of a seated grand stand was much remarked on, a large number of ladies were present, and altogether the first meeting at the Crystal Palace must be pronounced a sporting and artistic success; the financial results are not yet ascertained.

We give full details of the racing below. The final heat of the Open Handicap resulted in a magnificent race, though we trust that the Committee will not start seven in a heat next year. As it was, the six men together in the last lap ran great risk; F. L. Adam scarcely got through, Thompson was shut out for a little while, and Perry lost a prize through crowding at the finish. We also earnestly hope that the objectionable practice of men who are not the judge, and who often are not in a line with the tape, at once announcing authoritatively that so-and-so has won, or is second, before the judge has given his decision, will be discarded in future. There were one or two very bad cases of this from men who ought to have known better, at the final of the Two Miles Open Handicap.

The Five Miles Scratch was brilliantly won by Gaskell, though we think if Buckley had been there he might have won by half a lap, if so minded.

In the Club events Wyndham was very unlucky; a spoke broke at the start for the Ladies' Challenge Cup, and in the District Ten Miles, riding a strange machine, he missed his treadle in the last 50 yards, when nearly level with W. K. Adam, who won in the fastest time yet made in this race. W. C. Oswald was "thrown in" for the Members' Mile, with 200 yards, our men not being equal to 2.44, or thereabouts, and this was the only handicapping mistake throughout the afternoon.

The following, besides the Committee, acted as officials:—Judge—W. Cornell; Starter—Arthur Adams; Timekeeper—G. P. Coleman; Referees—G. L. Hillier and M. D. Rucker, Jun.; Lap Takers—H. G. A. Brown and W. A. Smith; Clerks of the Course—A. E. Buckler, T. E. Scrutton, C. Newman, and S. P. Smith; Handicappers—The Race Committee.

The Crystal Palace Band played a selection of music during the afternoon.

After the races Mrs. F. M. Williams presented the prizes, and the meeting broke up after three cheers for the ladies.

TWO MILES SCRATCH.—(Ladies' Challenge Cup.)

W. K. Adam, 1; G. F. Beck, 2; O. Thorn, 3; W. Wyndham, 0. A great deal of interest was lost by Wyndham breaking a spoke at the start, and having to retire immediately. At the completion of the first mile, Thorn waggled and went to the front, but was passed again by

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Adam two laps from the finish. Beck then came up, but could not get by Adam, who won by ten yards. Time, 6 min. 2⅗ sec.

ONE MILE HANDICAP.

Heat 1.—H. R. Reynolds, 50 yards start, 1; S. Herbert, 200, 2. Reynolds caught Herbert on entering the last lap, and won as he pleased. Time, 3 min. 3⅗ sec.

Heat 2.—W. C. Oswald, 200 yards start, 1; H. Smith, 40, 2; L. B. Reynolds, 70, 3; W. K. Adam, scratch, 0; H. G. A. Brown, 110, 0. As was expected, after Oswald's trial on Thursday evening, he won very easily, H. Smith just beating Reynolds for second place. Time, 2 min. 48⅗ sec.

Heat 3.—M. H. Jephson, 20 yards start, 1; C. A. Brown, 60, 2; G. P. Coleman, 150, 3; H. M. Hewitt, 95, 4; S. P. Smith, 200, 0. The popular Handicapper soon took the lead, which he kept till 150 yards from home, when Jephson drew up, and won by ten yards from Brown, who just beat Coleman, Time, 2 min. 57⅗ sec.

Heat 4.—O. G. M. Leeds, 90 yards start, 1; F. L. Adam, 15, 2. Leeds was never troubled, and won easily. Time, 3 min. 1⅗ sec.

Heat 5.—O. Thorn, 60 yards start, 1; G. F. Beck, 30, 2; C. Wigan, 100, 3; R. G. Francis, 160, 0. This proved the most exciting heat. Beck soon drew up to Thorn, and the pair caught Wigan in the last lap; Beck looked like winning, but Thorn came with a grand spurt and won by a length. Time, 3 min. 3⅗ sec.

Final Heat.—W. C. Oswald, 200 yards start, 1; H. R. Reynolds, 50, 2; O. Thorn, 60, 3; H. Smith (fastest loser, heat 2), 40, 4; C. A. Brown (fastest loser, heat 3), 60, 0; M. H. Jephson, 20, 0; O. G. M. Leeds, 90, 0. Oswald had matters all his own way, and won by about sixty yards. Reynolds soon got into second place, which he retained, O. Thorn just beating Harold Smith by a foot for third place. Time, 2 min. 44⅗ sec.

TWO MILES HANDICAP.—(Open.)

Heat 1.—A. Thompson, Sutton, 30 yards start, 1; M. H. Jephson, L.B.C., 75, 2; L. B. Reynolds, L.B.C., 160, 3; D. Albone, B. & W.C.C., 150, 0; G. R. Oxx, Surrey, 200, 0. Thompson took the lead 600 yards from home, but Jephson was not to be shaken off, and an exciting race resulted in Thompson winning by four yards; L. B. Reynolds being third. Time, 6 min. 5⅗ sec.

Heat 2.—H. R. Reynolds, L.B.C., 110 yards start, 1; C. D. Vesey, Surrey, 80, 2; E. G. Frazer-Luckie, O.U.Bi.C., 155, 0. Vesey got off well, and heading Reynolds immediately, made the pace till half way round the last lap but one, when Reynolds, by a magnificent spurt, walked away from him and won as he liked. Frazer-Luckie retired, as his treadle became loose soon after starting. Time, 5 min. 58⅗ sec.

Heat 3.—F. L. Adam, L.B.C,, 75 yards start 1; C. King, Salisbury, 40, 2; W. A. G. Walter, O.U.Bi.C., 100, 3; F. S. Buckingham, Brixton Ramblers, 160, 0. When the bell rang, all the four were together, but Adam quickened up and took the lead, followed by King, the other two falling behind. Adam continued to gain and finished ten yards in front of King. Time, 6 min. 3⅗ sec.

Heat 4.—H. W. Gaskell, Ranelagh Harriers, scratch, 1; W. Wyndham, L.B.C., 70 yards start, 2; J. E. Phillips, L.A.C., 160, 3; W. Agate, Surrey, 170, 0; C. W. Coe, Brixton Ramblers, 150, 0; R. A. Woolnough, Rovers, 95, 0. Gaskell got up two laps from home and passed Wyndham half way round the last lap. Time, 5 min. 57⅗ sec.

Heat 5.—J. D. Butler, L.B.C., 120 yards start, 1; T. H. Hewitt, Chiswick B.C., 180, 2; R. Dover, Brixton Ramblers B.C., 160, 3; W. K. Adam, L.B.C., 55, 0; C. W. Fagan, C.U.Bi.C., 160, 0. Hewitt maintained the lead till 200 yards from the finish, when Butler passed him and won by a length. Time, 5min. 59⅕sec.

Heat 6.—F. E S. Perry, Crighton B.C., 70 yards start, 1; L. C. Carr, C.U.Bi.C., 120, 2; H. B. Clayson, Brixton B.C., 160, 3; H. Walker, Rovers B.C., 150, 0; H. E. R. Huber, introduced, 180, 0. Carr obtained the lead at the end of the mile, but Perry soon passed him. Carr, however, stuck to his man, and was only beaten by a yard and a half. Time, 6min. 0⅗sec.

Final Heat.—H. R. Reynolds, L.B.C., 110 yards start, 1; F. L. Adam, L.B.C., 75, 2; J. D. Butler, L.B.C., 120, 3; F. E. S. Perry, Crighton B.C., 70, 4; W. Wyndham, L.B.C., 70, 0; A. Thompson, Sutton B.C., 30, 0; H. W. Gaskell, scratch, 0. Thompson got off well, and very soon got amongst the others, who were well together. Gaskell did not appear to improve his position, and gave up half a mile from the finish. At the end of the first mile Thompson was leading, but Reynolds immediately displaced him, and he in turn gave way to Perry at the beginning of the last lap but one, half way round which Wyndham was leading. When the bell rang Reynolds spurted to the fore, and Adam, who was last but one, now came up with a fine turn of speed, and, passing his men, finished second to Reynolds; J. D. Butler was third, about 3 inches behind Adam, and Perry fourth. Time, 5min. 50⅗sec.

TEN MILES RACE FOR THE DISTRICT CHALLENGE CUP.

W. K. Adam, S.E. District, 1; W. Wyndham, S.E. District, 2; A. B. W. Whatton, W. District, 3; M. H. Jephson, W. District, 4; O. Thorn, W. District, 5; H. R. Reynolds, S.E. District, 6; H. Smith, N.E. District, 0; E. A. Weeks, N.E. District, 0; S. G. Hough, N.E. District, 0. With the exception of the two N.E. road-riders, who soon fell to the rear and retired, the race was most interesting, all the competitors, bar Reynolds, the methodical, taking it in turns to make the pace. On completing the eighth mile Harold Smith dropped behind, and gave up soon after. Just before completing the ninth mile Reynolds came up and took first place, and the excitement now became intense, as the six representatives of

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the two rival Districts were all well together. Two and a half laps from home Jephson led, with Whatton next, Adam, however, spurted when the bell rang, and went ahead, with Wyndham in close pursuit, and a splendid finish was spoiled by Wyndham losing his treadle; A. B. W. Whatton was third, 20 yards behind. Time, 31min. $54\frac{4}{5}$sec. Last mile, 2min. $55\frac{1}{5}$sec.; last lap $45\frac{3}{5}$sec.

Leaders and Time for each Mile.

Mile.	Time. Min.	Sec.	
1	3	$11\frac{3}{5}$	Thorn, Jephson, Adam, Wyndham.
2	6	$18\frac{2}{5}$	Smith, Jephson, Wyndham, Adam.
3	9	$33\frac{2}{5}$	Jephson, Thorn, Adam, Smith.
4	12	$47\frac{1}{5}$	Adam, Smith, Whatton, Jephson.
5	16	4	Wyndham, Adam, Whatton, Smith.
6	19	$25\frac{1}{5}$	Thorn, Adam, Smith, Jephson.
7	22	$40\frac{1}{5}$	Jephson, Wyndham, Adam, Smith.
8	25	$46\frac{2}{5}$	Jephson, Adam, Wyndham, Whatton.
9	28	$59\frac{3}{5}$	Reynolds, Jephson, Whatton, Adam.
10	31	$54\frac{4}{5}$	Adam, Wyndham, Whatton, Jephson.

FIVE MILES SCRATCH.—(Open.)

H. W. Gaskell, Ranelagh Harriers, B.C., 1; A. Thompson, Sutton, B.C., 2; C. King, Salisbury, B.C., 3; C. D. Vesey, Surrey B.C., 4; P. J. McKinlay, Beckenham B.C., 0; J. C. Tacagni, City of London B.C., 0; R. A. Woolnough, Rovers B.C., 0. On the pistol being fired Gaskell quickly assumed the lead, but soon gave way to McKinlay, who made the pace for the greater part of the distance. On entering the last mile all were well together, and at the half-mile King held the lead, which he maintained till half-way round the last lap, when Gaskell shot by, and, gaining gradually, won somewhat easily by 20 yards; a good race for second place resulted in Thompson just beating King by a yard and a half. Time, one mile, 3 min. $4\frac{1}{5}$ sec.; two, 6 min. $18\frac{4}{5}$ sec.; three, 9 min. 36 sec.; four, 12 min. $50\frac{3}{5}$ sec.; five, 15 min. $48\frac{3}{5}$ sec.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

The above was called for Monday last at 6.30 at the "City Arms Tavern," a quorum of thirty being required by the rules. After waiting for fifty minutes, however, only twenty-four members put in an appearance, thirteen of whom were officials and committeemen, and the Captain dissolved the meeting, announcing that the agenda would stand over to the Ordinary General Meeting next January.

PRESENT: *Officials and Committee.*—A. W. Barrett, T. E. Scrutton, E. S. Price, F. M. Williams, F. Jolly, E. H. Barrett, W. J. Williams, H. C. Pigott, C. Newman, R. G. Francis, G. P. Coleman, A. Lloyd, S. P. Smith.

Private Members.—H. R. Reynolds, J. S. and A. B. W. Whatton, F. H. Williams, J. Potter, A. L. Radford, A. Hawley, E. A. Weeks, M. D. Rucker, H. Jackson, and S. G. Hough.

N.W. DISTRICT.

Mr. A. H. Lown is now our District Captain. This has not been officially announced before, owing to an omission on my part.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Members who have not used the ticket for the Annual Race Meeting sent round with the GAZETTE *are particularly requested to forward them to me at once,* as we have to pay the Palace for *all* tickets not returned.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

N.W. DISTRICT.—IMPORTANT.

I have agreed with our new D.C. to take his place for the next two Saturdays. After the miserable failures of the last few weeks, it is not too much for me to ask and expect that members will turn up in something like respectable numbers. The average attendance at present must be the *very worst* the N.W. has ever had. Lawn Tennis and the River I know have great attractions, but the old Club must not be forsaken altogether.

We shall meet at "Jack Straw's" 4 o'clock, Hendon Station 4.30, riding to the "Green Man," Kingsbury, where we shall join the W. and ride together to Stanmore. The run is short, so some members might attend, and by not staying to tea get home again in time for some tennis, etc.

W. J. WILLIAMS, *for* D.C.

S.E. DISTRICT.

The Croydon Division will leave the Fire Station at 4 o'clock *punctually*, and proceed straight to Lewisham Church, where Stephen Smith will be ready at 3.30 to show the way to the ferry at Woolwich. The Blackheath Division will muster at the "Hare & Billet" at 4.45, and meet the Croydon men on Blackheath Common. As our last meet with the N.E. was more or less of a failure, I hope the district will do their best to obliterate the remembrance of it by a brilliant success. We shall have tea at the "King's Head," Chigwell, about half-past six.

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

WEST DISTRICT.

On Saturday next I confidently anticipate a large muster at Stanmore, as we meet the N.W. District there. In order to ride some part of the route in company, we are going to meet the N.W. at the "Green Man," Kingsbury, at 4.45, so that members starting late will have an opportunity of catching up the District at this place, where we shall halt for a quarter of an hour. We then proceed by the lanes to Stanmore, where tea will be obtained at the "Abercorn Arms." All members are expected to come, as the run is short, and the route a pleasant one. And I therefore hope that members will not be beguiled into attending the S.W. run to the Silent Pool, which is altogether too far, and has none of those attractions so enticingly held out by the S.W. D.C. In fact, those who go will be disappointed at riding so far and seeing so little. Now, Stanmore is quite different. A comfortable ride, good scenery, and a model hostelry are only a *few* of the inducements I hold out, and with doubtful weather in view, no member can have two opinions as to the better place.

HAROLD C. PIGOTT, District Captain.

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STAMFORD BRIDGE GUARANTEE FUND.

Members will remember that at the General Meeting I undertook to find twenty-five men willing to accept a contingent liability to the amount of 10s. each, in order to free the Club from the charge of £12 12s. 0d. due to the L.A.C. for the rent of Stamford Bridge on June 30th. I had no difficulty in obtaining these twenty-five names and did not then try to get more. It has now become probable that I shall have to call upon the guarantors to redeem their promises, but before doing so I wish to ask if there are other members who are willing to add their names. I think it is not too much to expect that twenty-five more members may be willing to subscribe, in which case the liability of each would only be 5s. Names will be received by me,

STEPHEN P. SMITH,

9, Morden Road, Blackheath, S.E.

L.B.C. *v.* O.U.Bi.C.

The above match, the bare particulars of which appeared last week, took place on the Crystal Palace track on Wednesday the 13th inst., in weather which was considered favourable to fast times. There was a very good attendance of members, particularly of the S.E. District, who took advantage of the convenient locality and turned up in great force. Great was the disappointment and regret expressed when it was found, on arrival at the track, that Buckley had been placed *hors de combat* by an unfortunate accident on the Oxford track the evening before. This was a severe loss for the 'Varsity, though it would not have altered the ultimate result of the match. The Judges were G. L. Hillier and C. H. F. Christie; starter, Ashley Barrett; timekeeper, G. P. Coleman; while T. E. Scrutton made an efficient telegraph boy.

ONE MILE RACE.

Heat 1.—W. Wyndham, L.B.C., 1; W. A. G. Walter, O.U.Bi.C., 2. Walter made the pace till 200 yards from home, when Wyndham drew out, and, gaining gradually, won by 15 yards. Time, 2 min. 54⅗ sec.

Heat 2.—F. L. Adam, L.B.C., 1; M. H. Jephson, O.U.Bi.C., 2. This heat was well contested. Jephson got off with the lead, which he held till the bell rang, when Adam spurted and gained the lead, which he increased to 15 yards at the flag-post. Jephson then came again, but could not quite get up. Adam winning an exciting race by a length. Time, 2 min. 51⅓ sec.

Heat 3.—W. K. Adam, O.U.Bi.C., 1; A. B. W. Whatton, L.B.C., 2. Each rider wanted the other to make the pace, consequently the first lap was walked, amidst great laughter in 73 sec. Adam then went ahead, and increasing his lead in the last lap, he won by 15 yards. Time, 3 min. 11⅗ sec.

FOUR MILES RACE.

G. F. Beck, L.B.C., 1; F. L. Adam, L.B.C., 2; W. A. G. Walter, O.U.Bi.C., 3; M. H. Jephson, O.U.Bi.C., 4; J. D. Butler, L.B.C., 5; G. Stapleton, O.U.Bi.C., 6. Jephson made the pace, and at the end of the first mile was leading; all the others well together, Beck whipping in. Towards the end of the second mile Beck ran into first place, with Butler next and Walter third. This order was maintained till the bell rang, when Jephson ran up to Beck, but was beaten off. F. L. Adam then made his effort, coming up in fine style, though he could not get by Beck who won by three yards. Walter was third, just in front of Jephson. Time, 12 min. 24⅗ sec. London thus scored thirteen points to Oxford's eight.

FIFTEEN MILES RACE.

H. R. Reynolds, L.B.C., 1; W. Wyndham, L.B.C., 2; O. Thorn, L.B.C., 3; W. K. Adam, O.U.Bi.C., 4; W. A. G. Walter, O.U.Bi.C., 5; W. M. Merry, O.U.Bi.C., 6.

Reynolds commenced to cut out the pace, and at the completion of the second lap Wyndham spurted, but gave way to Thorn who was leading at the completion of the mile. All the competitors kept well together, and each in turn, bar Adam, acted as pace maker. At the end of the thirteenth mile, which, strange to say, was completed in exactly the same time as the same distance in the fifteen miles race against Cambridge, Reynolds was leading, with Wyndham next, and Thorn third. Reynolds kept the lead and held his own against Wyndham, who spurted hard at the finish, and could not get nearer than 3 yards. Thorn, who is riding in very good form at present, was only 2 yards behind Wyndham. Time, 47min. 30⅕sec. London thus scoring fifteen points to Oxford's six.

After the races twenty-two men sat down to dinner, and a very pleasant evening was spent, in the course of which Ashley Barrett proposed the health of the Oxford Club, and referred to the regret they all felt at Buckley's misfortune; he also complimented Walter on his pluck in riding in the three events. The toast was responded to by Walter. Stephen Smith then proposed the visitors, which was answered briefly by W. B. Tanner, G. L. Hillier, and J. S. Whatton.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
June 23.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30 and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for CHIGWELL. Meet S.E.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle," for STANMORE. Meet W.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for STANMORE. ("Crown.") Meet N.W.	Kingston Station, 4.0, for NEWLAND'S CORNER and the SILENT POOL.	3.45, Croydon Central Station, for CHIGWELL. Meet N.E.	"Hare & Billet," 4.45, for CHIGWELL. Meet N.E.

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BICYCLING IN SWITZERLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125, AND CONCLUDED.)

§ 24.—*Things in General.*

The two summers in which I have been bicycling in Switzerland have neither of them contained any long periods of hot settled weather, and I have had to contend with alternations of mud and hard-baked ruts rather than with dust. I cannot therefore quite say how far in an ordinary summer the dust will be found a serious inconvenience. Undoubtedly some roads which are badly mended, such as the Rhone Valley Road and its extensions over the Simplon and Furka, will be found very dusty in a dry season; but as regards the generality of Swiss roads they are mended with such excellent stone that there is no danger of their "going to pieces" in a drought, as many, if not most of our English roads do. One great merit of a Swiss road is that you will almost always find a good run *along the extreme edge of it*, the sidings being kept remarkably smooth and clean.

In the less mountainous districts you will often find the road raised on a regular embankment like a railway, for the sake of avoiding depressions, etc. These are the bits of road on which even more care is required in passing vehicles, etc., than on the hilly mountain roads, for here you have two steep banks, one on each hand, and not merely one; the risk to vehicles is therefore doubled.

In riding on long hills, such as those to be met with in Switzerland, it is surprising to observe the difference between the real and the apparent gradient. To one going up a hill, whenever a fairly long reach of it is in view, the gradient always looks less steep than it really is. The only way of estimating it is to turn round and look *down* the hill. On the other hand, if you come to a corner, especially if the road curves round it in a cutting between two banks, the up gradient is apparently exaggerated, and you would think the hill is getting steeper, although the gradient may be perfectly uniform. This deceptive phenomenon may be observed on a small scale on our Circular Racing Track, in Cambridge, where, if you stand on it in the cutting beneath the judge's box and look in either direction, you would think that the path went up hill, though it is really an absolute level.

Whether it is due to the chronic roar of the mountain cataracts and the intermittent thunder of avalanches, I cannot say, but it is a deplorable fact that the native Swiss are decidedly deaf, and as most roads run alongside of some noisy stream, you should provide yourself with the shrillest whistle you can get if you wish to maintain a clear course.

Some kind of toothed bar for holding the brake fixed is absolutely essential for Swiss riding; the hills are too long for any arms to maintain the strain of applying the brake without some such mechanical assistance.

Maps, Distance, Measurements, &c.—For guide book there is nothing like Baedeker (to be had in English as well as in other languages), and the Swiss Ordnance maps are, like their roads, models of surveying skill. Maps of a size approximately corresponding to our inch scale may be had of any part of Switzerland; certain sections, too, may be had on a larger scale, containing contour lines indicating the rise and fall of the country. These last will be found particularly useful, as they enable the bicyclist to ascertain exactly the gradients at any portion of his route, and so to be prepared for the hills; but on the ordinary scale maps the heights of most of the villages, etc., are given (or, if not, they will be found in Baedeker), so that the essential features of the route can be inferred beforehand. Each contour line on the large scale map indicates a height difference of 30 metres (roughly 100ft.). The most usual gradient will be found to be two contour lines, or 200ft., to a mile—*i.e.*, a resultant or average gradient of about 1 in 25, which is perfectly rideable up or down. Swiss roads are well provided with legible signposts; but if the rider is in any doubt as to where he is, let him, on passing through the next village, look out for the red board invariably fixed above the shop or inn serving as post office. On this board, with its white cross, he will see the words "Post Ablage," followed by the name of the village. This is better than dismounting to ask, as the patois pronunciation of local names would deceive even the best German scholar. The Swiss unit of measurement, both for heights and distances, is a metre, which is equivalent to thirty-nine English inches. To translate a height in metres into English feet, multiply by $3\frac{1}{4}$. Thus the lake of Thun, being marked as 560 metres, above the sea, by multiplying by three, and adding a fourth, we get 1820ft. The distance measurements are not quite so easy of computation, but an average mental arithmetician can easily do the sum as he rides along. In most districts the distance unit is a kilometre—*i.e.*, a thousand metres. A metre being 39 inches is equivalent to a yard plus a twelfth; 1000 metres, therefore, is 1000 yards plus the twelfth of a thousand, *i.e.*, 1084 yards (roughly), which is again (roughly) 200 yards more than an English half mile. Hence we get the following formula for converting kilometres into miles—Divide the total number of kilometres by two, and add to the result 200 yards for every kilometre. Twenty kilometres, then, will be ten miles plus (20 times 200) 4000 yards, or (roughly) $12\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Another rough and ready way of calculating is to take $\frac{5}{8}$ths of the number of kilometres. The roadstones are generally placed at intervals of every five kilometres, but the signboards will give the exact distance from place to place, even to the tenth of a kilometre. In the canton Bern distances are indicated by "stunden" or "hours," a "stunde" being presumably the average distance covered by the Bernese wayfarer in an hour's walking. It is very nearly equivalent to five kilometres, being 4800 metres exactly, or just eighty yards short of three English miles. In some places you will find both methods of computation in vogue, and both kilometres and stunden posted up.

With regard to maps. The best general map of Switzer-

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land is Leuthold's; but for more detailed use the Swiss Ordnance maps should be procured. A.—The ordinary scale map, about §ths of an inch to the mile, is to be had in twenty-four separate sheets, and I think the price at Stanford's is 2s. 9d. a sheet. Several of the sections however will be of little or no use to the bicyclist. B.—Next to this comes a scale twice as large again, called the Original Survey. This scale is only to be had at present for certain districts, and not for the whole of Switzerland; but new numbers are being issued every year. Each sheet contains an area equal to $\frac{1}{12}$th of that contained in a whole sheet of scale A; the sheets are therefore much smaller. I forget the English price, but they are to be had for one franc abroad. These contain the contour lines. Again, there are certain favoured districts for which you can obtain sheets (C) on a scale four times that of A, *i.e.*, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the mile. As both these scales, B and C, form part of the same numerical series, it is always necessary to look at the scale index if you wish to ascertain to which class the map belongs.

The maps can be mounted most conveniently by cutting off all margins, and dividing sheets A into two sheets by a line drawn from top to bottom, *i.e.*, from N. to S. Then divide each half-sheet thus obtained into three equal portions by lines from N. to S., and four equal portions by lines from W. to E. The half-sheet, thus mounted, folds up into a size which can be easily placed in a breast pocket. A little American leather case in which to enclose the maps is convenient; it secures them from wet, etc. Sheets B and C need no halving, but can be mounted as they are by removing the margins and dividing them by one line from W. to E. and by two from N. to S. The resultant square will be slightly larger than that of A, so that if both sizes are in use, the leather case should be fitted to the size of B and C.

Few forms of anticipating the pleasures of an outing are so rewarding as going carefully over the route intended on a good map, noting the villages, streams, mountains, lakes, and other features of it as far as it is possible for a map to give them. It is wonderful how readily the imagination conjures up a thoroughly real and lively presentation of the whole scene. Of course it is not quite so enjoyable as the reverse process of reviving your associations of a journey actually made by reference to the map months or years after; still it is a real enjoyment—at least I have always found it so—and I venture to think that if anyone intending to visit Switzerland will provide himself with the requisite maps at home and travel over the ground beforehand, with their aid, and the help of these notes which you have been so kind as to publish, he will not find it so dry a business as he may be inclined to imagine. For this purpose I append a list of the maps required for each of the routes I have here described. The Roman numerals are the number of the sheet of size A, each sheet being (where required) referred to in its divided state, the letters W and E representing the Western and Eastern; *i.e.*, the left or right half of the sheet respectively. Where only the number is given, it is to be inferred that both halves of the sheet will be required. I have also added in Arabic numerals the numbers of the smaller sheets of size B or C wherever they exist—

§ 1. Maps ii., E.; iii., W. of Scale A. Nos. 8 and 28 of Scale B or C.
§ 2. ii., E.; vii., E. 7, 8, 9, 10, 96.
§ 3. ii., E.; iii., W.; vii., E.; viii., W.; xii., E. 8, 28, 30, 143, 145, 321, 323, 337, 339, 358.
§ 4. xii., E. 319, 322, 336, 338, 339, 352, 353.
§ 5. xii., E.; xiii., W. 352, 353, 354, 355, 367, 391.
§ 6. xii., E,; xiii., W. 353, 355, 395.
§ 7. xiii., W.; xviii., W. 395, 396, 488.
§ 8. viii., xii., E., xiii. 337, 339, 353, 355, 389, 391, 392, 393, 395.
§ 9. xii., E.; xvii., E. 353, 355, 367, 463, 488.
§ 10. xii., E.; xvii., E. 353, 355, 366, 367, 462, 472.
§ 11. xii., xvii. 318, 319, 331, 332, 336, 338, 353, 354, 355, 366, 367, 462.
§ 12. viii., E.; xiii., E. B and C not yet published.
§ 13. viii., E.
§ 14. viii., E.; ix., W.
§ 15. viii., E.; xiii., E. 390.
§ 16. viii., xiii.
§ 17. viii., E. 160, 161.
§ 18. viii., E.; ix., W. 161.
§ 19. viii., E.; ix., W.
§ 20. viii., E.; ix., xiv. 246, 263, 400, 401, 404.
§ 21. iii., E.; viii., E. 16, 54, 65, 67, 159, 161.
§ 22. iii., E.; iv., W.; viii. E. 16, 54, 56, 57, 58, 65, 66, 67 159, 161.
§ 23. ii., E.; iii., viii., E. 8, 18, 28, 29, 32, 38, 39, 158, 160, 161.

In conclusion, I have to thank you, Mr. Editor, for your kindness in inserting this itinerary. I fear I have trespassed unduly on your space, and on your readers' patience. Descriptions of this kind meant to serve a purely practical purpose must be somewhat dry reading. They will however have served their end, and I shall feel amply rewarded for any pains I have taken with them, if they be the means of inducing other riders to visit the districts mentioned, and of saving them when there the trouble of hunting out the details of their route beforehand. Should anyone following my tracks discover any inaccuracies in those details as here given, I shall be very much obliged to them if they will kindly point them out. It will be found that the distances stated are sometimes at variance with those given in Baedeker; but his distances are very often those of the railway, and not of the coach road.

August, 1882. GERARD F. COBB.

[NOTE.—The date of the Elm landslip (p. 109) should have been September, 1881, instead of September, 1882.]

ON THE TRACK.

Having been persuaded it was my duty to enter for the Club Mile, in a weak moment I did so—Get my machine (a heavy roadster) up to London Bridge, and leave it at the booking office—they paste a label on the only bright part—Go down to the Palace by 2.30—find a racing man has come by the same train—In a most masterly fashion he turns his racer upside down, and wheels it up the stairs, hind wheel in the air—Seems so easy, I try it myself,

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but with very disastrous results; the first being that I drop my bag which contains some tea in a glass bottle wrapped up in my clothes—Next, I hit a man in the back with the small wheel which sways about from one side to the other—reach the first landing—get desperate, and try to carry the machine up forcibly by the hub, only however managing to pinch my hands, spoil my gloves, and make a large, black, oily streak on a white waistcoat I had intended to have a very telling effect on a certain person to whom I had given tickets—began to wish I had not done so, particularly as I had given them (in conformity with precedent) to the little brother, who will, no doubt, make rude remarks about my appearance —As I find my efforts at carrying the bi. rather exhausting, I engage a porter who calmly wheels it up in the ordinary manner—consider that racing man has done me an injury —At last I arrive at the track, which does not exhilarate me; for of all the dreary places I think this beats the lot—looks like the ruins of something or other—they might fill the basins up a little so as not to show quite so much iron piping — that bridge, too, just by the dressing room looks awfully dangerous—think it would be safer to have a wall about a foot high, so that should a man go over the edge he would shoot out some distance, and so fall in the water, which might be kept deeper—at present he would fall on the jagged stones lining the basin—Begin to wish I had never entered but must go on now—especially as I have asked her to see me—Go out to see if they have arrived—don't find them—most likely at concert inside the Palace—hope they will stop there until my heat is over—Back to dressing room—Policeman wants to see my competitors' ticket, which I have lost, and only get in by one of the officials swearing to my identity—Our ribbon seems to have a remarkable effect on the force—Think I will look at some of the machines, but having no colours on am not allowed through—Notice, however, that our officers are turning traitors—Get one to lend me half his ribbon, and swagger up to the custodian of the wicket, who gives way before the tricolor—Racing commences—Waddy breaks a spoke and pulls up in the first fifty yards of the Ladies' Challenge—wish mine would do the same —make up my mind I wont start, and secretly extract the bolt from my crank—have reckoned, however, without my host, for a particular friend (whom I shall never forgive) with mistaken generosity insists on my using his racer. Having a long start, have to mount in front of all the people. Hope she has not arrived yet—order to mount given—startling discovery, bicycle has no step!—try to get on by various means, and at last, by the help of a little main force from a muscular member, manage to get seated—find she is just the other side of the fence looking on all the time—little brother jeering—get very confused and hot—don't hear the pistol, but energetic starter does, and sends me off with a jerk that nearly capsizes me—go off as hard as I can—have not gone far before scratch man of the heat catches me up, but does not pass me—begin to think I must be better than I thought I was until the bell rings, when he dashes away and beats me by almost half a lap—can hardly feel my legs, and nearly tumble down when I get off—Now my part of the performance is done have a look at the racing—wonder what Oswald will be later on if he can go like that now on a roadster—Harold Smith rides the machine he had in the Bath—should not like to trust myself on it from Bath to Devizes. Jephson and Wyndham great favourites with the spectators—a duck nearly upsets former—Francis and Beck in the same heat—Former evidently decides he won't beat his best friend. In the sixth heat of the Two Miles the spectators seem to have turned into a lot of rooks—can hear nothing but Cawr! Cawr!!—but find they are only urging Carr on as he gamely sticks to Perry—during the Ten Miles District I take a stroll round—can't find anyone I know for some time—at last find object of search—no seats to be procured nor tea in the refreshment tent—little brother wants to know why I didn't win—tell him strange machine, but he won't believe it—can't shake him off until I send him to have a ride on one of the bone-shakers the Palace company lets out on hire—have to point out all the more celebrated L.B.C. men to her—thinks they are all very nice—ten miles still going on—don't I think Waddy (everybody calls him Waddy) looks nice?—Of course I do, but I don't want to keep on saying so all day —friend of a brother comes back—torn his trousers and cut his knee—says it is all my fault—says his sister must take him home—wish he had killed himself—a long wait in the racing, as we have got before time and some men are coming on from Beckenham and Catford Bridge. All the scratch men ride very close to the inside edge of the track, going over the line sometimes—remember I had some difficulty in keeping inside the outer line—shower comes down, and the prizes which the Captain had taken so much trouble to arrange are shot all of a heap into the judge's box—Captain, however, rises superior to all difficulties, and all get their proper prizes—new racing medal much appreciated by winners—wear my new Bath medal at once.

N. H., Jun.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

June 23.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
23.—Clapham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
28.—Rovers B.C. at Crystal Palace. Evening Race Meeting.
30.—Speedwell Sports at Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham.
30.—A.A.A. Championships at Lillie Bridge.
30.—Brixton Ramblers B.C. at Crystal Palace.

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QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. Browne.

"I always heard the C.P. track was a fast one," remarked a wag as Adam and Whatton were taking 73 secs. over the first lap in their heat at the Oxford match.

* * * * * *

The feelings of the two members of the Race Committee, who timed Oswald from his mark on Thursday night, may be more easily imagined than described.

* * * * * *

I hear that the verdict of our lady visitors is that a grand stand and a cup of tea are necessary to make the Race Meeting perfection.

* * * * * *

We fortunately got through the afternoon without a single tumble, and no one protested in the Final of the Two Miles Handicap, though Perry might very fairly have done so. I hope the Committee will be warned against next year.

* * * * * *

C. A. E. Pollock invested the Telegraph Board "with whatever artistic merit it possessed."

* * * * * *

Everyone missed the "N.E. crock" and its indefatigable rider, who has won his heats in the Club Mile since 1860 or thereabouts.

* * * * * *

Seriously, George Oxx of the Surrey has the proud distinction of having ridden at every Annual Race Meeting given by the L.B.C., last Saturday being his ninth.

* * * * * *

The editor's modesty is being much tried, I hear; a small boy on Saturday rushed at him and insisted that he was "Mr. Falconer." I hope our President feels flattered.

* * * * * *

"Don't you think the Gazette is getting very personal? I thought that article on——went too far," said a virtuous member the other day. He little knew he was addressing the writer of the article in question.

* * * * * *

There were loud cries in the crowd for Fred Williams' speech on Saturday, after Mrs. Williams had given away the prizes, but his natural bashfulness only led to his assaulting two or three members smaller than himself, and retiring blushing.

* * * * * *

I am sure all our members regret Buckley's unfortunate accident, and the credit of the victories over the Universities is marred by the fact that in each case their best man was not riding.

* * * * * *

If the O.U.Bi.C. had ridden their printed team, they would have won the Mile by 2 to 1, and we the Four Miles by one point, and the Fifteen Miles by at least 3 points, thus winning the match by two events to one.

* * * * * *

The Treasurer was observed chuckling on Thursday, as the Club has only to give 2 medals, instead of 10 as last year. If only there had been a head wind in the Bath Race the finances might look cheerful.

* * * * * *

I hear that the Editor has a practical article on Continental Touring, from an expert, in the tub, which intending foreign travellers will do well to look out for.

The Latest of the N.E.D.C.

Hotel Tegetthoff, Vienna,
15th June.

"Sorry to have been detained here so long, but hope to get off soon."

* * * * * *

Last Saturday was quite a field day for the Club Mashers. White hats, white ties, and white waiscoats were quite *de rigueur*.

* * * * * *

The West D.C. has become so elated with the success of his District, that he had the temerity to hint that upon its present form the N.W. should be divided between the W. and N.E.

* * * * * *

Is this not enough to bring out again the ancient members who used to bestride the trusty "Stassens" in days of yore and smile at a club run to Amersham and back?

* * * * * *

It has been suggested that the Stamford Bridge track being still on our hands for Saturday week, the two Districts not represented in the District Challenge Race should have an afternoon's competition, as many members of each of the two Districts taking part in it as may choose to do so. The N.W., I believe, funk the N.E., or might challenge them as well as the S.W.

* * * * * *

Two of our members, and five members' brothers, played for the South of England Lacrosse team in the match against the Indians at Wanstead.

* * * * * *

"Big John," the Indian chief and field-captain, was evidently put out by something; attired in a Moses suit and a felt hat, he strenuously refused to put on his native dress, and kept on repeating "I'm de boss here." However, halfway through the game he came round, and amidst enthusiastic yells from his team was seen bounding out of the pavilion, complete with an enormous head-dress of feathers.

* * * * * *

Sibold had his work cut out to get his men's attention to "Preciosa" towards the finish of the Fifteen Miles Race at the Oxford match.

* * * * * *

One of the best things at the Race Meeting on Saturday was J. C. Oswald's beaming face, as he watched his brother's victorious progress round the track. Porcupine.

TOURING.

Could any member of the L.B.C., who has had personal experience, tell the undersigned the best route to the Lakes. R. Cooper Willis.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

C. Y. Lyne, 70, Albion Road, Stoke Newington, N.

EXCHANGE LIST.

For Sale.—58-in. "Humber Racer," built this spring; 57-in. "Rucker Roadster," built last summer. Address, Gilbert F. Beck, Lloyd's, E.C.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 17.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. JUNE 28, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE TREASURER.

It is with feelings of profound respect that we approach the subject of the Club finances and the Club financier. This is not, as some narrow-minded persons might suppose, because we have not paid our subscription: we should indeed be sorry to add another straw to the burden of our arrears which, to judge from the notices appearing from time to time in our columns, our Treasurer may be supposed to have to bear continually on his shoulders. We can imagine it an easy task enough when the subscriptions flow in almost spontaneously, and each year's labours are crowned with a substantial balance; but—and we must confess we ask the question with considerable diffidence—has this ever been the experience of our Treasurer? Is not the work of collecting the golden guineas of the L.B.C. known to be about as arduous a task as was that of gathering the golden apples of the Hesperides? and may not our Treasurer be said to live like the Syracusan despot, with a drawn sword suspended over his neck, in the shape of a prospective balance on the wrong side at the end of the year? The figures in which they are conveyed may appear hyperbolical, but the questions themselves would, we think, be answered in the affirmative by anyone who can speak from experience. It is said that the countenance of the Treasurer is sufficient to show the hard work the office entails, while at the same time it may be regarded as a thermometer, indicating the height or the reverse of the Club's pecuniary resources. With what a smile—faint as it is rare—does he present the balance sheet which shows a small surplus; but, on the other hand, with a *deficit* staring him in the face, the shadow of a smile no longer adorns, and it is with sternly set features that he advocates a policy of economy, or replies with a *non possumus* to some Quixotic scheme of Club liberality. Occasionally you see him with a well-fed sort of an air about him from which you gather that his arrears have just been lessened by the receipt of the subscription of some tardy member. At another time he wears a lean and hungry look, and you suspect that he has just returned empty handed from a foraging expedition up some three or four flights of dark and precipitous stairs. Few and far between are, alas, the smiles of the Treasurer! Truly when the north-east wind has raised the value of medals on Whit-Monday, or our racing men have held their own against the Universities, he may have been known by his most intimate friend to have indulged in a quiet chuckle, but seldom, if ever, on public occasions will his features relax from their sphinx-like look of seated melancholy. More seriously we doubt if any of the Club officers have a more irksome duty to perform than the Treasurer. It is true the Captain has a greater responsibility; and the Editor has no easy task sometimes in grasping the meaning of his correspondents when they blossom forth into abstruse jokes, or deck their effusions with fragments of foreign tongues. Here there is scope for genius; but in the place of Treasurer, a

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good man of business is worth more than half a dozen men of genius. Let us congratulate ourselves, and the Club, on always finding men able and willing to undertake the responsibilities of a not over flourishing exchequer; and let us acknowledge the services of our Treasurer by paying our subscriptions punctually—a small enough thing in itself, though no slight boon in the eyes of the hard-worked official whose duties we have here taken the liberty to consider.

LAWN TENNIS.

Result—First Round.

Hewitt	beat	Wyndham (scratched).
Naylor	„	Gruggen.
Elgood	„	Hindley (scratched).
Scrutton, T. E....	„	Lloyd.
Reynolds	„	Potter, L.
Herbert Arthur	„	Potter, A. L.
Beck	„	Scrutton, J. H. (scratched).
Potter, J. F. ...	„	Francis, R. H. M. (scratched).
Francis, R. G. ...	„	Barker.
Sharp	„	Herbert, Alfred.
Paull...	„	a bye.

Powell and Rucker had not played by the 23rd instant, and consequently are scratched.

Second Round.

Hewitt	plays	Naylor.
Scrutton, T. E. ...	„	Reynolds.
Herbert, Arthur ...	„	Beck.
Potter, J. F.	„	Francis, R. G.
Paull	„	Sharp.
Elgood	„	a bye.

Results must be sent in by Monday, 16th July.

H. N. Sharp.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. District.

June 23rd.—The little district has been so admirably organised by that energetic gentleman, whose address, according to latest post card advice, is still Hotel Tegetthoff (by-the-by he *don't* seem to-get-off), that in his absence the runs are carried out with clock-work regularity. Jolly and Lyne met at the top of the Lea Bridge Road precisely at 3.30 (a case unprecedented in the memory of your reporter), and proceeded through clouds of bunting and throngs of loyal spectators anxiously awaiting the return of H.R.H. from Buckhurst Hill, to Syborn's Corner, where G. Smith and Sharman were found, and were presently joined by E. D. Sewell. The five reached the Flats by the usual route, and were then beguiled into a so-called short cut worthy of the N.G. himself, consisting as it did of a villanous piece of road over the most exposed part of the Flats against a stiffish breeze, and a voyage of discovery through the latest failures in road making by Forest Gate builders, winding up with a barrier and a dismount. The right road was found at last, when Sewell turned back to make a call, and was seen no more. The monotony of the flat country was pleasantly varied by a difference of opinion between two natives of East Ham, one of whom was old enough and fat enough to have known better; his arguments were however so convincing that his opponent was morally and physically floored by them. At the Albert Dock a long wait was occasioned by reason of the swing bridge being closed, or, as an official in a mildly corrective tone observed, open for the passage of a large steamer, and it was fully expected that we should find the visitors also detained and waiting on the opposite side. This did not prove to be the case, and a long wait was made at the pier, during which, liquid and nicotian refreshments were indulged in, and then the band (of North Woolwich Gardens) played. It was not until 5.45 that eight South-Easters and two visitors landed; an immediate start was made, the Home District with true courtesy giving the place of honour to their guests, modestly bringing up the rear through Barking and Ilford, and striving to impress the natives thereof rather by an exhibition of fine form than speed; so well did they carry out their principles that the visitors were soon lost sight of, and arrived at Chigwell in advance. More members were found at the "King's Head," and an excited group surrounding the new Rucker Tandem bicycle, a description of which it is hoped may appear in these columns. A most unfortunate breakdown in the Commissariat department occurred, for which apologies are due to the S.E.; no one's fault, of course; D.C. absent, Substitute on a tour; Treasurer had left it to Substitute; reporter "didn't know nothing about nobody;" however, just as thoughts of going home to tea were being indulged in, the meal was announced and partaken of, such as it was, in somewhat disjointed fashion in detached arbours, the inner garden being reserved for our exclusive use. An early start home was made, some energetic members stating their intention of accompanying the S.E. as far as Ilford; the rear guard having no particular yearning to visit that spot twice in the same day, jogged home in a manner more befitting their years and dignity through Snaresbrook and Walthamstow, over the marshes, and parted at Spring Hill as ten was striking. Present at Chigwell: E. H. Barrett, A. Barrett (visitor), Forster, R. B. Hough, Jackson (N.W.), Jolly, Kelsey, Lyne, C. Newman (N.W.), Rucker, Sharman, G. Smith, and Weeks. Present at start: E. D. Sewell. Spoken: S. G. Hough.

N.W. District.

June 23rd.—Our run to Stanmore with the W. was certainly a success, although the district was not re-

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presented by anything like its proper strength. Only Metcalfe joined me at Hendon Station, and no Hampstead contingent arriving we left at 4.45, riding to the "Green Man," Kingsbury, where we found Barnett awaiting our arrival with two W. men. Where the West D. C. was, and why he did not turn up was beyond the powers of the combined districts to divine. Could he have had the audacity after that letter of his, detracting from the charms of the Silent Pool, to have gone there after all? If so, it is well for him he does not get rule over that portion of the N.W. which he covets! Our grand muster of five made for Stanmore, *viâ* Kenton Lane and Harrow. Weald Common, from which there is a magnificent view, extending for miles over Rickmansworth way. At the "Abercorn Arms," where we were joined by Langmore, Elgood, and G. Hill, they were unable, or somebody suggested unwilling, to give us tea, so we moved on to the "Crown," at which house we were accomodated in good style. During the meal Stunt and Alison turned up, the latter calling in on his way from Digswell Hill to Datchet. We left about eight, and made our way back by Kenton Lane and the Hide, having had a most enjoyable run, with roads in good order after the rain. Present: Alison, Barnett, Elgood, Hill, Metcalfe, Stunt, and

W. J. Williams, for District Captain.

Next Saturday the run is one of the best of the season—Little Berkhempstead—and I shall fully hope to meet a large number of men at Tally ho! Corner at 4.30. There are a great many in the district whom we have not had the pleasure of seeing this season, and I shall be very pleased if they will for once favour us with their company. I can promise, if the weather is fine, a splendid ride over *good* roads and through beautiful country, and probably "macadam pie" for tea. What more do men want?

W. District.

June 23rd. There is nothing to be added to the account of Saturday's run which will be furnished by the North West D. C. *(pro tem.)* except to express surprise that for such a short run on a fine afternoon the attendance of West men should have been so small. The late rains had greatly improved the roads—even Clamp Hill, usually a mass of shingle, was in fair condition and rideable. There was a nice breeze, the scent of new mown hay everywhere, and no rain, though the clouds looked rather threatening as we were returning. Present: H. M. Hewitt, J. W. Langmore, and A. B. Whatton.

S.E. District.

Three men left Croydon last Saturday for Chigwell. At Lewisham Church Parker and S. P. Smith were found waiting, the latter of whom acted as pioneer as far as the ferry at Woolwich. On the way they were joined by Blackheath Division, five strong, and at the landing stage by Beck and the D.C., and the whole party crossed over by steamer without mishap. A detachment of the N.E., who had ridden out to welcome us, were drawn up on the opposite shore, and with a strong breeze behind, and a surface which seemed excellent after Lewisham and Woolwich macadam, a good pace was kept up to Chigwell. Here we were expected by the main body of the North-East, but *not* by the landlord of the "King's Head." The difficulty of want of room was, however, soon got over by an impromptu tea in some of the arbours in the garden. After a post-prandial pipe and a pleasant half hour spent in the company of the North-East, a move homewards was made about half-past eight. Several of the N.E. kindly accompanied us back as far as Barking. Though somewhat delayed by the ferry and the crowded streets of Woolwich, the various parties reached home before the small hours. Some little credit is due to those S.E. men who supported their District at Chigwell on Saturday, instead of choosing more pleasant ways of their own. Present: G. F. Beck, Day, Halliday, S. Herbert, Marten, W. C. Oswald, Parker, S. P. Smith, S. E. Whealler, two visitors, and

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

Next Saturday we run to Mickleham to meet the W. and S.W. The Croydon Division will wait for the Blackheath men at St. Katharine Street until 4.30, and leave punctually at that hour. A short halt will be made at the "Glyn Arms," Ewell, at 5.15. A great many men who found Chigwell too far have promised to come, so there is every chance of a good meet. We shall have tea at the "Beehive" at 6.30.

R. G. Francis.

S.W. District.

The opinion that the West D.C. candidly expressed last week concerning the tranquil and ever-interesting Silent Pool which he described as so unattractive as to be unworthy of a visit, is not, we trust, the result of personal experience; for it would indeed be difficult to understand how so romantic a spot could have thus signally failed to exert any influence upon him. Assuming then that he speaks from hearsay, we emphatically urge him to visit this pleasing resort and then to report thereon. Anyway, the best thanks of the District are due to the West D.C. for the thoughtfulness he has displayed in re-announcing our run, and thus again reminding members of our destination, which, but for this voluntary consideration would have been altogether omitted! Our meet at Kingston, in so far as other districts were concerned, was decidedly satisfactory, for nearly all were represented; but upon the doings of our own men on that particular day we must needs draw a

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veil. Precisely at 4-15 our energetic Captain Barrett was at the meeting place, followed shortly after by W. J. F. Potts, an old rider in our District, who, it will be remembered suddenly left us last year to join the S.E.D. At about 4-30 p.m. Price and Hawley rode up, they having come in "hot haste" from Hampstead. After a short delay, for the benefit of our late visitors, the run was commenced, and the usual route followed by Surbiton to Esher, where we had a short pause and found several members of the Wanderers B.C. preparing for a Road Trial Handicap, from thence to Guildford and back to Esher. Triflingly refreshed we were soon again pursuing our course over hill and dale to Cobham, and at this last named place no persuasive efforts on our part could deter Potts from quitting us; we regretted his absence the more when we remembered the slight sketch he had given before starting of what his little 48-inch. machine was capable of accomplishing in the matter of hills and of the opportunity that Newlands Corner would have afforded for practically putting both rider and wheels to the test! Passing over the picturesque bridge across the Wey, and beneath the miniature Clifton Suspension Bridge, we were soon (under the speedy conduct of our northern guides) at the Wisley Hut and its pleasing surroundings, and the scene of our "great picnic" of last year. At Ripley we stayed again, and there learning that the road-racing talent of the Wanderers B.C. was shortly expected to pass through, we awaited their coming with interest. In about five minutes one member (Litchfield) passed in fair form, and then as time went on, and no other riders made their appearance, we were obliged to continue our run. Turning to the left, about a mile from Ripley, and passing through the quaint little village of West Clandon, we drew near to Newland's Corner, but before reaching this ground there is a very decided obstacle or formidable hill in loose and stoney condition to be surmounted, and up this (to their credit be it spoken) both Barrett and Hawley rode in excellent form! Upon gaining the top and Corner, a splendid view is obtained of the surrounding country in almost every direction, but the weather was too dull to admit of our seeing either Windsor Castle or St. Paul's, which are both visible from this point. The track of the ancient pilgrims, on their way from Southampton to Canterbury, over St. Martha's Hill, which is marked by fine old yew trees, could however be clearly discerned; here, indeed, would have been a grand place to hold a picnic! The descent to the Pool is fairly rideable, but as we came to the steepest pitch we saw Whatton coming up, and so saved further risk by dismounting. We were sorry to learn from this representative of the West District that he had already had tea at Gomshall, seen the Pool, and was on his way to town. About 7.30 p.m. we had reached the clear, refreshing-looking, and peaceful waters known as the Silent Pool, in which it was refreshing to watch the meanderings of several different specimens of the "finny tribe." The summer-house overlooking the upper pool was already occupied by a festive and extensive picnic party, so that the customary smoke could not be indulged in there. Upon quitting the pools we soon reached the "Drummond Arms" at Albury, where we had to make the best of both short and indifferent rations, where even milk was at a premium, and no persuasiveness on our part could induce the good people to take anything off the top shelf in the larder for us that might possibly be in reserve there for Sunday. Outside Albury, Price and Hawley left us, they to ride to Aldershot, and we to return to Kingston. Thus concluded a very pleasant annual excursion, which would of course have been still further incrersed had our S.W. members been able to give us their hoped for cordial support. Distance from Kingston 36 miles. It was currently reported that the S.E. were to be at the Silent Pool, but they never came. Members present: Ashley Barrett, E. S. Price, J. S. Whatton, A. Hawley, W. J. F. Potts, visitor, and R. M. Grugeen, District Captain.

The run next Saturday is to Mickleham to meet the West and S.E., when we must all endeavour to take part in the run.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
June 30.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Stifford.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for Little Berkhempstead.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for Mickleham. ("Beehive.") Meet S.W. and S.E.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for Mickleham. Meet W. and S.E.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for Mickleham. Meet W. and S.W.	3.30, Old Lewisham Church, for Mickleham. Meet W. and S.W.
July 7.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Ongar.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for Shenley.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for Ockham.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for Ripley.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for Bletchingley.	Old Lewisham Church, 3.30, for Bletchingley.

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CONTINENTAL TOURING.

The serenity of mind, the placid enjoyment of life and its pleasures, the sweet and quiet content of a blameless conscience, which have hitherto been distinguishing features of my existence, have all been threatened with speedy and remorseless extinction since I was requested (which is a gentle and inoffensive euphemism for a far more imperious word) by the Editor to write an article for this GAZETTE. The instructions (hints would be softer, but the truth must out) received were explicit and precise; they were given with all that perspicuity and directness which adds such force to anything the Editor has to say. In obedience to their tenor I have therefore essayed to carry out the obligation of an Occasional Contributor (or O.C. to vary the venerated initials D.C. which are sometimes seen in the GAZETTE) by contributing an article.

My theme has been selected. It is Continental Touring, to be treated in a practical and rational manner. Those are conditions easily made, and very sweet, no doubt, to the mind of him who made them. Whether it is possible for me to fulfil them or not I cannot say.

Continental touring by bicycle is almost free from one great evil attendant upon home "touring" so-called, and that is riding a certain number of miles within a given time, more for the sake of scoring distance than for the pleasure to be derived from the journey. A man who goes abroad is, in a great measure, the child of chance. He has, it is true, made his plans as far as his information of his intended route will permit, but he knows perfectly well that they are liable to be changed by many circumstances he cannot foresee. With a simple and child-like faith that all will turn out well he sets upon his journey, and often returns having completed a tour varying largely from that he traced out before starting. The uncertainty whether fixed plans can be carried out, the consciousness that you cannot fix your road beforehand in "cut-and-dried" sections and follow it without deviation, lend a certain charm to foreign travel which is absent from home touring. The moral of all this is, Don't make fixed plans. Sketch out the general idea of a route and leave the rest to that Providence which shapes your ways plan them how you will.

An inseparable adjunct to continental touring by bicycle is a bicycle. I say this advisedly, because there are some riders who will start away with that which they dignify by calling a bicycle, that, however, which the calmer judgment of those who are unbiassed and candid decides to be a Thing. A Thing is a dangerous and unsatisfactory companion at all times, in spite of the fond ecstasies of its possessor. A good bicycle, tight and sound, and well found in all its various parts, is most essential. It should be a strong, well-made, reliable roadster, completely equipped with the usual necessaries. In addition, it is advisable to take a spare treadle pin, a few spare nuts, a cake of Prout's elastic glue for possible tyre cementing, some stout whipcord, and a waterproof saddle cover. It is better not to carry a lamp. All night riding should be struck out of any programme of continental travel. It does not coincide with any rational ideas of pleasure, and in a foreign country is more than likely to prove dangerous, besides being against one of the first objects of a tour—the enjoyment of the country one intends to pass through.

Next to the machine the most important consideration is clothing. It is above all things most desirable to take two complete changes, one for riding, the other for use when not riding. For riding there are few things to excel a thin pair of knickerbockers, an alpaca or light tweed coat, and a thin, thoroughly shrunk flannel shirt. Those who have once ridden in knickerbockers will agree, I think, in saying how infinitely superior they are for comfort to the tight and perspiration-producing knee breeches. Indeed, a crusade against the latter would be, in my opinion, as justifiable and laudable as that carried out against the hideous and vulgar jockey cap. Headgear is an important element of clothing fraught with various and diverse difficulties. I confess to many misgivings upon the question myself. I have tried straw hat, polo cap, cricket cap, and helmet. For comfort, shade, and coolness, the latter claims precedence over all the others, but in appearance it retreats before them precipitately. I can, however, remember no more satisfactory headgear than the well-ventilated helmet worn on more than one tour, impervious alike to rain or sunshine, its capacious proportions large enough almost to shelter back, shoulders and all. Black canvas shoes, with leather straps over the front part, and with leather backs and stout leather soles, are preferable to any others, as they more quickly dry in the event of a wet ride, and they are easy and comfortable to the feet. A macintosh can be carried or not, as the inclination of the individual rider dictates.

Now as to baggage. On my last continental tour I carried the following:—A thin suit of clothes, thin cotton shirt, spare flannel shirt, four Indian jerseys, two pairs socks, one pair thin patent leather boots, six pocket handkerchiefs, celluloid collar, tie, cloth hat, braces, razor, toothbush, soap (the little books of soap-sheets are equally good), sponge, brush, pocket comb, tobacco, pipe. For possible tailoring operations, needles and thread, a few pieces of cloth, and a pair of nail scissors were taken, and they proved most useful. A tiny medicine chest consisting of a small bottle of arnica, and another of vaseline, some lint, a bottle of chlorodyne, some goldbeater's skin, and a supply of fuller's earth, was not omitted. All these were packed in one of Anderson, Abbott and Anderson's admirable handle bags, and a knapsack which has seen much service in various parts. The latter might prove irksome to those unaccustomed to it, and a multum could be substituted. I cannot speak too highly of Anderson's bag. Its capacity is great; its

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convenience and simplicity greater. It is not at all unlikely that by ordering an extra sized bag, a knapsack or multum might be dispensed with, and a small saddle bag substituted.

There are one or two additions to the above which are indispensable. A good guide book is the first. If you are not a brilliant linguist, a small pocket dictionary is the second. For France, and countries where French is understood, nothing will beat Bellow's English-French Pocket Dictionary (price 10s 6d). The same author is compiling, or has published an English-German Dictionary on the same plan. The third addition is a reliable map. As a rule, the reduced Ordnance Survey of the particular country you are about to visit is the best. Such maps can always be obtained at Stanford's, or through his agency, and they well repay the trouble of carrying owing to their accuracy and clearness. Finally, it is always well to carry a passport. The cost and trouble of obtaining it (and when once obtained it is good for life) are absurd in proportion to the service it may render you at unexpected times.

I am quite prepared to believe that many tourists will consider the above outfit too complete. Let the doubting ones give it a trial, and when they experience the comfort and comparative luxury it will be the means of affording them at the close of a hot and dusty, or perhaps wet and windy day's ride, they will solemnly resolve never to dispense with it in future. It will be the means, besides, of making them presentable and civilised-looking beings at crowded continental *table d'hôtes*, or in crowded continental streets, where the vagaries of the travelling Englishman are already sufficiently pronounced to render it desirable they should not be enhanced by the appearance of the English wheelman in his somewhat decided garb. Depend upon it that although you may possess the gastronomical capacity of an Alison, the airy spirits of a Scrutton, the pottering genius of a Godlee, you will not be happy if your visible and invisible raiment is wet with the dews of many sweats and you have not the wherewithal to enable you for the time being to discard it. In such circumstances a change of clothing means a mind at rest and a body refreshed.

A hint as to the journey from England may not be amiss. It is always advisible before starting to write to some responsible Official as to the rates of carriage for bicycles. Do not rely on published information; it is often wrong. If more than one rider should be starting it is quite possible a reduction in terms may be conceded; and do not forget to arm yourself with the official letter to this effect for production to any booking clerk who may be anxious to charge you fancy rates. If bicycles are charged according to weight do not let them be weighed with the luggage strapped on. It may make all the difference.

As to the time of year for travelling it must, of course, depend upon the country to be visited. It is obvious that the height of summer cannot be chosen for a tour in Southern climes, or the early spring or late autumn for travelling in Northern latitudes. The season of travel must be governed by circumstances, and it will therefore be unnecessary to offer any superfluous remarks on the subject.

Avoid second-rate hotels; they are a delusion and a snare. Avoid equally those where English most do congregate; they are generally dens of extortion and overcharge. The best hotel to go to is that which caters for the best class of native travellers. There you will almost invariably meet with good cooking, genuine foreign manners and customs, civility and honesty. The sanitary arrangements may, perhaps, be a trifle primitive; but shake off insular prejudices, for a time at least, if you can, and allow yourself to make acquaintance, not only with the country you may be visiting, but also with its people and their mode of life as far as you are able.

Keep to main roads as a general rule; by-roads are mostly bad; and do not forget the difference in the rule of the road which obtains in every foreign country except Bohemia from that which obtains in England,—*i.e.*, to keep to the right side.

The cost of a continental tour will mostly depend upon the rider. Speaking generally it is very moderate, and I think the sum of ten shillings a day, exclusive of travelling, will be found sufficient to cover all reasonable expenditure.

I have done. I have tried to be exhaustive, but I feel how vain has been the effort, and how the threshold of the subject I was ordered to write about only has been touched. I also feel how presumptuous it has been in me to offer a few hints on Continental Touring in the GAZETTE of a Club which contains so many continental tourists of far wider experience. To the tender mercies of indulgent readers I commit this fragmentary effusion, begging them to visit the Editor—who was its First Cause—with all the blame, and to accord to me all the praise—if any is due.

R. P. H. R.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—Now that our GAZETTE is making its appearance once a week, I trust I shall not be encroaching too much on its space to write on a subject I have long wanted to see noticed. I had hoped that some with more knowledge of the working of the Club than myself would have ventilated the matter; but as no one has taken it up, I feel that I ought not to procrastinate any longer. I wish to say a few words on the *date* of the Club dinner. Has it never occurred to any of those gathered round the festive board how very few resident 'Varsity members ever put in an appearance? What is the reason of this paucity? Lack of interest in the Club? No. The "Spartan life" (?) led by them during term time producing a distaste for such festivities? Possible, but highly improbable. What then?

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Great personal inconvenience. Now, sir, I contend that if the date of the dinner was fixed a fortnight later—say between the 6th and 10th of December—we should have the pleasure of seeing more 'Varsity members present. Of late years, the date has generally been fixed sufficiently near the end of term to preclude the possibility of men getting leave of absence. In fact, last November an enthusiastic member of both Clubs confided to me that he dare not ask for another "absit" from his tutor, as he had already that term buried an uncle, grandfather and grandmother; and on the last application the tutor had informed him that he must not have any more family bereavements before the end of term!! I quote the above, not as pointing to the moral good the Club might effect by accepting my humble suggestion—and so discountenancing deception—but rather as insinuating that the tutors—misguided race—value the results of examinations more than attendance at Club dinners. To fix our date within a week of the exams. is to fly in the face of the powers that be, and to this cause alone I attribute what appears to be the unconviviality of 'Varsity members. Being mindful, sir, of your declaration, and fearful—mighty fearful—of our governing body, I shall shift the responsibility of these remarks to your shoulders and be known only as DELTA.

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

The "National Cyclists' Union" came into existence on Thursday, the 14th inst., *vice* the "Bicycle Union," killed by tricyclists. About two hours' debate was expended on the change, Hampton-Roberts and Scrutton supporting the name "wheelman," and the combination, "National Union of Wheelmen," but they were left in a minority, of which it is hoped the quality made up for the lack of quantity.

* * * * * *

Howell has beaten Keen in a mile at Wolverhampton in 2.47, the half-mile being said to be done in 1.16, being record time.

* * * * * *

Report says that the *C.T.C. Gazette* are going to bring out a Christmas number at the end of the year in the shape of their handbook.

* * * * * *

The following time-standards have been fixed for the Bicycle Championships:—1 mile, 2 min. 48 sec.; 5 miles, 15 min. 10 sec.; 25 miles, 1 hr. 20 min.; 50 miles, 2 hr. 50 min.

* * * * * *

A silver medal will be given to the winner of the fastest heat (other than the final) in each of the Tricycle Championship Races.

* * * * * *

The Two Mile Challenge Cup at the L.A.C. Meeting on Saturday was a match between Wyndham and F. L. Adam, which, after a waiting race, Wyndham won by less than a yard, in 6 min. 16⅘ sec.

* * * * * *

The Three Miles Handicap resulted in a benefit for the limit man; the three placed men having respectively 460, 250, and 300 yards. Liles was at scratch, and F. L. Adam (20), Wyndham (40), and O. Thorn (160), represented the L.B.C.

* * * * * *

The Twenty-five Miles Championship is fixed for August 2nd, at Taunton. West, King, and Fry are the only local men with any pretensions to championship honours; indeed Birmingham looks like securing all the Championships this year.

* * * * * *

The 100 miles match between Lowndes and Nixon on tricycles was decided last Monday at the Crystal Palace. Lowndes led at 50 miles, but in the 52nd mile an accident happened to his machine, which enabled Nixon to get ahead. Nixon completed 60 miles in 4 hr. 12 min. 10 sec., Lowndes being about 3 minutes behind. The latter however retired in his 62nd mile, and Nixon, going on, covered the distance in 7 hr. 23 min. 50 sec., beating all records. I need hardly say this is an extraordinary performance.

* * * * * *

The bicycle has found its way into the Law Courts; and not in an assault case. In Bown *v.* Humber, in the Court of Chancery this week, Mr. Justice North has been investigating the patents as to ball bearings. The court has been blocked with bicycles and bicyclists, and Sir Frederick Bramwell has been discoursing learnedly on the engineering merits of different bearings. At the time of going to press I hear that a judgment for the defendants is probable.

* * * * * *

The twenty-four hours' "Facile" race on Saturday last was won by Adams, covering 220 miles, 7 furlongs, or 6 miles longer than Snook's ride of last year. The second man did 219 miles.

* * * * * *

Lowndes, in a trial spin at Surbiton on Friday last, clocked by G. Atkinson, beat all tricycling records from 1 to 10 miles; doing 1 mile in 3 min. 5 sec., 5 miles in 16 min. 19 sec., and 10 miles in 32 min. 33⅘ sec.

* * * * * *

Gosset, of the Temple, has also beaten the tricycling record by covering 207½ miles in the twenty-four hours on the road.

* * * * * *

The Editor and H. R. Reynolds played their Tennis tie on Wednesday evening in miserable weather, the ground being very slippery. H. R. started with a love set; the second set was keenly fought, the score standing at "three games all," and "deuce" in the seventh game, when the Editor had a severe tumble, which spoilt his play for the remainder of the set, which H. R. won easily.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

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QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. Browne.

The holiday season is commencing, the Sub-Editor having departed (on his bicycle) for Scottish roads, an account of which will doubtless enliven our pages on his return. The Editor at present is in sole command, and I hear that the staff long for the gentle rule of the departed one.

* * * * * *

I hope all our members will contribute to the Gazette dead season by sending notes, long or short, of their holiday tours and adventures.

* * * * * *

The Editor tried his first tricycle the other day; he thinks it rather hard work, and has not yet ordered a three-wheeler.

* * * * * *

Another revival in the N.E.! Three much respected veterans (one an O.M.) turned out, after a long absence, for the Chigwell meet!! and the married ones did *not* go home to tea.

* * * * * *

"Sweets to the sweet" is all very well in theory, but just you throw a lump of sugar across the grass in the direction of the waitress of the "King's Head," and see what you get; it would be advisable to finish the milk before the experiment, it may be too sour afterwards.

* * * * * *

Notwithstanding the boasts about N.E. organization, the steady going member effected the threatened change in his headgear last Saturday; (hence the cloudy afternoon).

* * * * * *

The S.E. D.C. caused some anxiety to his friends by his emptying the contents of the milk jug into the teapot at Chigwell. It was only a fit of absent-mindedness and nothing more.

* * * * * *

Several complaints were heard about the surface of the road between Croydon and Woolwich. It naturally would seem a little rough after the Crystal Palace Track.

* * * * * *

One S.E. member at any rate seemed quite *au fait* at Essex runs. The manner in which he skimmed lightly over the vilest macadam, and showed the way through the labyrinth of Woolwich slums, while he positively revelled in the pleasures (?) of crossing the tideway—was enough to command the admiration of anyone who was a novice in the art.

Porcupine.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

June 28.—Rovers B.C. at Crystal Palace. Evening Race Meeting.
30.—Speedwell Sports at Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham.
30.—A.A.A. Championships at Lillie Bridge.
30.—Brixton Ramblers B.C. at Crystal Palace.
30.—Edinburgh University B.C. Sports.
July 7.—Crewe Alexandra A.C. Meeting.
7.—Belgrave B.C. Races at Stamford Bridge.
7.—B.U. Five Mile Bicycle and One Mile Tricycle Championships at Birmingham.
7.—Lewisham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
10.—National Temperance League—Band of Hope Union. Two Miles Open, at Crystal Palace. Entries close June 30th.
14.—B.U. Ten miles Tricycle and One mile Bicycle Championships at Crystal Palace.
14.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
19.—Crichton Three miles Invitation Race at Crystal Palace.
21.—Fifty miles Bicycle Championship at Crystal Palace.
25.—Eastbourne B.C. Races.
28.—Races at Bristol Meet.
Aug. 1.—Leamington and S.W.B.C. Meeting.
2.—Twenty-five Miles Championship at Taunton.
2.—Hammersmith B.C. Races at Stamford Bridge.
4 and 6.—W. Lancashire B.C. Autumn Sports at Liverpool.
6 and 7.—North of England Cyclists' Meet Races.
Sept. 15.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.

EXCHANGE LIST.

For Sale.—My 59-in "Humber" racer, new last year; only raced upon in L.B.C. and O.U.Bi.C. Match, 1882. Thoroughly done up, painted, plated, and a new front wheel tyre this year. Ball pedals. Never had a fall. Cost £21 when new. As good as new, price £14. Apply to W. F. M. Buckley, Christchurch, Oxford.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 18.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. JULY 5, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE PRIVATE MEMBER.

It has been remarked with some truth that the officers and committee of the London Bicycle Club would form in their own persons one of the most influential clubs in the metropolis. Yet in spite of the failure of the attempt made at the General Meeting in January, to introduce new blood in place of some of the old hands who were willing to serve, it is obvious that the constitution of the Committee is very similar to that of the tank over the problem of which we used to ponder at school, which was filled by the action of one tap and emptied by another. It is then to the ordinary members that the Club must look for reinforcements, and this is the clue to the line of conduct which ought to be persued by them.

The subject of our article may be described, as we have said, as one who has no seat upon the Committee; not indeed precluding the occasional possibility of his sitting upon that body for a short time as at a general meeting, but pointing to the fact that as a rule he reposes elsewhere. The only question that may arise as to definition is whether or not the regular racing member comes under our heading. He is the representative of the Club in the racing world, and is acting continually under its title in public; but on the other hand he can hardly be considered as a duly "accredited agent."

The private member may be roughly divided into three classes, according to the volume of his energy. The first is but small, consisting mostly of ex-officers, but though the task would be all too easy, and though we have been furnished by Mr. Labouchere with a quasi-parliamentary precedent, we do not propose to draw up a list of those who may in our opinion be entitled to a place in it. They may be known by their deeds. At the Annual General Meeting not only are they invariably present, but they have deeply considered the proposals to be made, and have evolved ideas and amendments which they are ready to support, if necessary, even in the teeth of the magnates of the Committee bench. They may be recognised at the General Club Meets by the fact that somehow or other their acquaintance with members of Districts other than their own is unusually large, though their own men will remember that they have hardly strayed once during the season. They are very prompt in sending up to the GAZETTE any information of which they may become possessed, while the number of tickets and entries for which they are responsible would alone be sufficient to fill a small concert room or handicap.

The second class is made up of the majority of the unofficial members. They may be seen with their Districts on fine Saturdays, but from their point of view their own pleasure is the sole reason which should determine their movements, and if the tennis court or the river should appear likely to afford a more liberal supply of that which they seek, they feel no sort of compunction in indulging

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their whim, Club duty being to them a thing unknown. An offender of this class, if taken to task, will tell you that he has the utmost confidence in the ability of the officers to manage the Club satisfactorily, and will begin to descant on its present prosperous and flourishing condition. Now we are of opinion that this soothing adulation to which we are occasionally subjected by some of our members, and by the outside bicycling press, is one of the most subtle dangers that assail us in our onward career; and we would suggest that in case of a new cover being decided upon for the GAZETTE, it should be decorated with a carefully executed drawing illustrative of the well-known fable of the Brahmin and the Sheep, which would not only be an additional attraction in itself, but would serve as a weekly reminder of the sentiment that it is unwise to believe everything one is told on questions that intimately concern oneself.

Lastly, there are those whose boast it is that they have never attended a general meeting, who seldom if ever appear on the road, and whose only friends in the Club are their introducer and seconder who, may be, are a little disgusted with their apathy. It is of course true that some members are unable to take any active part in the Club's life, and in the case of its tried servants this is quite excusable, but to enjoy the "*otium*" without having previously acquired the "*dignitas*" is a preposterous proceeding, and a course which no right-minded member can possibly be justified in pursuing.

With these few remarks we must leave our readers to decide for themselves to which class they do, and to which they ought to belong.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.

I must refer those members who have not yet sent me their subscriptions to Rule 18, and must ask them to kindly let me have them as early as possible.

R. B. HOUGH.

151, Amhurst Road, Hackney.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. DISTRICT.

June 30th.—The Forest Gate contingent, with the Treasurer, alone represented the little district at Stifford, though other members were rumoured to be taking tea in surrounding villages. The F. G. C. were first to arrive, and found a capital tea ready for them at the "Dog and Partridge." Their route led through Rainham, Chaffinch Lane, and Aveley, and be it further noted, they rode Stifford Hill to a man. This also was subsequently done by the Treasurer, who arrived late, and stayed only three minutes before remounting for his return journey alone. The F. G. C. then rode on to Rochester, crossing at Tilbury, and visiting on their way Hangman's Wood, through which their course lay along a delightful and rideable footpath about two miles long. In the centre of the wood are the *Dane's Holes*, which were duly visited for the benefit of a member to whom these strange places were known only by repute. Present: R. Hough, Ashley Barrett, Ernest Barrett, and two visitors, Arthur Barrett and Fred. Barrett.

W. DISTRICT.

I believe I was the only member of the West who fell in with the South East. I left the Palace after the Brixton Ramblers' Meeting, rode to Croydon, trained to Epsom, and rode to Leatherhead. I passed in succession Stephen Smith, H. G. A. Brown, and the main body of the South East just outside Leatherhead, returning. Waited half an hour for any West or South West men going my way, and then as no one had sighted me I returned alone by Kingston and Richmond. Reached home just after midnight.

J. S. WHATTON.

The West District Captain writes from Henley-on-Thames, where he is enjoying his holiday, expressing his great regret that, owing to the unexpected amount of business he had to attend to during the fortnight before he left London, he had no time to make arrangements for a substitute, or even to write to the Editor to give notice of his absence. He hopes to be back in time to be present at the run to Burnham Beeches, and that in the meantime those of last Saturday and next may be well attended and duly reported.

N.W. DISTRICT.

June 30th.—No doubt the thunderstorm of the previous night, and the threatening appearance of the weather, combined with the heat, deterred some of our members from attending our favourite run to Little Berkhempstead. The lack of interest which is taken by the greater number of N.W. men in the proceeding of the district is having a marked effect on those few who do put in an appearance now and again. I hope our new D.C., as soon as he returns, will be able to wake men up from their state of apathy. Only Jackson and I met at Tally ho! and after giving a few minutes grace we rode quietly to our destination by way of Carbon Hill and Newgate Street. The roads were in capital order after the rain, and the country looked quite freshened up, the hedges being brightened by large quantities of dog-roses. Hindley came up a few minutes after our arrival, having lost his way, as usual, in the meandering lanes round this little village. We were joined at intervals by Elgood and Price, which made our muster up to five. The ride home was much enjoyed, the breeze against us being quite the reverse of uncomfortable. Present: Elgood, Hindley, Jackson, Price, and

W. J. WILLIAMS, *for* District Captain.

Run next Saturday to Shenley, when there will be two attractions—to meet our new D.C. (probably for the first

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time), and plenty of good strawberries. I hope there will be, just for once, one of our old meets—sixteen or seventeen men, say.

S.E. District.

A more lovely afternoon than last Saturday it is not easy to imagine; of course it was a trifle warm, but still we were very fortunate in having such weather for our run to Mickleham and Box Hill. "We were seven" who left the starting point soon after half-past four, and made for Ewell, *viâ* Duppas Hill and Beddington. Before long we received several additions to our ranks, and at one time the party numbered no less than fourteen. The first thing to mar the even tenour of our way was an unfortunate collision between Stephen Smith and a small boy. Result: collapse of small boy and Smith's machine. However, as the occurrence took place in Sutton, and no bones were broken, Sharp kindly lent his machine, so that Smith was able to finish the run. On pulling up at the "Glyn Arms," we learnt that W. A. Smith was fishing close by at Ewell Mill. As we were rather behind time, we repressed our natural anxiety to see the grand basket of fish we felt sure he had caught, and kept steadily on through Leatherhead to the "Beehive Inn," between Mickleham and Dorking. Here J. C. Oswald and the O'Reilly were waiting for us, and as the West and South-west failed to put in an appearance we sat down to tea at seven o'clock. After a smoke in the garden, we followed the zigzag road up Box Hill in Indian file. On the way up we met H. G. A. Brown, *en route* for the "Beehive," and in the hope that he might catch us up on the way back we prolonged a contemplative pipe, under the influence of which we were taking in the glorious view from the top. As the sun sank the scene faded, and still he came not; so we made a fresh start a little after nine and proceeded leisurely homewards, through the dusky lanes by Burgh Heath and Banstead. We reached Croydon just at the same time as Brown, who made his return journey round by Leatherhead, and the remainder of our party broke up after one of the most pleasant runs we have had this year. Present: A. Barker, H. G. A. Brown, Halliday, Hartridge, Alfred Herbert, S. Herbert, McRae, The O'Reilly, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, Paull, L. Potter, H. N. Sharp, S. P. Smith, Whealler, F. H. Williams, Willis, R. G. Francis, and Oswald's Manchester terrier "Roger."

It is hardly necessary to call attention to our meet next Saturday. It may be summed up in the term "short and sweet." The run is certainly an easy one, and the fare at the "White Hart," Bletchingley, is proverbial. The Croydon men will wait at the Fire Station for the Blackheath Division until 4.30.

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
July 7.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Ongar.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for Shenley.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for Ockham.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for Ripley.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for Bletchingley.	Old Lewisham Church, 3.30, for Bletchingley.
July 14.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Cheshunt. Meet N.W.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle," for Cheshunt. Meet N.E.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, for Burnham Beeches. Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.0, for Burnham Beeches. Meet W.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for Westerham.	Old Lewisham Church, 4.0, for Westerham.

A TRIP TO THE "HOOTER."

Newbury, on Whit Monday about 11 a.m., is a goal to which many a thirsty soul panting under the broiling sun, as he struggles to win the small disc of yellow metal which he trusts will repay him for his labour, looks with eager eyes; but the same town after a residence of some eight days, during one half of which the flood-gates of heaven have ruthlessly discharged their torrents, and when rude Boreas has done his best to spoil the remaining few days by his persistent endeavours to ruin the fishing, is not perhaps so eagerly to be sought after, and great was the relief to the mind of yours truly, when a letter from J. W. Allison informed him that he, the said J. W. A., would arrive at Newbury on Saturday, May 27th, prepared for a trip to that ancient relic, yclept "Ye White Horse," and the many mysteries of the surrounding country. Early on Saturday the fishing-rod was again put into requisition, in the hopes that sufficient of the wily trout could be lured from their haunts to supply the expected arrival with that toothsome delicacy for breakfast, but the weather was dead against sport, and only two brace found their way into the pannier. As night wore on and A. did not come, the solitary one's spirits began to droop, but suddenly, far away down Northbrook Street, a long dark line appeared, and part of it was soon discussing Gorgonzola cheese, salad, and excellent bitter ale in Mr. Staple's (the confectioner's) comfortable

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little room. Dalton was reported to have just gone to the "Checquers Inn." The conversation soon turned to the most prominent topic—Bath Trial—and it is worthy of notice that both men picked the winner. The following day was luckily very fine, and, after calling for Dalton, the trio, mounted on a "Humber" bicycle, ditto tricycle, and an "Excelsior" bicycle respectively, rode round by Shaw Mills to Shaw House, where the "Martyr King" spent the night before the battle of Newbury; thence into the Ilsley road, and branching off to the left when opposite the ruins of Donnington Castle, passed over a glorious road at a great elevation through Snelsmore Common, and so on to a long, rough, and dangerous descent called "Bussick Hill." The road ran through some charming scenery, but we soon came to another nasty, rough descent, the latter part of which Dalton took full speed, to the intense surprise of a local 'cyclist who was walking up. Keeping slightly to the left at the "Blue Boar Inn," we found nice running to Lilly, and so on through Farnborough Coppice, but on arriving at the fork in the road where the finger post points to Wantage and Farnborough, we turned towards the former town and found the surface very bad for some distance. On a suggestion being made that we must be at an elevation of nearly 1000 feet, the Northern Guide was incredulous, and said that "Scutchamfly Knob" was not quite so high as that; but when informed that he was gazing at the summit of the "Knob" itself he agreed that we were tolerably well up in the world. Leaving the two lazy bicyclists reclining on the mossy turf, the three-wheeler pursued his way to the summit, where a magnificent expanse of country spread out at his feet, and after drinking in as much of its beauty as possible, and noting the extremely dangerous descent leading to Wantage, locally known as Chain Hill, he returned to seek the two lazy ones, but found them not. What was to be done? Red House and the Ridgway, or "Rudge" as the yokels call it, had been mentioned as part of the destination, so he commenced to wheel his tri. along the "Rudge," and before reaching the Red House, some two miles distant, had quite come to the conclusion that, although a grand machine to *ride*, for *pushing* purposes the "Humber" tri. was about the meanest thing out. Besides which, the driver began to find that he was suffering from a nasty dry thirst, and that the only thing he could obtain wherewith to quench it was rain water. Red House was at last reached, but no trace of the missing ones found, so he carefully descended the tremendous hill known as Red House or Workhouse Hill, leading into Wantage, at the foot of which the truants were discovered, and were easily prevailed upon to return to the "Bear," at Wantage, to dine. In the market-place is one of the grandest monuments I have seen. The subject is, "Alfred the Great," and the sculptor (Count Gleichen?) has made the most of it. It was presented by Colonel Loyd Lindsay. The power (mental and physical) expressed in this work of art is thoroughly characteristic of the mighty Saxon monarch, whose birthplace was Wantage. By the bye, I forgot to mention that the two truants had, after dodging me in some mysterious manner, gone straight to the town, Dalton actually riding down Chain Hill, a feat worthy of record. While dinner was preparing, we had a look at the church, finding some fine Norman portions; curiously enough, like Romsey Abbey, it has no western porch or door, so may originally have been conventual. After every attention at "The Bear," and a capital repast with moderate charges, we ordered tea to be ready on our return and started off to find the "Blowing Stone," "Blawin Stwun," or "Hooter," as it is called locally. After one or two stiff hills the route became of a more undulating nature, and we soon heard in the distance that some one was already "tootling" on King Alfred's little "war-horn." Sure enough, there it was, glued to the mouth of a rustic standing in the porch of the little inn at the foot of "Blawin Stwun Hill" (said to be the steepest in Berks). A nearer glance, however, showed that the article glued, etc., as aforesaid, was not the "Stwun," but a stone mug of ale, and the real thing was found "under a spreading chestnut tree" which abutted on the road. First one and then another of the trio applied himself to the task of sounding the monster, but although they all, Dalton especially, blew until nigh unto bursting, no sound did the holey rock give forth. When, however, a small boy applied himself to the orifice, *the trumpet sounded forth the call to arms, and on the heights of Uffington Castle the Danish host appeared, with waving banners. Alfred himself leads the attack upon them, and the Saxons fiercely fight their way up the heights until the gory streams pour down the rugged sides of St. George's Mount.* Hullo! Why, what's up now, McCullum? I beg your pardon, really, but the whole scene enacted here some thousand years ago came so vividly before me that I was just going to tell you all about the battle of Ashdown, from an eyewitness's point of view. Seriously speaking, every true-born Englishman, when gazing on these remarkable mementos of a past age, must feel a thrill of exultation at the recollection of the glorious victory obtained here over those heathen invaders the Danes by the skill and bravery of him whose stone effigy now dominates over Wantage market-place, for it should not be forgotten that this victory entirely broke the Danish power in Britain, and made us the great Anglo-Saxon and Christian race of the present day. Well, mine host Godfrey's ginger beer was found so nice that no less than six bottles disappeared forthwith, and being thus fortified we struggled up a long rough hill, on the road skirting the foot of the downs, in the direction of the "White Horse." Presently we came to a sharp fall in the road, which at the bottom turned at almost a right angle, and rose very abruptly and stiffly. This required great care, and might

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appropriately be called "the Devil's Elbow," and about another mile brought us opposite the "White Horse," or rather what is left of it. This true and original relic must not be imagined to be like that much more modern affair on Cher Hill, which men riding from Bath *viâ* Calne see on their right, as the outline is not anything like so distinct, and, moreover, it is in a galloping position. The people of the district formerly had what was called the "Revels" every few years, and your deponent has a vivid recollection of seeing one of them. On these occasions the "scouring of the white horse," as depicted in *Tom Brown's School Days*, took place, and there was great jollity; and I well remember a race down the side of the steep hill by the "horse," for a cheese trundled down the incline, and followed by a mob anxious to obtain possession of it, the said mob rolling over and over in their eagerness to get the prize, which was eventually won by a sweep. This, however, like many other good old English customs, has now fallen into disuse, and so the turf keeps encroaching, and every year renders the old "White Horse" less shapely. At the summit of the hill there is a grand British fortification called "Uffington Castle," and a little more than a mile to the right, along the ridgeway, is Wayland Smith's Cave (it stands in the centre of a little clump of trees and bushes). This cromlech has been immortalised by Sir Walter Scott. As we were just thinking about making our way back to Wantage, the thought struck me to go to Uffington Station and meet the men who were going down to Bath, and forthwith we carried it out; and after providing ourselves with a plentiful supply of new milk and bread and butter, we took possession of the railway platform and waited patiently for the train, which was, of course, very late. The cooling beverage was much appreciated, and after many good wishes for the morrow the train crawled on to Bath, while the trio returned to Wantage *viâ* Challow, over capital and level roads. Tea was quite ready at "The Bear," but as we had done fairly well at Uffington we did not trouble it much, but made a start back *viâ* Red House. The top of this eminence being gained (observe the fine British camp right) the road falls for miles, and the N.G., who always crams on the pace after tea, got right away out of sight, but was overtaken before reaching the junction of the Newbury and Lambourne road. Before reaching Welford it was getting quite dusk, and we had to light our lamps, eventually arriving at "The Chequers," at Newbury, just in time to learn that two or three of our men had gone through towards Bath. Thus ended one of the pleasantest excursions I have had for some time, and it seems a pity that this neglected spot (White Horse Vale) should not be more frequently visited by cyclists. The roads as a rule are good, the scenery is fine, and to the antiquarian the neighbourhood teems with interest. Later on I purpose giving some skeleton tours round Newbury.

McCullum Hill.

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

Bown *v.* Humber has terminated in a verdict for the defendant, with costs. The court was full of bicycles and bicyclists for three or four days; Keen, Cooper, Humber, Vesey, the Wheelers, H. R. Reynolds, and the Editor being all on view. The bicycle may now be considered to have made another stage in its progress. One shudders to think of a tricycle patent case, especially if every tricycle is to be brought in.

* * * * * *

H. Smith won a Two Miles Handicap at Ealing with 30 yards start last Saturday, but the chief racing in the London district was at the Palace, where the Brixton Ramblers had 102 entries for their Open Mile. The times were very fast throughout the afternoon, Thompson doing 2.44 from scratch, his first quarter being covered in $40\frac{3}{5}$ sec., thus beating Cortis' record of 41.

* * * * * *

The long-start division however supplied the winners, Macbeth, of Clapham Park, with 115 yards, covering the distance in 2 min. $39\frac{2}{5}$ sec., rather too fast for the scratch men this year.

* * * * * *

Of the L.B.C., F. L. Adam, with 25 yards, won his heat in 2 min. $46\frac{2}{5}$ sec., and H. R. Reynolds, with 40 yards, did the same in 2 min. $49\frac{3}{5}$ sec., and Adam was third in his heat in the second round; A. B. W. Whatton (25) and D. R. Smith (80) also rode.

* * * * * *

The Half-mile Scratch produced some good racing, Gaskell ultimately beating Thompson by ten yards in 1 min. $20\frac{2}{5}$ sec., W. K. Adam being third. W. K. beat A. B. W. Whatton in his heat, and F. L. Adam was one yard behind Thompson in 1 min. $19\frac{3}{5}$ sec., the fastest time of the day, and record for the distance.

* * * * * *

The Championships begin on Saturday with the Five Miles Bicycle and One Mile Tricycle at Birmingham, where the Birmingham men will probably have it all their own way. I hear that our President is in hard training on the Crystal Palace track, and hopes to ride for the One and Fifty Miles.

The Front Wheel Hub.

A TOUR SUBSEQUENT TO THAT OF THE "RHINE EIGHT,"

Continuing up Stream beyond Bale to the Falls at Schafhausen.

The very interesting account given in the Gazette of the well-known tour of the "Rhine Eight" in 1879 will doubtless still be fresh in the memories of the older members of our Club, and this, together with those of more recent explorers, will form an invaluable guide to any future

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members who may contemplate a similar and almost unrivalled trip. Modelling our plan upon their experiences and with further supplementary hints from J. F. Darrell, we (A. H. Rolls, St. John Ryan, and R. M. Gruggen) started from St. Katharine's Wharf for Antwerp, to proceed thence by rail to Cologne. The railway journey of twelve hours, following immediately after boating for a previous eighteen hours, became exceedingly tedious; and when are added to this six changes of train during the day it may readily be imagined that we were not sorry to be eventually rid of the monotony of this form of travelling. The cost of the passage "abaft the funnel" and of the railway to Cologne, including bicycle, was two pounds each, consequently we secured a fair start at a comparatively small cost. In one particular only we acted contrary to general advice, namely, in deciding to ride "up stream" rather than "with it," as our worthy predecessors had done. Our chief reason for making this variation and selecting the stiffer gradient was to secure the possibility of seeing the Falls of the Rhine, if we found on nearing them that time and funds would admit of our doing so. We left Cologne in the afternoon of Monday, the 16th August, 1880, and rode along the good roads and through the interesting country already described by the "Rhine Eight," by Bonn to Aldernach, where we stayed the night. Distance 40 miles. A fair here on the bank of the river was both picturesque and amusing, and after loitering observantly for some little time we were attracted to a "boneshaker roundabout." apparently one of the principal feature of the fair, consisting of a good round dozen of the most impossible-looking 'cycles attached together, and describing a considerable circle. There was no steam power or system of churning to propel us; the motive power was wholly personal, consequently, as bicyclists "wandering on a foreign strand," we felt it to be our duty to try and increase the ordinary rate of speed, which we did to a small extent at the cost of much labour on our parts and to the apparent satisfaction of other riders. Our next feat was to demonstrate the system of a rapid dismount whilst the "merry-go-round" was in motion, but in this the effect of the circular movement of the apparatus was not taken into consideration, and our representative, flying off at a tangent, amused rather than impressed the bystanders by the rapidity of his fall! A second member of our party sustained a severe gash on the knee-cap through his leg becoming fixed between the crank and the underside of the handle-bar—the machine being too small for him. This second mishap, though painful, was concealed from the holiday makers at much personal inconvenience to avoid bringing ridicule upon the expedition, which praiseworthy conduct on the part of our member we greatly appreciated when we saw the extent of the wound. Subsequent roundabouts had no charm for us!

Tuesday 17th. We passed through richer, and perhaps more lovely scenery, stopping first at the "Hotel Treves," at Coblentz, where the landlord was described as having already proved himself a "brick" in the previous year, and we quickly found that the lapse of time had apparently in no way subdued his exceeding good nature. Our host made many careful inquiries after all the "eight" members of the previous expedition, and specially referred to one of that party as having amused the inhabitants of Coblentz by treating them to a clever performance on the bicycle in the open space fronting his hotel. After a most elaborate dinner, at which our host insisted upon our having champagne, sparkling, from the neighbouring Moselle, and drinking success to cycling generally, and to the L.B.C. particularly, we quitted the premises of this most seductive landlord at four p.m., with a view to covering the forty-one more miles to Bingen. So pleasing had been this protracted stay, during which we had been treated with that amount of thoughtful attention commonly reserved for frequent visitors, and so unusual had been this experience that we hoped that these performances in public on the wheels had been often repeated further up the river! This reception could only be attributed to the deep impression made by our predecessors, and their prestige we endeavoured to maintain by recounting to our interested and attentive host some of their fast performances on the road and path! Coblentz to Bingen, in our opinion, proved the very finest part of the river until we reached Switzerland, and even there the magnificent grandeur of this afternoon ride would be difficult to surpass. We, of course, after our dissipation, reached Bingen late, so much so that towards the end of the run the tone of the scenery was pleasingly changed and illumined by the light of the moon. Total distance 53 miles. I will not repeat names of hotels, for we always put up at those that were recommended, and found them satisfactory. There are few towns on the Rhine without their baths constructed in the river, and these we seldom neglected to visit at least once a day. Bingen was very satisfactorily provided in this respect, and after the usual swim we rode to Mayence for lunch. Mayence is a strongly fortified town, containing a very fine Romanesque church in its centre. Only a very small swimming bath was to be found here, containing an extensive porpoise-like looking person, which vividly recalled to our minds visions of tanks at our Aquarium. Quitting Mayence we encountered paving and generally bad road to Ebersheim and Nierstein, and comparatively indifferent scenery, until we rejoined the river and reached Oppenheim. The "Hotel Ritter" contained interesting inhabitants, and proved both comfortable and moderate. Distance 33½ miles.

Thursday, 19th. The ride from here through Guntersblum to Worms was unusually rough, but the excellence of the bath at Worms quickly dispelled all further reflections upon our troubles. Of course the visitor must not omit to examine the beauties of this celebrated Cathdral. In the small town of Frankenthal, which was next visited, a

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Yankee, with whom we casually conversed during an intended hasty lunch, seemed so overjoyed at being able to ventilate the amusing peculiarities of his language, where it had some chance of being understood, that we had much difficulty in getting away. In his enthusiasm we were assured that the Iron Foundry in the place must be visited, after, of course, due libations and many indifferent cigars, and in a weak moment we consented to accept him as pioneer. There was literally nothing to repay us for the walk of a mile, beyond a close inspection of an uninteresting "shed," in which a great bell *had been* cast, and which, in the words of our informant, "now pealed from the tower of some adjacent Cathedral." The accomplishment of this great work had been the most important event ever witnessed at Frankenthal. If we had been in time to see its completion we might have felt more reconciled, but to have frittered away more hours in this useless and unedifying manner seemed ridiculous. In bidding us farewell our talkative friend expressed his pleasure at the meeting, and finally concluded by hoping that any member of the L.B.C. visiting Philadelphia would make a point of calling upon him. The address, which dealt largely in numbers, may still be had! Mounting on the boulders, we hastily left this little town, and had not covered many miles before each of us in turn was enabled to relate very recent experiences of a "trip over the handles," with no serious damage. Next followed the disaster that bid fair to terminate the expedition. Having quietly entered Mannheim on our right and proper side of the way, and rounded a corner into the first wide suburban street, we perceived a distant open carriage coming towards us on our side of the roadway. As it approached to within fifty yards we observed that the animal was becoming very restive, and on further perceiving that the vehicle was occupied we at once dismounted. Had the driver acted in a similar manner the subsequent accident must have been avoided, but instead of this he came steadily on, and still continued to fix his eyes upon the bicycles until he had driven to within about ten yards of us, and then apparently for the first time realising the excited condition of his steed he hurriedly endeavoured to turn round (still on our side of the way) in the space between the carriage and the curb. This space unhappily proved insufficient for the purpose, and the result of this error in judgment was that the wheels became locked, and almost before the male and two female occupants were aware of their danger they were quietly emptied into the wayside drains. Our part in this very unnecessary and somewhat amusing proceeding had been clearly passive, but blame was thrown upon us by the male victim, perhaps because he had seen nothing of the primary circumstances, and assumed the worst. The extent of the damage was a broken shaft and lamp, and, according to the driver's report, a broken arm. Having satisfied ourselves by inquiry that the ladies were unhurt (we could see the male victim dripping on the pavement apparently full of rage, but otherwise undamaged), we prepared to quit the sympathetic crowd that had quickly assembled, and before doing so almost voluntarily left our intended address ("Lang's Hotel," Heidelberg) for the mutual satisfaction of this male victim and the police, thinking in our innocence that it would be impossible for any special blame to be attached to us. Their opportunity was not lost. Entering Heidelberg in the dark we were confronted by another form of danger, and this consisted in their adopting a single chain principle at the point where the railway line crossed the main street, in place of our system of railway gates. The novel arrangement nearly proved a serious snare for us, as we rode unsuspectingly towards this chain, which extends across the street about five feet above the ground. It is most difficult to see this black obstacle at night; its whereabouts are made known to the inhabitants by placing a red lamp in the centre of the street immediately under it, a signal we did not appreciate, and narrowly escaped a spill on to the line in consequence.

Friday, 20th. We stayed the day in Heidelberg, and enjoyed a ramble among the ruins of the fine old castle, not omitting to take full advantage of the splendid baths in the Neckar. During the evening, the police duly waited upon us "touching the little affair in Mannheim of the previous day," which had in this short lapse of time assumed grave dimensions. The difficulty could be settled at once by our paying a deposit of five pounds, or, failing this, we were politely informed that these officers of the law had authority to detain one of the bicycles as a guarantee of the expenses of a proposed trial of the case, in the event of our failing to put in an appearance, and of the learned magistrate in our possible absence giving the case against us. We might have prevented our cause going by default, as probably some "limb of the law" could eventually have been found in the town to watch proceedings for us. We spent the remainder of the evening in searching for a lawyer, but the one to whom we were recommended was away for a holiday, and the "stripling" left in charge was far too amused at the story to regard it from any business-like point of view; we left a written statement of the case, which possibly never reached its destination. The uncertainty of the time when the case would come on for hearing, which was variously stated at from one to two months, rendered further delay useless. The position was a trying one; to give up a bicycle must at once end the trip; to pay the cash deposit demanded we fortunately found would not necessarily take away all chance of seeing the Falls, but must prevent any intended further explorations. It was an annoying sacrifice to have to make for being mere spectators of a carriage accident, but the pecuniary one we eventually made, and took three elaborate German receipts for the same. Ours seemed to me to be a

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good case for the Bicycle Union, and I wish that we had placed it in their hands; but instead of trying to do this, after the lapse of a couple of months we settled the case out of court, and agreed to a compromise, accepting a paltry balance of thirty-three shillings to foreclose proceedings then pending; a bad precedent for future bicyclists.

Saturday, 21st. We left Heidelberg with the discomforting thought that we might again be the witnesses of a similar dilemma, and so become the victims of further legal and possibly pecuniary complications. The road we now followed has been well likened to a cinder path in many places. Our route lay through Bruchsal (where there is good bathing in the canal), Durlach, and Rastadt, to Baden, a distance of 52 miles. "Hotel Trois Rois." On the following morning two hours were devoted to taking a most elaborate and enjoyable Baden bath. In the afternoon we rode on over fair roads to Strasbourg by Switzheim, Steinbach, and Lichtenau, where we put up at the "Maison Rouge," close to the cathedral, an hotel which proved noisy and dear. Distance 32 miles.

Monday, 23rd. The country for many miles south of Strasbourg was very flat and uninteresting, and it was only when we had passed through Ichenheim, Kensingen, and Emendingen, and were nearing Freiburg and the confines of the celebrated Black Forest, that we became once more favourably impressed with the surroundings. We put up at the "Hotel Pfau" at Freiburg, which was capital. The gardens in connection with this hotel were very large, and contained, besides good baths and a central fountain, many pleasing summer-houses. Distance 45 miles. The cathedral should be visited, if only for the sake of ascending the spire to obtain the fine view that is to be had of the adjacent Black Forest, which can be seen distributing itself far into the distance.

(To be continued.)

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. Browne.

A record is not an easy thing to establish now-a-days, but Stephen Smith, in having falls on three consecutive Saturdays, thinks he must be rather near one.

* * * * * *

Talking of records, I hear that the South-East mean to score a best attendance at Bletchingley next Saturday.

* * * * * *

From a gastronomic point of view (*O tempora O mores*), this meet is alway a success, and all the S.E. *gourmets* may be expected,

* * * * * *

There were one or two startling eccentricities in costume in the S.E. on Saturday. The D. C. says he doesn't mind the new club ribbon, but he must draw the line somewhere, and a black and white cricketing cap will not be considered *en regle* for the future. Porcupine.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

July 7.—Crewe Alexandra A.C. Meeting.
7.—Belgrave B.C. Races at Stamford Bridge.
7.—B.U. Five Mile Bicycle and One Mile Tricycle Championships at Birmingham.
7.—Lewisham B.C. at Crystal Palace.
10.—National Temperance League—Band of Hope Union. Two Miles Open, at Crystal Palace. Entries close June 30th.
14.—B.U. Ten miles Tricycle and One mile Bicycle Championships at Crystal Palace.
14.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
19.—Crichton Three miles Invitation Race at Crystal Palace.
21.—Fifty miles Bicycle Championship at Crystal Palace.
25.—Eastbourne B.C. Races.
26.—Crystal Palace Challenge Cup.
28.—Races at Bristol Meet.

Aug. 1.—Leamington and S.W.B.C. Meeting.
2.—Twenty-five Miles Championship at Taunton.
2.—Hammersmith B.C. Races at Stamford Bridge.
4 and 6.—W. Lancashire B.C. Autumn Sports at Liverpool.
6 and 7.—North of England Cyclists' Meet Races.

Sept. 15.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.

N.W. DISTRICT.

This is to give Notice, that more of the members of the above District are expected to ride next Saturday than have appeared for the last five or six.

Shenley! strawberries! cream! and good company. What more can an L.B.C. man want to induce him to put in an appearance? Meet at "Jack Straw's Castle," 3.45; Tally Ho! Corner, 4.25. A. H. Lown, District Captain.

EXCHANGE LIST.

For Sale.—My 50-in., "Humber" racer, new last year; only raced upon in L.B.C. and O.U.Bi.C. Match, 1882. Thoroughly done up, painted, plated, and a new front wheel tyre this year. Ball pedals. Never had a fall. Cost £21 when new. As good as new, Price £14. Apply to W. F. M. Buckley, Christ Church, Oxford.

Editorial Note.—We regret that at the time of going to press no account of the S.W. run has been received.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 19.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. JULY 12, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE SECRETARY.

Whatever may be said or thought of the advisability or inadvisability of having a Club bugler, and of defining so clearly in the Club rule book how his duties are to be performed, no doubt can be entertained as to the necessity of the Club possessing a secretary; and it is our business in this article to discover what are the qualities needful to that officer, and then to make any deductions we can from materials we have. Our difficulty in this matter is somewhat increased by the fact that one can seldom even *see* a good secretary, and that therefore diagnosis of the concrete subject is impossible. It is of no use whatever to look for the model quill-wielder at a race meeting—the competitors make such determined attempts to get on to the path without their numbers, the telegraph board demands such constant attention, and the press are so extremely bibulous and "grudge" so painfully "if they be not satisfied," that it is quite out of the question for the unassisted eye to follow his meteoric movements. Glimpses have, we believe, occasionally been caught of *our* Secretary at more social gatherings, such as a smoking concert or a Club ball, but even for this it has been necessary for the programme boy to run short of change, the refreshment contractor's lad to drop a sixpenny ice-cream, a couple of couples to collide and fall, all in a space of somewhere about three square yards.

From a careful weighing of the question in the abstract, however, we have come to the conclusion that before all things it is necessary that a secretary should have an inexhaustible supply of vigorous hard-working energy. Without this, if a man's ability be great, he is like an electric lamp with both conducting wires snapped; if his ability be small he is like a rush candle without a wick—a mere mockery of light. But energy does not complete the man. Energy may be dangerous and is often misapplied, and *esprit de corps*, safety-valve, and sign-board, must be added. This love of club may, to follow out our simile, be again compared in another aspect to the electric current, the animating vivifying essence which makes the carbon glow and the incandescent energy shine forth in all the undertakings of the club. Business aptitude and mother-wit are, as we pointed out in a recent article, certainly also desirable, though their necessity varies with different club constitutions. With a good practical committee to consult, and consulted at every turn, the normal amount of them will generally be found sufficient. Many secretaries again there are, who, in answering inevitable correspondence, seem quite unable to write even passable grammar. We have received from some well-known and generally respected clubs, letters containing the most crying pieces (for the worse the language invariably the louder the tone) of "English as she is spoke" that it is possible to imagine. Of course in our "careful weighing" we discovered the presence, in larger or smaller quantities, of many other constituting elements—no competent analyst

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could fail to do so—such as fact, courtesy, good memory, good handwriting, which it is needless to particularise further. There is, however, one, the importance of which has been perhaps somewhat overlooked by previous enquirers, we allude to outside position in the cycling world. When a club has in its ranks two ex-chairmen of the N. C. U. executive, the public handicapper, two champions, three or four ex-champions, as many prospective champions, the acknowledged finest road rider and many others who run him very close, at least twelve men starting from a shorter mark than fifty yards, numbers of tourists, legislators, and others who are in their various spheres the leaders of the world of wheels, this is not necessary; but in the case of a less fortunate body it is of the utmost consequence that all the *officers*, and the helmsman as much as any, should have a standing outside the club. Having thus roughly sketched the ideal, and indicated some of the most frequent and grievous departures from it, we would, in conclusion, draw our readers' attention to four evident morals. 1st. That we have every reason to feel proud of the Secretary we are blessed with. 2nd. That some clubs have not. 3rd. That the post being a decidedly onerous one, it is the duty of every member to assist the holder of it as much as possible. 4th. That although all of us are not qualified to manipulate so large a goose-quill as the L.B.C. requires, and to undertake the concomitant responsibilities, yet that we need not despair of as good fish remaining in the L.B.C. sea as have ever been taken from it by the L.B.C. Committee.

N.E. DISTRICT.

I hope the District will excuse my protracted and most unwilling absence, which has now at last come to an end, and will turn out in force on Saturday to meet the N.W.

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

S.W. DISTRICT.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

The run next Saturday is to Burnham Beeches to meet the West, when I hope that each member of the District will make a point of being present, and thus ensure my not being left to carry out the run alone.

R. M. GRUGGEN, District Captain.

S.E. NOTICE.

During the next two months there will be evening runs from the Fire Station on Wednesday evenings at 7.30 to the Keston Ponds, where there is good bathing.

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. DISTRICT.

7th July. At last the D.C. has returned and greeted his District at the Corner to the number of four. Proceeding by Whip's Cross, which was very much tramwayed in the direction of Snaresbrook, we were joined by Weeks, and so on, by the level crossing and the lower road, which was in better condition than usual. A halt was made at Abridge, and again when Passingford Bridge was reached, just to see if anyone else was coming, and a little later up rushed the Captain, explaining that his various brothers had, for divers good and sufficient reasons, kept him waiting, and then been unable to come. At Ongar, as we reached the "King's Head," Baldwin appeared; the D.C. was quite expecting him, as they had met in Cologne Station the previous afternoon. While tea was being prepared, Weeks undertook to pilot the party to a bathing place; and although the place was not large, it was voted a great success by all who tried it, and was quite big enough for a satisfactory dive. Just after tea the Sub-Editor—also returned from his wanderings—turned up, making the party up to nine, and about the same time the party began to go home; Jolly and Child getting off early because they wanted to go slowly, and it is credibly reported racing all the way. The rest more soberly proceeded to their destinations. Present: H. Baldwin, Ashley Barrett, T. Child, S. G. Hough, Jolly, Lloyd, Lyne, Weeks, and

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

N.W. DISTRICT.

It has been said that little beginnings have great endings, and it is to be hoped that the result of the second part of this season's Club runs in our District will prove the truth of the old "saw," for that only seven members should turn out for a run to Shenley with the inducements held out is almost incomprehensible. The programme was carried out literally—good company, etc., making it a very enjoyable run, the return being accomplished almost by daylight. Present: Elgood, H. M. Hewitt, S. R. Hewitt, Langmore, Nevill, W. J. Williams, and

A. H. LOWN, District Captain.

Next Saturday we meet the N.E. at Cheshunt, a ride which will commend itself to all who have ridden there *vid* Northaw and Goff's Oak, so that I hope a large number will be at "Jack Straw's Castle," 3.45, and Tally Ho! Corner, 4.25.

W. DISTRICT.

I went down to Savernake Cottage, and as at 3.45 no one had turned up went on to Kingston, where I met the S.W. in the person of E. J. Sherriff and A. E. Buckler, with whom I rode as far as the turning for Ockham. Found the "Hautboy and Fiddle" in the hands of beanfeasters, so went on to Ripley. Here I found Hawley, with whom I had tea. Just as we were finishing Thorn came in; after he had finished his tea, he and I rode on to within a mile of Guildford, where we met Marriott, the first man of the twenty-four hours L.T.C. Road Ride, coached by Jack Keen. We returned with them to Ripley (201½ miles.) Here I left Thorn, and went on to see the

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finish, which took place at the "Bay Tree," Merton, (219 miles), at 11.58. After waiting till 12 to see that no one else came up I left for home, *viâ* Wimbledon. Present: O. Thorn and O. G. M. Leeds.

44, Cathcart Road.

S.E. District.

Considering the counter-attractions of Henley, the river, and the racing path, fifteen and two visitors at Bletchingley ought not perhaps to be considered amiss, though it certainly fell short of the high expectations of the D.C. That worthy, after tramping up and down in front of the Fire Station for some time in a state of mind that is more easily imagined than described, was roused from his despondency by the timely appearance of Wyndham, whose radiant smiles and cheering spirits, backed up with arrival of one or two members more, put a more salubrious complexion on affairs. Among the last comers was Gerich, "positively his first appearance this season." There are still not a few who might well imitate his example of better late than never. Soon after half-past four we were off down the well-known road to Godstone; two of the younger members led the way, but a fast trotting horse coming alongside provoked in them that spirit of emulation which "springs eternally in the *youthful* breast," and they disappeared in a cloud of dust. At the top of Godstone Hill there was quite a bevy of men in grey; and with rumours of one or two more ahead we began to feel that the District would not disgrace itself at Bletchingley after all. At the "White Hart" we found The O'Reilly, who had ridden up from Brighton, having surmounted Handcross and the Redhill Station hills on the way. With such an example, no wonder some of our "younger bloods," as they have been called, are showing such promises. A man who has never attended a meet at Bletchingley cannot know what a Club tea is, or rather what it should be, While we were doing justice to the good fare J. S. Whatton arrived, and shortly after H. G. A. Brown and A. B. W. Whatton coming in brought up the party to its full complement of seventeen, including two visitors. Soon after eight our gathering began to dissolve, some returning home by Redhill or Merstham, while the main body of seven, all told, wended its way steadily back through Godstone, and reached Croydon before ten. Present: H. G. A. Brown, Halliday, S. Herbert, Gerich, McRae, The O'Reilly, W. C. Oswald, A. L. Potter, A. B. W. Whatton (W.), J. S. Whatton (W.), Whealler, F. H. Williams, Willis, W. Wyndham, two visitors (Church and A. C. Potter), and

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

Our next run is to Westerham where, it is to be hoped, there will be a good attendance. The Croydon Division will leave the Fire Station at 4.30 sharp, for Westerham direct, where they will meet the Blackheath Division at six o'clock. Tea at the "King's Arms" at 6.30.

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

S.W. District.

7th July. Two members, accompanied by Leeds (W.), left Kingston at the usual hour, and proceeded by the well-known road to Ripley. The W. run being over almost the same ground, it seems a pity that a joint meet had not been provided, which would doubtlessly have proved more attractive than two poorly attended meets. The absence of the D.C., who was engaged somewhere shouldering a rifle for the good of his country, had such a depressing effect that not even the entreaties of Hawley could induce us to face the festivities of the tea-table, so, after a brief stoppage, we commenced the return journey. Just as we were starting, Leeds came in from Ockham, not having found any wool, and at the top of Redhill we met Oliver Thorn on his way down; after directing him where to find his District, we continued our stroll homewards, which terminated satisfactorily at an early hour. Present: E. J. Sherriff and Arthur E. Buckler.

H. H. Sherriff started late, and followed on, but unfortunately succeeded in missing us.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
July 14.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Cheshunt. Meet N.W.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle," for Cheshunt. Meet N.E.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, for Burnham Beeches. Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.0, for Burnham Beeches. Meet W.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for Westerham.	Old Lewisham Church, 4.0, for Westerham.
July 21.—General Meet at Ewell. Times and places of starting to be published in the Gazette.						
July 28.	Paperchase.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for Ickenham.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for Burford Bridge. Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for Burford Bridge. Meet W.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for East Grinstead.	"Hare and Billet," 4.0, for Farningham.

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ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

As was expected the Five Miles Bicycle Championship of the N.C.U. at Birmingham last Saturday ended in the victory of a local man; in fact Gaskell was the only visitor who put in an appearance, though J. S. Whatton had entered. Owing partly to a strong wind the times were slow, while, after Birmingham fashion, everything was left to the last lap.

* * * * * *

Sutton, of the Edgbaston Harriers, and Chambers, of the Speedwell B.C., were first and second respectively, the latter just beating Gaskell by a foot. Time, 16 min. 26⅕ sec. In the second heat Auster, of the Speedwell B.C., and Illston, of the Royal Mail, was first and second, Whish and Ratcliffe also starting. Time, 16 min. 39⅗ sec.

* * * * * *

The final, after a good race, resulted in favour of Sutton by two yards, Anster second, and Illston close up, in 16 min. 42⅗ sec.

* * * * * *

The One Mile Tricycle Championship was practically a match between Liles and Lowndes, and Liles getting the best of it in the last lap won pretty easily in 3 min. 18⅕ sec. About 3000 people were present, which is a small gate for Birmingham.

* * * * * *

The Lewisham B.C. had a good entry for their Mile Handicap at the Palace last Saturday, when the times were again very fast. Douglas Smith, with 80 yards, took third prize, beating Thompson, the scratch man, by eight yards in his heat, ridden in 2 min. 47 sec., winning his heat in the second round in 2 min. 45⅕ sec., and running third in the final to Mann, of the Pickwick, with 115 yards, and Dray, with 120, in 2 min. 45⅗ sec., all the placed men being close together.

* * * * * *

J. S. Whatton (10), L. B. Reynolds (80), and A. B. Whatton (50) also ran, but did not get placed. The late five mile champion does not seem to have recovered his last season's form.

* * * * * *

The L.T.C. 24 hours Road Ride took place last Saturday. Out of 74 entries 67 men turned up at the post. The route lay through Brighton, Shoreham, Steyning, Finden, Arundel, Chichester, Fareham (97), Romsey, Salisbury, Winchester, Alton (175), Farnham, Guildford, Ripley (201½), Esher, Kingston, Merton (218¾), Mitcham, and Croydon. Bronze medals were obtainable at 100 miles, silver at 125, silver enamelled at 150, gold at 175, and gold enamelled at 200. The race practically ended at Ripley, where Marriot arrived at 9.30, followed at 10.23 by Nixon, who retired here. Vesey arrived at 10.29, and Gosset at 11.41. Marriot rode on to Merton, completing 218¾ miles in 23 hr. 50 min.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

QUILLS.

There were numerous enquiries for the S.E. Guide at Bletchingley. It was currently reported that much against his inclination he had gone up the river "to oblige some friends."

* * * * * *

Rayleigh Hill, which has long defied the attempts of all Essex men, has at length been compelled to lower its head beneath the triumphant wheel of our Captain.

* * * * * *

The vagaries of a certain set of cyclists are evidently new to the man in charge of the railway crossing at Doncaster. He seemed quite struck by the appearance of two bicyclists who had passed *en route* for London. "They belonged to some regiment, I think," he said, with a puzzled air.

* * * * * *

Great things are expected at Cheshunt on Saturday. There will be a big array of Club officers, and roses, it should be borne in mind, are now in full bloom.

* * * * * *

It was hardly surprising that the N.E. tenor, who, by the bye, is coming out strongly as a hill-climber, was unable to overtake what was designated as the Slow Division on the return journey from Ongar. Subsequent enquiries elicited the fact that a veterans' match was held from Ongar to Abridge.

* * * * * *

A. B. W. Whatton rode Reigate Hill returning from the Club run last Saturday.

* * * * * *

H. R. Reynolds, who had never previously ridden a tricycle, started in the L.T.C. road race on a borrowed machine, and in spite of losing an hour by misdirection at Fareham, he completed 175 miles by about 10.30.

* * * * * *

As the N.E. D.C. was in Vienna within 48 hours of the run the news of his return had not spread, and there was something very eccentric in headgear at the N.E. run.

PORCUPINE.

RACING FIXTURES.

July 14.—B.U. Ten miles Tricycle and One mile Bicycle Championships at Crystal Palace.
14.—L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge.
19.—Crichton Three miles Invitation Race at Crystal Palace.
21.—Fifty miles Bicycle Championship at Crystal Palace.
25.—Eastbourne B.C. Races.
26.—Crystal Palace Challenge Cup.
28.—Races at Bristol Meet.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

John W. Wilson, Bransford, Edgbaston.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

An Official Record of the Runs, Races, and other Doings of the L.B.C.

Vol. VI. No. 20.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. July 19, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE AMATEUR.

The fact has for some time been clear to a disgusted world that there are amateurs and amateurs. There are amateurs in name who are not so in spirit, and amateurs in spirit who are not so in name. And it is very painful to the happily large number of amateurs both in name and spirit to see the other class so conspicuously successful on the racing track; distressing, not by any jealousy of the prizes won by such men, but by the discredit their prominence casts on the sport, and the bad effect their example has on younger men. The true amateur is a man whose sole motive is the love of the sport, the delight in beating worthy rivals, or in not being beaten without doing his best to win. He rides in races for honour and victory, and not for gain, and the value of the prizes he wins is not their selling price in pounds, shillings, and pence, but in the hard-won victories over men whom it was an honour to beat, of which they are the memorials.

It is impossible, however, to talk with any racing men of the present day without hearing the very reverse of this about some of the most prominent riders on the path. We are told that A is paid so much a week by certain makers of bicycles nominally as a mechanic, but really for advertising their machines by racing on them; that B is in the pay of a set of bookmakers, and never rides to win unless it suits the book of his employers. We hear this, and tales like this, with great minuteness of detail from rider after rider. All agree that "something must be done," and (as is usual in the case of these unanimous resolves) "someone else ought to do something." "Someone else," on enquiry, is generally specified as the Union, and surprise is expressed that the Union does not make a clean sweep of the field, and suspend all doubtful characters, *pour encourager les autres*.

Now we happen to have heard some of the views of the leading men on the Union in this matter, and they are shortly to this effect: "Give us the evidence," say the Executive, "and we will act on it. All you bring us is—'Everybody knows it;' or, 'C was told by D, who heard it from E, whose uncle's brother's nephew lives in the same street as the man in question;' or rather," the Executive say, "You don't bring it us; all of you blame us for not formally suspending A and B for grave misconduct, and announcing it to the world in all the papers; but not one of you has the courage to come forward yourself and charge A and B with definite offences, and give definite evidence in support of your charge. The hearsay you want us to act on would not be admitted against a little boy charged with stealing a penny, and you want us on it to make the most serious imputations against the character of men of some position on the path."

And we think the reply of the Executive is fair. The Union has no inquisitorial power by which it can convict offenders without legal evidence; no rack or dungeon to

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obtain information from people who keep their mouth shut. It has no large reserve fund, like the Jockey Club, to enable it to proceed without fear of the pecuniary risk of an action for libel; no salaried or unsalaried detectives on its staff who can track out the cycling criminal and bring him to the bar of justice. The purification of the racing path must be effected by the men on the racing path; the Union has no heavenly power of helping those who will not help themselves. Let racing men come forward with their charge and their evidence, and the Union will act with promptitude and severity; but there should be no grumbling if the Union takes no steps when the charge is made but the evidence forgotten.

COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee held on Monday, 9th instant, the following gentlemen were elected members of the Club:—

Name and Address.	Proposer.	Seconder.
Ernest Daniel Church, 14, Belmont Park, Lee, S.E.	H. G. Middleton.	S. P. Smith.
Percy Clarke, 31, Belsize Avenue, N.W.	E. Scott.	F. E. Metcalfe.
Joseph Gatey, Newton Lodge, Barnes, S,W....	E. Scott.	W. A. Smith.

The resignation of Mr. A. S. Morris was accepted.

A letter was read from Mr. Waddell offering us the use of the Stamford Bridge Grounds *free* on Saturday 22nd September, as we did not make use of it on 30th June. The matter was adjourned until Monday week, when it would be more fully discussed. E. S. Price, Hon. Sec.

LAWN TENNIS.

The second round is finished with the following result:—

Reynolds	beat	Scrutton, T. E.
Beck	,,	Herbert, Arthur
Francis, R. G. ...	,,	Potter, J. F.
Naylor, H. S. ...	,,	Hewitt, G. S.
Sharp	,,	Paull.
Elgood		a bye.

The third round runs as below, and results must be sent in by Monday, July 30th.

Reynolds	plays	Beck.
Naylor	,,	Elgood.
Francis	,,	Sharp.

IMPORTANT.—POSTPONEMENT OF GENERAL MEET AT EWELL.

I have this morning received a telegram from the landlord of the "Glyn Arms," Ewell, saying that he will be unable to provide tea for us on Saturday next. As time unfortunately does not allow other arrangements to be made I would suggest that the Districts meet at their usual meeting places and then decide the direction of their runs.

Ashley W. Barrett, Captain.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. District.

14th July. The N.E. District left the Corner rather late, and proceeded by way of Whip's Cross and Wood Street to Chingford and Cheshunt. At the "Green Dragon" no member of the N.W. was to be seen. After waiting until 7.0 the District partook of the necessary refreshment and tobacco, and returned by the same route as the outward journey, the roads being very fair in spite of the rain which had fallen. The above strictly truthful account I would gladly leave to tell its simple tale, yet perhaps some future historian might think it somewhat vague, and I therefore add the following details: The Captain, Lloyd, and Lyne met at the usual hour at the Corner, and after seeing a thunderstorm well started they made tracks for a neighbouring butcher's shop, which they occupied for two full hours, when, the thunderstorm abating, they separated to their respective homes. The D.C., on the other hand, came a little late, and finding, just at 4 o'clock, no one at the Corner, and a good deal of thunder and lightning about, he rushed back to Whip's Cross thoroughly soaked through with his ride. He too waited, but a sense of stern duty called him. When at length the rain began to abate at about 5.50 he made for Cheshunt, reached the "Green Dragon" two minutes before 7.0, drank a frugal meal, lighted a cigarette, found no one had been seen or heard of, and withdrew hurriedly to Walthamstow. Time from start to finish 2hr. 25min. in spite of the roads. But the reputation of the District was saved.

Theo. Godlee, District Captain.

Another account.

July 14th. The clerk of the weather seems to have a spite against the joint meets of this District, and on this occasion successfully frustrated the attempts of a few individuals to maintain the prestige gained by it at Erith. Two members met at Syborn's Corner, and were shortly joined by the Captain. After a few minutes conversation it was discovered that a terrific storm was bearing down in the direction of Walthamstow, and trees not being considered the best protection from lightning it was decided to make for the first shelter that offered itself. Accordingly a start was made, but first some characters in the cuneiform style (worthy of the "needle" in its most legible days) were traced in the mud for the guidance of the D.C. Whether he saw them is not known. Shelter was soon found under a shop awning in Walthamstow, and a variety of weather of a stormy nature transpired. The sufferings, mental and physical, of the trio are beyond description. After standing up for nearly two hours the rain condescended to stop, but as the storm appeared to be still travelling northwards, and any attempt to carry out the run would have necessitated riding into it again, it was unanimously

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voted that the official run was at an end; one member went homewards, after a reference to a six o'clock dinner; the survivors made tracks for a piece of blue sky in a southerly direction, and a rash determination was almost come to to ride into Kent; Forest Gate, however, proved the limit, where the hospitality of the contingent was kindly extended to the "private member" at their head-quarters. It would doubtless be unbecoming on the part of the present writer to abuse the kindness of his hosts by revealing to the general public the internal economy of the F.G.C.; he will therefore merely hint at the splendour of the spacious stables, the fitting shop, conservatories, and grounds. The guest was afterwards provided with an escort to the Lea Bridge Road, and sent on his way rejoicing. Present: Ashley Barrett (Captain), Lloyd, Lyne, (Thunder, Lightning, and Rain, visitors.)

P.S.—Must keep up the average somehow.

S.W. District.

There is at present a painful monotony about our S.W. meets, which it must be hoped had reached its climax on Saturday last, for it really seems to be regarded as a sufficient reason for not attending when individual members are privately informed that their humble servant will attend as usual at Kingston. There was however a gleam of satisfaction in noting in our latest issue that Buckler had once more taken the initiative and carried out our run to Ripley, and there is little reason to doubt that he will continue to act in a similar capacity for the next two Saturdays, during my absence upon a short tour with Barker and Potter, in Normandy. The substantial showers last Saturday subsided about 4.45 p.m. when the District left Kingston Station, and the run for Burnham Beeches commenced. The route selected was by Hampton, and unfortunately by Kempton Park race course, from whence everyone seemed to be returning just as the District was *en route* for Staines. From Staines the run was continued along a bye lane by the banks of the Colne to Colnbrook, whence the well-known Bath road was followed to Slough, which was reached after much labour at 6.45 p.m. Upon enquiring of the fair hostess at the C.T.C. house at Slough, if she had ever visited the renowned Beeches at Burnham, which had so long been the ultimate object of the present excursion, and upon eliciting an affirmative reply, it was somewhat consoling to the exhausted energies of the district to be further informed that there was really little at Burnham to satisfy our craving after "nature's beauties." Although but partially convinced of the truth of this assertion, yet with six more miles before us, an already advanced hour, and a cloudy uncertain sky, it was unanimously decided after careful reflection to postpone the visit to Stoke Pogis and the Beeches until a more favourable opportunity than the present one presented itself. The return journey along the Bath Road was accomplished in about an hour and a half. Distance from Kingston 37 miles. The run next Saturday is to Ewell, where there is a General Meet, and where it is extremely desirable that the S.W. should display their numerical strength.

R. M. Gruggen, District Captain.

S.E. District.

During the bright intervals between the heavy thundershowers on Saturday, thirteen men managed to find their way over to Westerham. Owing to an important engagement, it was rather late before the D.C. made his appearance at the festive scene, and in his absence, J. C. Oswald had kindly undertaken the charge of the Croydon Division. The Sevenoaks contingent turned up in force, but the Blackheath men were conspicuous only by their absence. After tea at the "King's Arms," and the usual stroll to view the church and the other antiquities of the place, a start homewards was made soon after eight, and Croydon was reached *viâ* Westerham Hill and Hayes Common. Present: Barker, Clements, Hartridge, Alf. Herbert, S. Herbert, Morgan, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, L. Potter, F. B. Smith, Whealler, F. H. Williams, one visitor, and

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

I sincerely hope that S.E. members will do their best to see their District well represented at the General Meet at Ewell next Saturday. The Croydon Division will wait at St. Katharine Street for the Blackheath men until 4.30.

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
July 21.—General Meet at Ewell. Times and places of starting to be published in the Gazette. (See Notice, p. 158.)						
July 28.	Paperchase.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for Ickenham.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for Burford Bridge. Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for Burford Bridge. Meet W.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for East Grinstead.	"Hare and Billet," 4.0, for Farningham.
August 4.—No run on account of Bank Holiday.						

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THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The coincidence of the London School Board *fête* and the above important fixture produced the largest number of spectators we ever remember to have seen at this path, though the weather for the most part was very unfavourable. The L.B.C. was not riding anything like its full strength, but speaking generally the competitors were a very representative lot, no rider in any previous championship having come further than from Birmingham, while the management was good with the exception that in the first heat of the Mile the bell for last lap was deserted by the official in charge of it, a mistake which might have led to much unpleasantness. The final of the bicycle event was spoilt by Sutton's fall, and that of the tricycle by Lowndes giving up, as he did last year, directly he was challenged.

ONE MILE BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Heat 1.—A Thompson, Sutton B.C., 1; T. D. Oliver, Jesmond A.B.C., 2. Thompson led throughout, with Oliver on his hind wheel till halfway round the last lap, when in response to the yells from the dressing room the bell sounded and the Newcastle man made his effort, coming up outside Thompson, who just won by six—some said four—inches. Time, 2 min. 46⅗ sec.

Heat 2.—R. Chambers, Speedwell B.C., 1; F. E. S. Perry, Crichton B.C., 2. Perry, trying for the time standard, led till the last lap, when his opponent passed him and won by a yard, with a good deal in hand. Time, 2 min. 50⅕ sec.

Heat 3.—H. W. Gaskell, Ranelagh Harriers, 1; F. R. Fry, Clifton B.C., 2; M. H. Whish, Birchfield B.C., 3. At the end of the first lap Fry was leading by ten yards, but in the last all were close up till Gaskell, coming away over the water, won easily by six yards; Fry, contrary to expectation, beating the Midlander for second place by about the same distance. Time, 2 min. 52⅕ sec.

Heat 4.—G. H. Illston, Royal Mail B.C., 1; F. L. Adam, L.B.C., 0. Our man, who had discarded his "Club" on the score of weakness, and has come into possession of Beck's "Humber," snapped its crank at starting and fell, leaving Illston to ride over alone, which he succeded in doing in 2 min. 53 sec. apparently with great ease.

Heat 5.—F. Sutton, Edgbaston Harriers, 1; P. J. McKinlay, Beckenham B.C., 2; A. B. W. Whatton, C.U.Bi.C. and L.B.C., 3. Until the last lap McKinlay led, when the Harrier, who has the gift of a very sudden spurt, shot out and at once gained twenty yards; after which, seeing that he had his men safe, he easied considerably, and won by about that distance. Twenty-five yards separated McKinlay from the third man, who is not riding as well as he was. Time, 2 min. 55⅗ sec.

This brought the first round to a close, but the executive allowed F. L. Adam to ride over by himself to try for a time medal, noticing, possibly, that with an advancing thunderstorm a strong, cold wind had sprung up, making the feat well-nigh an impossible one. Putting aside our sense of the consideration shown to one of our men, we cannot help thinking that the precedent thus established might be found a very inconvenient one in case of a competitor in the 50 miles championship claiming under it to ride over the distance again.

SECOND ROUND.

Heat 1.—H. W. Gaskell, 1; A. Thompson, 2. Thompson again put it all in from the start, leading till 200 yards from home, when the ex-Liverpudlian went by and won by two lengths. Time 2 min. 50⅗ sec.

Heat 2.—F. Sutton, 1; G. H. Illston, 2; T. D. Oliver, 3. There was no hankering after a time medal here, each man being content to wait for the finish, which resulted in Sutton winning a pretty race by three yards, five dividing second and third. Time 3 min. 5⅗ sec.

Final Heat.—H. W. Gaskell, 1; A. Thompson, 2; F. Sutton fell. Once more Thompson dashed off with the lead, Gaskell lying last until passing the dressing room in the last lap but one, when Sutton slipped his pedal and fell, Gaskell, who was close behind, getting by very cleverly on the gravel inside. Thompson continued to lead till passing the starting post for the last time, when Gaskell coming away at his usual time, landed himself champion by some five or six yards. Time 2 min. 55⅗ sec. Last lap 40⅗ sec.

TEN MILES TRICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Heat 1.—C. D. Vesey, Surrey B.C., and C. E. Liles, L.A.C., rode over for places in 41 min. 50⅕ sec., a very slow performance to watch.

Heat 2.—M. J. Lowndes, Coventry, 1; G. Smith, Merry Rovers T.C., 2; R. Chambers, Speedwell B.C., 0; R. T. Cassall, Berretta C.C., 0. Chambers had reserved himself for this event instead of starting in the second round of the Bicycle Championship—a decided miscalculation, if he desired to do himself justice; but as Jack Keen remarked to the writer, the Birmingham men "sometimes talk to one another." Four abreast crowded the path at starting, very unnecessarily, considering that there were only two in the first heat, and Lowndes did wisely in remaining at his station until the others were well on the move. Chambers and Cassall retired at different stages, and the "giant" won easily by 300 yards.

Final Heat.—C. E. Liles, 1; G. Smith, 2; M. J. Lowndes, 0; C. D. Vesey, 0. Vesey, who was riding a "Rotary," geared much more highly than his strength allowed, was quite out of the hunt, and Smith was lapped before the fourth mile was completed, after which he stuck pluckily to the leaders. Lowndes, as usual, made the pace very hot, Liles waiting upon him till crossing the south causeway for the last time but one, when he spurted and drew level, at which Lowndes was attacked with cramp in the leg and suddenly stopped, the L.A.C. man doing the last lap by himself in 52⅗ sec., and winning by about 550

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yards. Smith finished second, Lowndes going on slowly as far as the dressing room, outside which his leg was attended to, though the majority of the spectators appeared to consider that the symptoms were rather those of cramp in the heart. It is needless to add that Liles' victory was a very popular one. J. S. W.

SOUTH-EAST.

"Home keeping youth have ever homely wits." So wrote the man who never, so far as we know, left Warwickshire except for the metropolis. But, following his precept rather than his example, I had been spending part of the "long" wandering from place to place, visiting friends, seeing the country, and picking up one or two prizes at country meetings, and now, joining my brother (A. B.) at Eastbourne, we decided on returning to town by way of the Kent coast.

We took the usual road over the Pevensey levels to the old ruin, and found the surface better than usual, though the absence of any sort of shelter from the violent east wind suggested the peculiar aptitude of the place for the erection of an anemometer. We got into the Lewes and Battle high road at Linfield, which is situated at the top of a long hill, and turned to the right to Battle, leaving Normanhurst (Sir T. Brassey's place) above us on the left. It was the wrong day for the abbey, but the fine old church was open and was undergoing, at the hands of the rector's family, a magnificent preparation for the harvest festival. At the end of the town the signpost will be a sufficient direction to Selescombe, at which place, instead of following our own inclinations—which would have led us by a lane to Broad Oak Cross—we took advice and the straight road up the hill to Crispe's Corner, which is certainly the right thing to do. From Battle to this village, where four ways converge upon a first-rate signpost, the road is very hilly, rather rough, and a little hard to find; but all the rest of the way to Rye is much more level, fairly smooth, and unmistakable main road. It runs along the tops of the hills, with very fine views throughout, after the manner of an elongated Hog's-back, and finishes with a spectacle which, as far as I know, is unique—the two ancient towns of Winchelsea and Rye standing each on its rock in the middle of the marsh.

At Rye we stopped at an inn which the townspeople know as the "Sinkey Ports" Hotel (B.T.C.), which is scarcely up to the mark; but the Ypres Tower, and the Old Gates, as well as the Parish Church, are worth going a long way to see. In the visitors book at the church we noticed the signatures of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, who, on the occasion of the recent civic visit, were pleased to contribute five pounds to the restoration fund, a sum which looked vast beside the shilling and halfcrown contributions of the more ordinary mortal. Leaving Rye by the bridge over the Rother, the traveller at once re-enters the marsh, a most primitive and interesting district, so much out of the way, that the inhabitants will tell you (See the Guide book; we did not ask because we did not quite know how to put the question) that the world consists of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and Romney marsh.

Brockland is a curious village, and the church spire is a splendid conception, detached from the rest of the building and constructed from the ground of tarred wood. Its architectural style is its own, but a model might perhaps be formed by breaking off the stems of three wine glasses about an inch from the bowl, and placing them inverted upon one another. From us it provoked laughter, but that a constant contemplation of it is apt to engender a more dangerous state of mind, may be inferred from a touching appeal signed by the churchwardens, which is painted up near the door, begging the parishioners to abstain from throwing stones at the church steeple! As we saw no one indulging in this pastime, and as the proclamation is dated 1832, we concluded that it was only a marsh reflection of the excited state of public feeling at the time. However the notice remains.

A mile or two beyond Blockland we crossed the railway, which runs right out to the end of Dungeness, whose lighthouse may be seen away to the right, glimmering over some six miles of marsh. Dungeness Station is a terminus, and I should say an unprofitable one, for the only places marked on the map within three miles are the said lighthouse, "Number One Battery," "Dunge Marsh Court," and "Abnor Pit." The nature of the last settlement we did not discover.

We passed the night at the comfortable B.T.C. house at New Romney, and on Thursday morning, after having made some progress against a violent head wind, we made the pleasing discovery that A. B. was no longer burdened by the weight of his Take-about knapsack (by no means an unusual incident of our touring), and he consequently enjoyed a fast run down the wind to recover it from the hold of the "Ship." Part of the way to Hythe the road runs under Dymchurch Wall, which is maintained at a cost of £5,000 a year, to prevent the encroachments of the sea, a somewhat difficult matter, if we may judge from the earnest discussion by some eight or ten greyheaded farmers, which we heard at the inn at New Romney, touching the election of a bailiff of the marsh, presumably an official whose duties are connected with the care of the great sea wall.

After visiting Saltwood Castle, and the (supposed) Saxon bones in the crypt of the parish church at Hythe, there is nothing to detain the tourist, except the immense hill out of Folkestone, until Dover is reached, where we saw the twin ship *Calais-Douvres*, and had a miserable dinner. Dover to Deal is Folkestone to Dover encored, and as we were struggling with an even more boisterous wind than we encountered on the same road in '80, we had but a bad time of it. The day's journey ended in darkness at Sand-

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wich, for the wind was such as to preclude the possibility of lighting or keeping alight any known lamp. The B.T.C. Hotel at Sandwich is exceedingly comfortable, and in every way to be strongly recommended.

Friday. Two miles out of Sandwich is the ferry house for Richborough Castle, and one is punted across. It is "four-square," only the outer walls remaining, which at the present time enclose a ploughed field; but these are in a wonderful state of preservation considering their Roman origin, and a further attraction is found in an underground passage following the circuit (if one may use that expression of what is rectangular) of the walls. We penetrated about 100 yards, but having burned up all our matches and the box, we were forced to retire. Next time we shall take in a head lamp.

The next stage was Ramsgate, but Ramsgate is nothing without its Saturday to Monday mob, and the same remark applies to Margate, four miles on. The former, however, can boast of a first rate coffee tavern.

[NOTE.—There is no doubt that limejuice is the thing to drink.]

From Margate there is a capital run to Canterbury, whence the Watling Street is known to everyone, and as we cannot speak of it in terms of affection it is better left undescribed. Suffice it to say that we got home that night after a very enjoyable three days; though it rained at intervals throughout, and the wind was very strong as far as Margate, after which, when it might have helped us, it died away altogether.

J. S. WHATTON.

CONCERNING CELLULOID COLLARS.

These are, undoubtedly, convenient articles, but on first acquaintance they are also apt to be disappointing. Perhaps a few hints on the subject may save a fellow-member some amount of vexation of spirit. I remember thinking what a treasure I had got when I brought home my first "ever-clean," and how my opinion altered when, the first time I put it on, one of the buttonholes split right to the edge. Since then I have had some experience, and these are the results: The first thing I do on buying a collar, is to enlarge the centre of the buttonhole slightly with a shoe maker's punch—such as they use for making eyelet holes in boots. Next put your collar into the water-jug for a day or two, and if, afterwards, you have not used it for some time, it is better to repeat this experiment—just put it in soak overnight, and it will be much more comfortable to wear. Occasional scrubbing with soap and water and a nailbrush will keep them presentable for a long time, but they do become discoloured at last. There is some cleaning stuff to be got at the shops, but I have not tried it; it is sold in bottles. I find a little sulphuric ether, used with the finger or cotton wool answers capitally, but it must not be used near a candle, as it is very inflammable, or, rather, *explosive*. By attention to the points I have mentioned these collars will be found to last much longer, and will be found not only convenient, but economical as well.

LA-DI-DA.

TABLE OF RECORD TIMES.

Compiled by G. P. Coleman, L.B.C., Official Timekeeper to the Bicycle Union.

Miles.	1882. Time. H.	M.	S.	Name.	Place.	1881. Time. H.	M.	S.	Name.	Place.
¼	0	0	41	Cortis.	Surbiton.	0	0	36⅘	Hillier.	Leicester.
½	0	1	20	do.	do.	0	1	23	Cleaver.	Stamf. Brdg.
¾	0	2	1⅗	do.	do.	0	2	9	K.-Fal.	Cambridge.
1	0	2	41⅖	do.	do.	0	2	46⅗	do.	do.
2	0	5	36⅗	K.-Fal.	Cambridge.	0	5	36⅗	do.	do.
3	0	8	41⅕	Adam.	Crystal Pal.	0	8	54⅖	Cortis.	Leicester.
4	0	11	46⅕	Cortis.	Surbiton.	0	11	51¼	do.	do.
5	0	14	39⅗	do.	Stoke-on-T.	0	14	39⅗	do.	Stoke-on-T.
6	0	17	37	do.	Surbiton.	0	17	53⅗	do.	Surbiton.
7	0	20	32	do.	do.	0	22	52	do.	do.
8	0	23	31⅕	do.	do.	0	23	57	do.	do.
9	0	26	31⅗	do.	do.	0	26	59⅕	do.	do.
10	0	29	30⅗	do.	do.	0	29	54⅕	do.	do.
11	0	32	30	do.	do.	0	33	4⅗	do.	do.
12	0	35	30⅘	do.	do.	0	36	6⅕	do.	do.
13	0	38	35⅖	do.	do.	0	39	5⅕	do.	do.
14	0	41	36	do.	do.	0	42	9⅗	do.	do.
15	0	44	37⅗	do.	do.	0	45	8	do.	do.
16	0	47	37⅕	do.	do.	0	48	8	do.	do.
17	0	50	32⅖	do.	do.	0	51	0⅕	do.	do.
18	0	53	27⅗	do.	do.	0	53	56⅘	do.	do.
19	0	56	22⅗	do.	do.	0	57	36	do.	do.
20	0	59	20⅕	do.	do.	1	0	38⅗	do.	do.
21	1	3	45⅖	do.	do.	1	3	45⅖	do.	do.
22	1	6	51⅗	do.	do.	1	6	51⅗	do.	do.
23	1	10	9⅗	do.	do.	1	10	9⅗	do.	do.
24	1	13	26⅖	do.	do.	1	13	26⅘	do.	do.
25	1	16	41⅗	do.	do.	1	16	41⅗	do.	do.
26	1	22	55⅖	Jephson	Crystal Pal.	1	25	34	Hillier.	do.
27	1	26	12⅖	Adam.	do.	1	29	3⅗	do.	do.
28	1	29	31⅘	Vesey.	do.	1	32	21	Griffith.	do.
29	1	33	2⅗	Jephson	do.	1	35	43	do.	do.
30	1	36	21	K.-Fal.	do.	1	39	11	do.	do.
31	1	39	43⅖	Day.	do.	1	42	41⅖	Hillier.	do.
32	1	43	13⅕	Vesey.	do.	1	46	6⅕	do.	do.
33	1	46	36⅗	do.	do.	1	49	34⅗	do.	do.
34	1	49	52⅕	do.	do.	1	53	5	do.	do.
35	1	53	31⅗	K.-Fal.	do.	1	56	47	do.	do.
36	1	56	38⅗	Vesey.	do.	2	0	15⅗	do.	do.
37	2	0	3⅘	Crute.	do.	2	3	47⅕	do.	do.
38	2	3	28⅖	Jephson	do.	2	7	35	do.	do.
39	2	6	49⅕	do.	do.	2	11	21	do.	do.
40	2	10	5⅘	do.	do.	2	15	6⅖	do.	do.
41	2	13	31⅗	do.	do.	2	18	52⅖	do.	do.
42	2	16	51⅗	do.	do.	2	22	26⅕	do.	do.
43	2	20	18⅘	Adam.	do.	2	26	5	do.	do.
44	2	23	43⅕	Vesey.	do.	2	29	46⅕	do.	do.
45	2	27	5⅘	Jephson	do.	2	33	13	Crute.	do.
46	2	30	33⅖	K.-Fal.	do.	2	36	47⅗	Hillier.	do.
47	2	34	4⅗	Jephson	do.	2	40	28⅖	do.	do.
48	2	37	43⅕	do.	do.	2	44	8	do.	do.
49	2	41	8⅖	do.	do.	2	47	42⅕	do.	do.
50	2	43	58⅗	K.-Fal.	do.	2	50	50⅗	do.	do.

All the above are done with a stationary start. Fastest ¼ of a mile, with a flying start, 36⅗, by J. S. Whatton, Cambridge University and London B.C. Longest distance ridden in an hour, 20 miles 325 yards, by H. L. Cortis,

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Wanderers B.C., at Surbiton, 2nd August, 1882. Fastest 10 miles on grass, 34–31$\frac{1}{2}$, by H. L. Cortis, Wanderers B.C., Kennington Oval, September 6th, 1879.

[By an editorial (or ex-editorial) blunder, the above was not printed at the beginning of the year, as it should have been. As it is desirable to make our pages a record of the progress of the sport, we reproduce it now. Already this year the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile record has been lowered to 40$\frac{3}{5}$ and the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to 1-19$\frac{4}{5}$, both records standing to the credit of A. H. Thompson, of the Sutton B.C.]

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

Another record has gone. Mr. James Lennox, of Dumfries, has ridden from John o' Groats to Land's End in 10 days, 4 hours, 30 minutes, including a Sunday, on which he did no riding. He rode by Inverness, Perth, Edinboro', Biggar, Carlisle, Penrith, Kendal, Lancaster, Warrington, Wellington, Worcester, Gloucester, Bristol, Taunton, and Exeter. A headwind blew the whole time, and it rained on every day but two. Moreover, for two days Mr. Lennox rode on a machine with only one handle-bar. Clearly, our President or H. R. will have to set to and do the distance (about 950 miles) in the week.

* * * * * *

Both championships run on Saturday remain in London, though Sutton might very likely have won the mile, but for his fall, as he showed a splendid turn of speed in his heats.

* * * * * *

Gaskell's last lap in the final of the Mile was a record for the ground, 40$\frac{2}{5}$ seconds for 504 yards; this represents 35$\frac{2}{5}$ seconds (about) for the quarter mile, which is well inside J. S. Whatton's record of 36$\frac{2}{5}$. Possibly Sutton might not have been equal to this, though the last lap of the Five Miles at Aston, which is about the same length, 501 yards, I think, took under 41 seconds.

* * * * * *

F. L. Adam had very hard luck in his start; many starters would have pulled both the men back, but Keen thought he had no power to act.

* * * * * *

The best race of the day was undoubtedly between Thompson and Oliver in the first heat; the fastest time of the day, 2 min 46$\frac{1}{5}$ sec., and the closest finish.

* * * * * *

Lowndes' defeat in the Ten Miles was a very bad case of want of pluck; the moment Liles passed him he shut up, as he has often done before. It is very curious that a man who can make pace so fast and well should be such an utter coward when collared.

* * * * * *

Buckley was on the ground with his arm out of a sling. Truly the L.B.C. is unfortunate in the show it makes for the championships.

* * * * * *

All sorts of rumours were flying about Sutton. I have always, however, distrusted precise statements since Hillier was told by a Midland cyclist who did not know him, that "he knew as a fact that that chap Hillier was in the pay of a firm of bookmakers at the Alexandra Palace."

* * * * * *

I am more than ever confirmed in my opinion that a tricycle on the racing path is a fish out of water after Saturday's exhibition. We shall be having "growler" and omnibus championships next.

* * * * * *

The Second Summer Meeting of the L.A.C., postponed from Saturday last, was held on Tuesday evening. The Four Miles Bicycle Handicap (Open) was won by H. F. Wilson of the Surrey, Oliver Thorn riding second. Time, 12 min. 23$\frac{3}{5}$ sec. Wyndham also ran in the final, but gave up after going two miles. There was an exciting finish in the second heat, Thorn coming up with a splendid spurt at the finish and just making a dead heat of it with Wilson.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

The "C.T.C. HANDBOOK AND GUIDE:" 7th Edition, June, 1883. Compiled and Published by E. R. SHIPTON, Secretary, 139, 140, Fleet Street, E.C.

The long-looked-for revised edition of the C.T.C. Handbook made its appearance at the beginning of this month. It is neatly got up in the style of its immediate predecessors, and bears evident marks of careful editing. Although it contains some fifty pages more than last year's edition, it is actually less bulky; the diminution in size being achieved by the use of thinner paper. In place of the roughly outlined sketch map of Great Britain which appeared in last year's issue, we have now a carefully executed map of the United Kingdom with the boundaries and the chief consular districts clearly indicated. Besides this, the chief innovation is a French Tariff (p. 23) which, though fair, does not appear to us to offer any special advantages to a member of of the club. In Paris and some of the larger towns he would certainly save a franc for his bed and twenty-five centimes for attendance, but in country places he will save nothing by showing his badge or ticket.

The chief difficulty which the C.T.C. executive has to face with reference to this annual publication is its constant, and almost inevitable, tendency to increase in size, and, consequently, to diminish in usefulness. For if the book is to be useful it must be small and portable, and we feel bound to confess that even last year we compromised matters by tearing out the leaves we thought we should want to refer to in the course

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of our tour, and leaving the rest behind. The next important point is simplicity of arrangement. Now it appears to us that something would be gained in both these respects by doing away with the present separate lists of the towns in each chief consular district and printing them all together in one alphabetical list, and inserting the number or initials of the chief consular district after the name of the town. By this means a good deal of space would be saved, the present index of towns, which occupies twelve pages, would be rendered unnecessary, and the reader would be saved the trouble of a double reference. At present, in order to ascertain particulars respecting a place, one has to look it out in the index, and then refer back to the list of towns in the chief consular district. A separate list of chief consuls, with the boundaries of their districts, is given at pp. 32, 33, and this should be retained. Foreign places should also be combined into one list instead of six as at present, and perhaps at some future time it may be advisable to publish this portion as a separate appendix.

Of the late appearance of the book we will say nothing, since this was clearly due to exceptional causes, and ought never to occur again. We have it at last, and are glad to find it in every respect superior to any of its predecessors.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. Browne.

The group taken after the Invitation Race at Cambridge, containing good likenesses of Palmer, Whish, Jephson, F. L. Adam, Butler, Pollock, Latham, Merry, Reynolds, Hampton Roberts, Carr, and the brothers Whatton, can be obtained of C. L. Schwind, Esq., Derby. Price one shilling.

* * * * * *

D. R. Smith proposes to take to tricycle racing next season. It is not stated whether he thinks it safer, or more exciting, or more profitable.

* * * * * *

A comic paper suggests that a recent article, "Over the Pyrenees on a bicycle," should read "Over a bicycle on a pair-of-knees."

* * * * * *

McCullum Hill has effected a radical reform in himself. Members meeting the top half of a face that seems very well known to them are requested not to pass it because they have never seen the lower half before.

* * * * * *

The North-West is to be congratulated on its new D.C. The way in which in his last week's report he takes credit for a meet of seven, without the smallest hint that three out of the seven were stray sheep from an adjoining district, shows that he thoroughly understands his duties, and promises well for the future records of the district.

* * * * * *

It is doubtful whether the N.E. representatives who went to the butcher's shop decided to alter the destination of the run within the meaning of the rule.

* * * * * *

The N.E. D.C. found the whole dignity of being a meet of two districts somewhat oppressive.

* * * * * *

The touring season has been initiated by a Normandy four who started last Tuesday *viâ* Newhaven and Dieppe.

* * * * * *

Their programme is said to be varied as well as extensive; and the Editor is accordingly expectant.

Porcupine.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

19.—Crichton Three miles Invitation Race at Crystal Palace.
21.—Fifty miles Bicycle Championship at Crystal Palace.
25.—Eastbourne B.C. Races.
26.—Crystal Palace Challenge Cup.
28.—Races at Bristol Meet.
Aug. 1.—Leamington and S.W.B.C. Meeting.
2.—Twenty-five Miles Championship at Taunton.
2.—Hammersmith B.C. Races at Stamford Bridge.
4 and 6.—W. Lancashire B.C. Autumn Sports at Liverpool.
6 and 7.—North of England Cyclists' Meet Races.
Sept. 15.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.

Editorial Note.—We regret that at the time of going to press no accounts of the W. and N.W. runs have been received.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 21.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. JULY 26, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

AUTUMN MEETING.

The Committee have, as stated in another column, decided upon an entirely novel experiment, and one which only special circumstances would render possible. As members are aware the Stamford Bridge Ground was engaged for a Saturday in June, and the liability of the Club was adopted by a number of guarantees in order to render it possible to hold the Annual Race Meeting at the Crystal Palace. As we did not use the ground, however, the L.A.C. have very kindly placed the Stamford Bridge Ground at our disposal for the 22nd September. This was an offer the Committee did not like to throw away, but the colossal effort of an ordinary race meeting, got up in the dead season when everyone was away, showed such a reasonable prospect of a loss after all, that they rejected that idea as impossible. They have therefore decided on a purely family gathering—a race meeting without an open event, without any advertising, and practically without any printing. The only attempt at an open event being a flat race for boys under sixteen introduced by members; the only advertisement being a notice in our columns; the only fruit being the performances. Our members have occasionally complained that we do too much for outsiders and not enough for them, and now they have a good chance. The prizes will not of course be expensive, as for our own members that is wholly unnecessary to make a good race, whatever may be the case with outsiders. We hope that our readers will encourage this novel idea, and that a pleasant afternoon will be satisfactorily carried out. Entrance to the ground will be only one shilling; members themselves being admitted free on showing their badge. The Committee have avoided the appeal to members which must have resulted in any attempt at an open meeting, but a certain amount of general co-operation will be needed to float the venture, which we trust the Club will not be slow to give.

COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee held at the "City Arms" on Monday, 23rd inst., it was resolved that "the offer of the L.A.C. for the free use of Stamford Bridge Grounds on 22nd September be accepted with thanks; that a race meeting be held on that day—not necessarily confined to bicycle races—but that all bicycle races be confined to members, and all other competitions be confined to members and their friends."

The old Race Committee was requested to make the necessary arrangements. E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

EAST GRINSTEAD.

Next Saturday I think we may count on having more settled weather, and a good attendance ought to be the result. The Croydon Division will leave the Fire Station at 4.15. The Blackheath men will run to Farningham, according to the Meet Card. R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

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RACE MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

In accordance with the decision of the Committee there will be a race meeting at the above grounds on Saturday, 22nd September, at 3.30 p.m. The events will be :—

One Mile Club Handicap. Three prizes: gold, silver, and bronze medals.

Twelve Miles District Scratch. Three prizes: bronze medals.

Half-mile Club Scratch. Two prizes: gold and silver medals.

220 yards Flat Race for boys under 16 years of age, introduced by members. Three prizes.

Entry fee for each of the first three events 2s. 6d, and for the Flat Race, 1s. The Twelve Miles District Race must be ridden on *bonâ fide* roadsters; only those members allowed to compete who have attended at least eight meets throughout the season. Each District to have three starters. Entries close on 17th September. A member of the Committee has kindly offered the first prize for the flat race.

Members will be admitted *free* on production of Club Badge. No tickets will be issued; the admission to the outside world will be by payment of 1s. at the gates.

It will be seen from the foregoing that an entirely new departure is being undertaken. The afternoon is intended to be a purely Club affair, and every member taking part in the races or turning up on the ground will make it more so. It will serve all the purposes of a General Meet, without the bother of having to get to the destination by riding all round London, and will have one great attraction which the said General Meet is void of, viz., the presence of fellow-members' sisters, cousins, and aunts.

E. S. Price, Hon. Sec.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. District.

July 21. The weather last Saturday in this District was characterized by the usual thunderstorm, which came around just as the men ought to have been meeting at Syborn's Corner. The D.C. was late, but Lyne, also slightly so, found him waiting at Whip's Cross, and, as the thunder was then calm, the two departed for Epping, where the District had been summoned by post card, hoping to find a few others, but without avail. The ride out was pleasant, in spite of one or two showers, and after a somewhat simple tea a return journey was effected in daylight. Present: C. Y. Lyne and Theo. Godlee, District Captain.

PAPERCHASE.

I much regret that the illness of a relative will prevent my asking the District to take tea at Whip's Cross on Saturday next. Under these circumstances I have arranged for the meet to take place at 4.45 at Snaresbrook Station, G.E.R., at which hour two hares will, I hope, be able to start. Tea will be at the "White Hart," Abridge, at the close of the run.

Theo. Godlee, District Captain.

W. District.

21st July. After an absence of somewhat over three weeks I have at last returned to my duties. Certainly I expected to find someone at the starting place somewhere about 4 o'clock, notwithstanding the postponement of the General Meet at Ewell. But no doubt the rain deterred anyone from putting in an appearance, at least no one had done so as late as 4.30, when I decided to take a short turn round by myself for an hour. I went to Kew, and on to Brentford, Isleworth, and through the lanes to Ealing, at which point, failing to discover any enjoyment, I turned homewards, wet and uncomfortable.

I hope all who can will try to attend the run on Saturday next, when I hope to be present myself. For the remainder of the season I shall endeavour to be at the starting point each Saturday at 3.45, when I hope to be supported by as many as can conveniently manage to be present.

H. C. Pigott, District Captain.

S.E. District.

Wednesday, 18th July. The first Evening Run was favoured with fine weather, and attended by four members, who met at 7.30 at the Fire Station. The road taken was that by Shirley and West Wickham. The weather and surface were perfect, the only drawback being that the bathing-pond at Keston was found to be dry. Owing to some unfortunate person having been drowned it had been drained to recover his body. The rustics were busy capturing, and when captured fighting over the fish—principally carp and eels. One carp that had been caught was said to have been no less than two feet round the belly. Present: Gerich, S. Herbert, W. C. Oswald, Wigan, and his fox terrier "Jingo." In future the starting time from the Fire Station for the Wednesday evening runs will be 7 o'clock.

Saturday, 21st July. "More rain" was the reflection of the D.C. as he trudged over to Croydon and was soused in one of those showers which we ought to be getting accustomed to by this time. Only one other member, S. Herbert, made his appearance at the start. However, the sun came out to cheer our course, and with the wind did its best to dry us. On Hayes Common we fell in with Day, and on arriving at Down we found quite a cluster of men round the door of the "George Inn." The Blackheath Division were in great force, the return of their chief, Stephen Smith, from his duties connected with the Racing path having evidently given a fresh stimulus to their energy. Morgan and Smith turned up from Sevenoaks, and F. H. Williams gave proof of his usual

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devotion to his district, by riding over late from Beddington. The new landlord—new landlords seem to be a speciality of the "George Inn"—showed himself anxious to make us comfortable, and when he has settled down in his new house will, no doubt, be as successful in that line as his predecessors. It is to be feared that most of the men must have felt the effects of the shower which came on soon after we dispersed for home. Present: Church, Day, Halliday, Alfred Herbert, Arthur Herbert, S. Herbert, Morgan, F. B. Smith, S. P. Smith, Whealler, F. H. Williams, two visitors, and

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

N.W. DISTRICT.

It may be that our District, in consequence of the keen disappointment experienced as regards the General Meet, vainly tried to console themselves with lawn tennis or the river; but yet the afternoon was a fine illustration of shifting scenery in the ethereal world, and those who turned out enjoyed their run to Cheshunt very much, putting up at the "Green Dragon" and returning home soberly and in order. Next Saturday the run is to Ickenham, famous for scenery and roses. Tea at the "Coach and Horses." "Jack Straw's Castle," 3.45. GENERAL ORDER.—To turn out in numbers. A. H. LOWN, District Captain.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
July 28.	PAPERCHASE. Meet at Snaresbrook Station at 4.45. Tea at "White Hart," Abridge.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for ICKENHAM.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for BURFORD BRIDGE. Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for BURFORD BRIDGE. Meet W.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for EAST GRINSTEAD.	"Hare and Billet," 4.0, for FARNINGHAM.

August 4.—No run on account of Bank Holiday.

THE FIFTY MILES CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Crystal Palace Company probably did a good stroke of business in again getting this event run at their grounds, for in spite of the very doubtful morning the public were present, especially toward the end of the race, in as large numbers as they were last year on a day good enough for record beating. H. F. Wilson, of the Surrey, a club that has turned out several first-rate long distance men, after his splendid performance on Thursday, and in the absence of our President, and of this year's winner at five miles, was made a strong favourite; and he succeeded in winning, though, with a little more judgment on the part of Fry, it might have been otherwise. Result: H. F. Wilson, Surrey B.C., 1; F. R. Fry, Clifton B.C., 2; H. R. Reynolds, O.U.Bi.C. and L.B.C., 3; C. D. Vesey, Surrey B.C., 4.

There were three "foreigners" riding, Fry, Popplewell of Ipswich, well known at the Oval, and King, of Salisbury. who has appeared at Stamford Bridge and elsewhere, and who on this occasion went off with the lead, a position which he shared with Tacagni, McKinlay, Popplewell, and W. W. Scott, late of the Imperial, for the greater part of the first half of the journey. In the middle of the 26th mile Wilson for the first time took the lead, and doing the 27th in 2 min. 53 sec., he got right away and caught the last of the opponents in the 30th, after which he accompanied the second man until some two miles from the finish. In the mean time, Fry and Reynolds, who had parted company with each other, closed up again, and these three rode together with a lap between each of them till the 48th mile when Fry, at length following the instructions of his trainer who, seeing that he was perfectly fresh, had been endeavouring for some time to get him to quicken, made his effort, at once left Wilson, and before the finish had regained rather more than half the lost lap. Reynolds, who seemed rather done, but who lasted wonderfully considering that he had had no path training, also got about sixty yards away from Wilson, behind whom he finished three laps less that distance. Vesey had made elaborate preparations in the way of clothing to provide against rain, which did not come off, and must have been somewhat hampered by them, as he was not within three miles of the winner.

There were eleven starters, five absentees, including Keith-Falconer and Oliver Thorn, and the time was 2hr. 46min. 26⅘sec. This is the best show we have made hitherto in the Championships this year, but we look for great things from Douglas Smith at Taunton.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—As your reporter of the Mile Championship, and also in defence of my own property, kindly allow me to correct an error which appeared in your last issue.

Gaskell's last lap was officially given as 40⅘ sec., and it was not discovered until some time after that this was the time occupied in covering, not the last *lap*, but the last *quarter-mile*, quite a different thing at the C.P.

The regular reporters were informed of the mistake in time to rectify it, and I believe that the GAZETTE shared the responsibility of printing it with the Referee only.—I am, sir, yours truly, J. S. WHATTON.

[The *Field* is also in error.—ED.]

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ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

H. R. Reynolds has won two Time Medals for 50 miles, taking one last year in 2hr. 47min. 52⅕sec., and one this year on a much worse day in 2hr. 48min. 16sec.

* * * * * *

H. F. Wilson should really try 20 miles in the hour, or some good performance of that sort. On Thursday, making his own pace, he rides 4 miles in 11min. 36sec.; and on the Saturday, on a heavy track, having ridden 25 miles in 1hr. 24min., he does 4 miles in 11min. 54sec.; 5 miles in 14min. 58sec., again making his own pace.

* * * * * *

O. Thorn, with 15 yards start, took second prize in the Open Mile at the La Crosse sports. Several members and member's brothers also distinguished themselves.

* * * * * *

H. Smith took the second prize at Windsor in the Two Miles Open with 80 yards, beating Gaskell from scratch.

* * * * * *

The four miles record has been lowered, and considerably, too, under decidedly sensational circumstances, at the evening race meeting of the Crighton B.C. on Thursday last. It will perhaps be remembered that it was at their last year's meeting that W. K. Adam cut the three miles record, which still stands to his credit.

* * * * * *

H. F. Wilson, who, by his performances on Thursday and Saturday, has now stepped into the front rank, began riding at the beginning of last season, and in the autumn he won the Fifty Miles Championship of the Surrey B.C. His form has been so good of late that he started in the fifth heat of the Four Miles Invitation Race on Thursday, with the intention of cutting the record, which he succeeded in doing to the tune of 8⅗sec., a performance which is all the more marvellous seeing that he had no one to make the pace.

* * * * * *

This record, 11min. 37⅗sec., was only destined to stand for half an hour, as in the final heat, Gaskell, after the best race that has been seen this year, defeated Liles by a length in the splendid time of 11min. 34⅘sec., the last mile being covered in 2min. 45⅕sec., a decided contrast to Wilson's last mile, which took 2min. 55⅗sec. Perry and Thompson were the other starters in the final, the former finishing 20 yards behind Liles and 15 ahead of Thompson.

* * * * * *

The preliminary heats for the Crystal Palace Challenge Cup were run on Tuesday evening, with the following results:—Heat 1.—F. E. S. Perry, 1; H. W. Gaskell, 2; J. D. Butler, 3; F. R. Fry, 4; D. Smith, 5. Time, 47min. 17⅗sec. Heat 2.—C. E. Liles, 1; A. Thompson, 2; F. L. Adam, 3; W. Brown, 4; Tacagni, 5. Time, 47min. 33⅘sec. The final will be run on Thursday night.

* * * * * *

Messrs. Alford and Gibbs, of the Stanhope B.C., have recently ridden 227 miles in the 24 hours.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

NATIONAL CYCLISTS' UNION.

July 20th, 1883.

Report of an Executive Meeting held at the Offices on Tuesday, 17th July, 1883.

The Executive considered a proposal from the Executive of the Tricycle Union that a Committee of five should be appointed to meet five representatives of the Tricycle Union to discuss terms of union, and the Executive finally decided to appoint five of their number to meet the representatives of the Tricycle Union.

The Committee appointed by the Council some time since has presented its report as to Professional racing, proposing an arrangement by which the Union may organise Professional Championships. This report will come before the next meeting of the Council for discussion.

As the offices of the Union are now open every day, the Executive have decided to extend the time for opening the library as follows:—10 to 5 every weekday except Saturday, when the hours will be 10 to 1. This is in place of the times formerly fixed.

The Executive had before them a number of cases in which objections had been made to the amateur status of individuals, and investigations are being made.

The following Clubs have joined the Union:—The Claremont B.C., the Harehills Cycling, the South Norwood Cyclists, the Upper Tooting Cyclists, and the Malvern Cycling Clubs.

ROBT. TODD, Hon. Sec.

QUILLS.

A. L. Radford did not ride in the Ten Mile Tricycle Championship, owing to an unfortunate difference of opinion with a dog on the previous day, in which the dog, by his biting arguments, came off victorious.

* * * * * *

It is considered a good joke on Committee to ask the N.W. District Captain what the general feeling of his District is on such and such a question. As he has'nt seen one of them at the last two meets, it is a difficult question to answer.

* * * * * *

Those who are anxious to scale Chingford Hill must take their opportunity, as its crown is shortly to be taken off, and the dip between the top and the next hill is to be filled up, thereby making a long and easy ascent.

* * * * * *

Among much that is interesting the last number of the *Wheel World* contains a portrait of H. R. Reynolds, with a short biographical notice.

* * * * * *

A good part of the N.E. Division spent Saturday afternoon at the Fisheries Exhibition. Surely the N.E. District Captain should enquire into this.

PORCUPINE.

RACING FIXTURES.

July 26.—Crystal Palace Challenge Cup.
28.—Races at Bristol Meet.
Aug. 1.—Leamington and S.W.B.C. Meeting.
2.—Twenty-five Miles Championship at Taunton.
2.—Hammersmith B.C. Races at Stamford Bridge.
4 and 6.—W. Lancashire B.C. Autumn Sports at Liverpool.
6 and 7.—North of England Cyclists' Meet Races.
Sept. 15.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 22.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. AUGUST 2, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

HOLIDAYS.

The dull season has set in with its usual severity. The attendance at meets is disgracefully thin; men are either away on their holidays, or have important business engagements in some way connected with lawn tennis parties, or picnics on the river. The District Captains remain faithful among the faithless, some of them, and turn up with clock-like regularity to ride on all but solitary runs. There is an exodus of officers from town; the Treasurer retires into unknown regions to search for, we hope, to find, the large profit the Club is going to make out of a race meeting at the Crystal Palace, and to cook that "half-yearly balance sheet" which rarely turns up before the autumn. The Club begins to work at quarter-man power, and its work waits for a temporary revival, or Indian summer in September, before sinking into quiescence and home-trainers till next spring.

There is one branch, however, of the Club staff to which the dull season means doubled work. Need we say we allude to the Editorial department. By the end of July the Editor finds the tub growing lamentably empty, its bottom only hidden from view by a few choice legacies from some of the first ex-Editors of the Club, "A Tour to Ripley," "On the Difference between the Front and Hind Wheels," and such like novel and interesting subjects. He begins to be painfully conscious that he is living from hand to mouth, and that his ideas have come to an end just when he must continue somehow to fill up two or three GAZETTES, with nothing in the tub. Then it is that the Editorial genius manifests itself in various ways. Some men rush out into a hansom cab, seek the recesses of Holywell Street, and by a lucky purchase of some interesting old book, provide themselves with cheap and ample copy for the month of August. To others racking their brains for matter, there descends as from the skies a long and unexpected tour. Others, with disgraceful cowardice, solve the problem of filling four pages of the GAZETTE, by omitting those four pages with great regularity. But the fact remains that the holidays of the Club are the busy time of the Editorial Staff.

Members away on tours, and members who have come back from many lands with many tales, will ease the Editorial labours by sending their travelling experiences to the capacious bosom of the Editorial tub. It will be very little trouble for them when fresh from their journeyings and in robust health, to put down on paper where they went, and what they liked and what they didn't like. It will interest their fellow members, it will help the Editorial Staff, and it will be pleasant reading for themselves in future years.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

I hope to spend the next three weeks ten miles from anywhere, and twenty miles from anybody. The Sub-Editor will be in charge at No. 35, Eastcheap, and the tub is very

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nearly empty. Members will enable the Editor to enjoy his holiday, and the Sub-Editor to have a really good time of it, if they will send in as much copy as possible, on as many subjects as possible, without delay; otherwise something awful will happen. T. E. S.

In Memoriam.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we have to record the death of our old friend and late fellow member, Ernest Carr, which occurred on Thursday, the 26th inst., at his residence at Guildford. A week previous to the sad event he was apparently in vigorous health, but on Thursday, the 19th inst., he was taken ill with diphtheria, and although until almost the last serious consequences were not anticipated, the insidious malady suddenly developed during Wednesday night: the most skilful and loving attention proved unavailing, and the life which had been so singularly happy, and which was so full of promise for the future, passed away early the following morning.

Having joined the Club in 1877, our late friend, who from the earliest days of bicycling had been an enthusiastic rider, was known to most of us, and long shall we remember the kindly manner and cheerful disposition which made him so general a favourite. Though of a retiring disposition, which led him rather to shun notoriety, he was ever ready to lend his aid to any enterprise which the L.B.C. embarked upon, and often have his musical and social talents added greatly to our enjoyment. At Club runs, at which he was an assiduous attendant (once taking the Attendance Prize), his quaint humour and unassuming kindliness made him a great acquisition; and when some time back he left Croydon and went to reside at Guildford he was greatly missed, and the good wishes of all his friends followed him to his new home and new business. Distance from head-quarters and a growing business caused him quite recently to resign membership of our Club, but L.B.C. men ever found a kindly and hospitable welcome in his new home. He joined the local volunteer force; and it is pleasing to be able to record that, when on Saturday last he was laid to rest in the quiet cemetery at Shirley, some forty members of his corps journeyed there from Guildford to attest their esteem and affection for their late comrade.

We cannot close this brief reminiscence without, on behalf of the entire Club, desiring to convey to his sorrowing relatives expressions of our sincerest and most heartfelt sympathy.

RACE MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

In accordance with the decision of the Committee there will be a race meeting at the above grounds on Saturday, 22nd September, at 3.30 p.m. The events will be:—

One Mile Club Handicap. Three prizes: gold, silver, and bronze medals.

Twelve Miles District Scratch. Three prizes: bronze medals.

Half-mile Club Scratch. Two prizes: gold and silver medals.

220 yards Flat Race for boys under 16 years of age, introduced by members. Three prizes.

Entry fee for each of the first three events 2s. 6d, and for the Flat Race, 1s. The Twelve Miles District Race must be ridden on *bonâ fide* roadsters; only those members allowed to compete who have attended at least eight meets throughout the season. Each District to have three starters. Entries close on 17th September. A member of the Committee has kindly offered the first prize for the flat race.

Members will be admitted *free* on production of Club Badge. No tickets will be issued; the admission to the outside world will be by payment of 1s. at the gates.

It will be seen from the foregoing that an entirely new departure is being undertaken. The afternoon is intended to be a purely Club affair, and every member taking part in the races or turning up on the ground will make it more so. It will serve all the purposes of a General Meet, without the bother of having to get to the destination by riding all round London, and will have one great attraction which the said General Meet is void of, viz., the presence of fellow-members' sisters, cousins, and aunts.

E. S. Price, Hon. Sec.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.W. District.

A glorious afternoon, sent evidently specially for cycling, and yet only two members at "Jack Straw's Castle." After waiting quarter of an hour they proceeded to Hendon Station, where Williams was discovered, and the "District" rode to Ickenham *via* Harrow and Pinner, a halt being made to go over Ruislip Church, where some good old frescoes find themselves. Jackson was awaiting our arrival at the "Coach and Horses," and Hindley soon turned up. Tea being disposed of in much the usual manner, a stroll was taken in the adjoining park, where we were much diverted by the many coloured rabbits. The return was safely concluded, Hindley going on to Windsor for the night. Present: Clarke, Hindley, Jackson, Williams, four visitors, and A. H. Lown, District Captain.

N.B. There will be some riding to Digswell Hill next Saturday to tea; Tally Ho! 3.30.

S.W. District.

After giving late members five minutes grace the district started off, accompanied by Hawley. The run was to the

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pretty village of Mickleham, the direct route was taken *viâ* Surbiton and Hook to Leatherhead; the roads were in very good condition, and a pleasant breeze to an extent counteracted the fierce heat of the sun, which has left off being sulky and turned sultry. Hawley appeared to be in fine form, and deplored that the next Bath Trial was not nearer—he is, it is stated, already training hard for the enamel of 1884. What are the odds against him?

By turns Hawley and Sheriff made the pace; at Leatherhead, instead of Mickleham, it was decided without a single dissentient, that the run should be continued to Cobham. Through the shady winding lanes, therefore, wheels were trundled, and nothing stirring occured unless we may mention a sudden dismount, caused by a drove of cattle refusing to budge an inch to allow us to pass. Cobham was reached at 5.50, and Hawley continuing the even tenor of his way, made for Ripley and Aldershot. The S.W., steadying down, made tracks for home, and after a refresher at the "Bear," Esher, arrived safely at the starting point at seven o'clock. It is usually found dangerous riding in large parties, so members are particularly requested *not* to turn up in such force, ten or a dozen are quite enough for an ordinary run, of course at General Meets it is not annoying to see every member present. Other members were supposed to be in the neighbourhood boating, playing tennis, cricket, or something else. Present: A. Hawley, and

E. J. Sherriff.

Holly House, Mortlake.

July 28th. Hawley rode last Saturday alone to Ripley; he was at Kingston a few minutes after starting time, and considers he ought to score an attendance.

S.E. District.

28th July. A fine afternoon, with an absence of the usual thunderstorms, was quite a pleasant change. Only two men appeared at the fire station at the time appointed, but before reaching Caterham the party was increased to five, and soon after Godstone the D.C., who had started late, overtook the main body. The wind was right behind and, with the road in fair condition, a moderate pace was kept up to East Grinstead. Here Koch, Halliday, and Church, with H. R. Reynolds and Wigan were waiting, but universal disappointment was felt at the news that the O'Reilly was unable to attend the run. Wyndham came in late, and brought the total up to the respectable number of thirteen, considering that so many men are away just now. Songs and music followed tea, and shortly after nine nearly all the party were off, homeward bound. Present: Belfield, C. A. Brown, Church, Halliday, S. Herbert, A. Koch (W.), W. C. Oswald, H. R. Reynolds, H. N. Sharp, Wigan, Whealler, Wyndham, and

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

On Saturday, the 11th August, we run to Walton to meet the West. The Croydon Division will wait for the Blackheath men until 4.30. We shall have tea at the "Swan" at half-past six.

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
August 4.—No run on account of Bank Holiday.						
August 11.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for South Weald.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for Colney Heath.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for Walton-on-Thames. Meet S.E.	Picnic.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for Walton-on-Thames. Meet W.	Old Lewisham Church, 3.30, for Walton-on-Thames. Meet W.
August 18.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Erith. Meet S.E.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle," for Denham. Meet S.W. and W.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, for Denham. Meet N.W. and S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for Denham. Meet N.W. and W.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for Erith. Meet N.E.	"Hare and Billet," 4.30, for Erith. Meet N.E.
August 25.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Havering.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for Little Berkhempstead.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for Datchett.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for Guildford.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for Riverhead.	Old Lewisham Church, 4.15, for Riverhead.

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A TOUR SUBSEQUENT TO THAT OF THE "RHINE EIGHT,"

CONTINUING UP STREAM BEYOND BALE TO THE FALLS AT SCHAFHAUSEN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152, AND CONCLUDED.)

Tuesday, 24th. After a pleasant run of 40 miles through the Forest we emerged upon Bâle, in Switzerland, where we of course put up at the "Hotel Trois Rois," and had a most affable reception. The landlord quickly apprised us of the visit of the "*twelve*" members of the L.B.C. who had honoured him the previous year. The impression made upon the inmates of the hotel by their formidable numbers had evidently been so great that, far from the memory of them fading, their very numbers had been exaggerated! We despatched our multums from here to Schafhausen by railway.

Wednesday, 25th. On we went, and our cheerful smiles, etc., to parody the words of Moore, brought us in eventual safety, after a rough eleven miles through lovely scenery, close to the miniature Falls at Rheinfelden. The increased rapidity of the "Rhein Strom" so far south rendered these falls wonderfully picturesque. From Rheinfelden to a village named Stein we misssed our way, and found ourselves on a bridle path leading through a wood, with the swift-flowing Rhine again within earshot. These surroundings were far too attractive to be neglected, and seemed fully to compensate us for taking a wayward route. Approaching the bank and seeing the stream some sixty feet below was irresistible! and it was here that we indulged in the fragrant weed and generally encouraged our slothful inclinations too long, as we afterwards reflected, when we were doing much "dark riding" towards the end of the day. Having rejoined the bridle path we found it rideable, and after carefully threading our way through the woods to a little village we continued to wander onwards for many miles until we were eventually in the right direction, and reached Stein about three in the afternoon.

The road beyond Stein, through Great Laufenburg and Brug to the point where we crossed the Aar, was for the most part along the banks of this river, and as we rode upon another cinder path with a bright sun overhead, between well wooded hills which lay on both sides of the river, the effect was wonderfully imposing, and this, combined with the ease of movement, occasioned by the absence of multums and the excellent surface, rendered this part of the expedition most enjoyable. Following this road for some 14 miles further progress was stopped by our arriving abruptly at the water's edge, and here we crossed in a barge to the opposite bank, where the road again continued. The system of crossing was new to us, the motive power being obtained by ingeniously utilising the great strength of the stream for the purpose; this is done by means of a line stretching from bank to bank some fifty feet above the river; on this line runs a wheel, to which our barge was attached by a rope fixed in the bows, and thus the consequent resistance of the barge to the current quickly forces the wheel along the line and the boat to the opposite bank in the most satisfactory manner. After crossing the Aar, we followed up stream, forgetting that we were no longer by the Rhine, but considerably south of it: three miles of narrow road sufficed to remind us of our mistake, and of the necessity to avoid further difficulties, by hastily retracing our wheelings. Passing a small beer-house, the sight of us startled the four horses attached to a waggon, which immediately left for the country unattended. The caretaker, however, was soon upon the scene, and after many incomprehensive but unmistakable invectives, at which we were compelled to smile, he started in pursuit. We came up with him later, which necessitated further remarks on his part; but we were glad to see that all had gone well with the animals and that the driver would possibly tone down. After crossing a small tributary of the Rhine we were confronted by an immense hill, and felt inclined to admire it until we came to a sign post which intimated the trying fact that our road to Schafhausen lay over it, and not straight on as we earnestly hoped, for fatigue was fast taking hold of us. This formidable hill, called in the district a Kaiserstuhl, though there are two or three larger ones not far off, their peculiarity would appear to consist in the abrupt manner in which they rise out of the plain. These hills are covered with vines. The light was fast fading as we reached the summit, and during a few short moments of well-earned repose we were able to enjoy the full effect produced by the splendour of the setting sun upon the plains beneath. Weary wayfarers are not allowed much twilight in this southern clime, and on this occasion there seemed to be less of that useful commodity than usual, for before we had fairly regained the valley on the eastern side of this Kaiserstuhl we were plunged in almost total darkness, and matters were rendered the more unpleasing because of the uncertainty of the direction of our road. The scene and the surroundings recalled some of the famous lines of Gray's Elegy:—

> "Now fades the glimmering landscape o'er the sight,
> And all the world a solemn stillness holds,
> Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight
> And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

All the natives seemed to have retired with the sun, for we had to ride miles before we met anyone of whom we could make inquiries, and no guiding light was to be seen anywhere; the country seemed literally left "to darkness and to us." "Pursuing the even tenor of our way" for some eight miles, which under these conditions seemed exceedingly long, we at length saw signs of life, and, attracted by the distant glimmerings, our pace quickened until we reached a comfortable though somewhat primitive inn, where we gladly took advantage of the vacant beds and the promise of

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a speedy supper, to commence with hot soup, chiefly consisting of water and garlic—a fair arrangement for nine p.m.! Drowsiness soon overtook our party after this meandering ride of fifty-six miles.

Thursday, 26th. In spite of numerous insects our sleep had been profound, and beyond a few marks by which to remember them we had suffered little inconvenience from the swarms. The inn was surprisingly cheap, only eight shillings for the three of us, which modest sum included a small breakfast; this was our cheapest stroke of business.

We were now on the main road from Bâle, on the northern bank of the Rhine, with only eleven miles between us and Schafhausen. We quitted the village early, with a view to visiting the Falls in the afternoon, and to allow time to reclaim our multums previously despatched. A short run of a couple of miles brought us to the Frontier Station, where I suppose we ought to have expressed our willingness to answer any questions, and, if need be, to be searched. We were no longer pleased with any form of official interference, and hence sought to avoid them. The station was conveniently situated (for our purpose) halfway down a hill, and approached somewhat unexpectedly. As we drew near the lazy-looking Swiss and German officers could be seen either dozing, smoking, or calmly basking in the sun. The natural feature of the country, so much in our favour, formed too great a temptation to us. With "legs over handles" we were quickly upon the officers in question (the stop bells worked well!), and by the time they had sufficiently aroused themselves to challenge us, letting go our brakes we sailed away in triumph out of any possible difficulty. The officials were temporarily in pursuit, but that was apparently soon found useless, and we saw them in the distance quietly returning to their post of vantage, or rather disadvantage, for catching 'cyclists, perhaps only to be more "leary" in future! Having thus dexterously avoided a stoppage, we continued to wend our way through a well-cultivated valley, against a light head wind, until a final climb brought us in full view of the town of Schafhausen, most picturesquely situated below us, on the river bank. The many small foaming waterfalls seen in this part of the Rhine to be flowing with still greater rapidity than any we had previously witnessed, and the peculiar richness of colour in the green clear waters, further added to the charm of the scene stretched before us.

A short descent brought us into the town, where we stayed at the "Hotel Krone." In the afternoon we went to Neuhausen, where are the wonderful Falls of the Rhine, and, descending through some pleasure grounds, arrived on the balcony of the "Hotel Rheinfall." This hotel is partially constructed in the river, and from the balcony a splendid view is obtained of the Falls, some fifty yards away. In order to appreciate more thoroughly the exceptional beauty of this immense cascade, a trip in a flat-bottomed boat to the central rock which divides the foaming waters is suggested, and with some exceptions (among the ladies) deemed expedient. The expedition appeared dangerous as we approached close under the Falls and endeavoured to glide over these boiling waters, but as soon as we had got into macintoshes to keep off the spray, we were dexterously shot straight for the rock, and quickly landed. The romantic-looking pioneer of our boat, so picturesquely costumed, was almost a fac-simile of an exceptionally handsome-looking Italian secured in a similar capacity to steer a gondola up the course at Henley this year; but the latter performance, though skilful and pretty, is mere bagatelle, and did not call into play the strength, forethought, nerve, and skill essential for this man, whose duty it is to land tourists daily upon a rock where the currents constantly vary, and where many boats are reputed to have been lost; yet such was the confidence he inspired that we all willingly placed ourselves in his hands! It was a peculiar sensation, standing for the first time on a large, quivering rock, and to see such an enormous volume of water worked into all kinds of wonderful forms, dashing and foaming by on both sides of us, and to hear all the hissing and splashing as it wildly plunged into the cauldron beneath. The height of the unbroken fall is about sixty-two feet.

We had been well repaid for our visit, and, as we returned to the "Hotel Rheinfall," so impressed were we by the expedition that we wished we had put up here instead of at Schafhausen, for the pleasure of passing a night close under these enchanting Falls.

Friday, 27th. A careful consideration of our exchequer, which in the Mannheim difficulty had been so seriously impaired, and of the subsequent steady filtration, reminded us only too forcibly and sadly that we could not linger long. Leaving Schafhausen for Zurich by rail in the afternoon, we arrived in time to have a bathe in the Lake, and so much did the lovely weather and surroundings favour our enjoyment that we afterwards regarded this plunge as the finest we had had during the tour. There was something both novel and strange in being able so thoroughly to enjoy a tepid swim in full sight of the snow on the surrounding mountains. We stayed at the "Hôtel de l'Epée," which was clean and moderate.

Saturday, 28th. We made the ascent of the Uetliberg mountain by railway from Zurich, but the atmosphere proved too dense upon the summit to enable us to be much edified by the visit.

In the afternoon we had to leave Zurich, and started for Dieppe, *viâ* Bâle and Paris, a long and tedious journey occupying twenty-two hours.

We arrived in Dieppe in time for some bicycle races, for which, "of course," we could not enter, as "there was no time to obtain the permission of our Captain!" The racing, which at once commenced on our arrival (we were believed to have come on purpose), was between the clubs of Paris and Dieppe and the "Clarence" of London. I

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remember no charge was made for a front seat, or for inspecting and criticising the bicycles, which we did freely. The French racing costume seemed to consist of much variety of colour, and an elaborate sash and cap, the whole being set off by some imposing top-boots; each competitor also wore an additional band of colour as a distinguishing mark. The Londoners, in no demonstrative uniform, still managed to secure nearly all the prizes they entered for, amid much applause from ourselves. Other details were most amusing. To any members of the L.B.C. who have not yet visited this French watering place I unhesitatingly commend Dieppe both for roads, scenery, and general amusement, and for economy and comfort the "Hotel de Paris." The total distance we covered on the wheels between Cologne and Schafhausen was 407 miles in eleven days, during which time we became acquainted with scenery and roads that we feel assured it would be very difficult to surpass. The return railway expenses came to about £4 each.

R. M. Gruggen.

MORE ABOUT EASTERN COUNTIES.

"Another way," (*vide* Cookery Books).

The following sketch of a route ridden in August, 1882, and which differs slightly from those described by H. H. S. and W. T. H. in Vol. V. No. 26 and Vol. VI. No. 1, may be found useful to members of the two Northern Districts.

From Stoke Newington, *viâ* Clapton, over the Lea and up Copper Mill Lane (to avoid Lea Bridge Road, then undergoing a course of preparation for a tramway to carry the toiling masses of the N.E. District to the Forest), Clay Street, Woodford, Snake's Lane, through Chigwell and Abridge to Ongar, by the road well-known to North-Easters, past the hospitable halls of Christie, then to the right to Chelmsford. In response to my request for dinner at the "Saracen's Head," the waiter produced and placed on the table, with the air of one performing a conjuring trick, a "smoking sirloin," (I believe that is the correct expression) with vegetable accompaniments; indigenous respectively to the soils of the Emerald Isle and the sunny land of France; the preparations were wound up with the triumphant remark, "There, sir! you could'nt have been served quicker than that in London!"

From Chelmsford the roads are good through Braintree and Halstead to Sudbury, ("Rose and Crown"), recommended); thence good to Bury St. Edmund's, where, in addition to the ancient ruins were to be seen modern ones, in the shape of the ravages of a fire—quite a Wood Street affair on a small scale. After leaving Bury, fresh stones had to be traversed for a considerable distance. By carefully following the usual track worn by carts, it was however ridden with the exception of one dismount, caused by those animals so dear to Bicyclists (when deceased)—the common domestic sheep. With this exception the surface was good to Scole; thence the direct road leads to Norwich, the nature of which is unknown to this deponent. Turn to the right for Yarmouth and Lowestoft; good roads and rather pretty scenery to Bungay, following the course of the Waverly River; stony narrow lanes to Beccles, better to Lowestoft.

The above will be found a pleasanter route than the main road by Romford, Chelmsford, and Ipswich; the surroundings are more rustic and many pretty villages are passed though. At the time I traversed it, harvesting operations were commencing. I was mentally carried back to the old days of chivalry by the Suffolk reapers calling "Gie us a largesse," as I passed, but my dreams were quickly dispelled, for when they found I did not comply with their modest request, the modern expletives which they hurled after me, savoured more of Whitechapel than of the Lists on the Tilting Yard.

Nyle.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

Dear Sir,—I fail entirely to see why "The Front Wheel Hub" should consider tricycle path racing as "a fish out of water," and compare the three-wheeler to a growler or an omnibus. I have only seen a few tricycle races, and most of those were scratch ones, and even in these there *was* racing, and they were not mere processions with the exception, perhaps, of the West Kent. At the only handicap I have seen, viz., at Wisbech, the finish for second place was quite as close as any finish at any bicycle race I have ever seen, there being not two feet between the second and third men, and the fourth man about a foot behind. I have no doubt when the N.C.U. handicapper has a good field of tricyclists to handicap he will bring about some even closer finishes, and no doubt as time goes on we shall see the N.C.U. Championships better contested; but when bicycle racing was in its second year I have no doubt some of the races then run were as much processions as some of the tricycle races have been. Of course I may take a prejudiced view of the matter, as I happen to be a

Tricyclist.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

Sir,—It was with mingled feelings of interest and regret that I took up last week's Gazette and read in its pages the announcement given by the S.E. District Captain of the capture and consequent death of my fishy friend the Keston carp. I cannot suffer my carp to pass from the cool, watery scene of its happy and peaceful life without paying a tribute, small though it be, to its memory. I feel justified in styling it "*the* carp"—it was indeed a carp among carps! predominating over its Kestonian compeers, at any rate,

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in craft and wiliness (N.B. it was likewise of moderate dimensions—but more of that anon); for although numerous attempts have been made to catch it, it has ever heretofore evaded the toils—for anything we know it may have been for upwards of a hundred years a denizen of the pond as the longevity of this fish is notorious, and a century is an era only in the life of a carp—and now it is no more! "Alas! poor carp!"—my feelings are rapidly becoming too strong for control. I must now hasten to the contemplation of a fact which has caused me great surprise, viz., that a man of such high intellectual capacity and profound erudition as the S.E. District Captain should deem worthy of particular mention a carp measuring only two feet in circumference. Why! it is almost diminutive when compared with the magnitude to which many of its species attain. Though conscious that I am encroaching unpardonably on your valuable space, I should much like to submit to your esteemed inspection an extract on the subject from a book I have been recently perusing, and which can hardly fail to be considered interesting. Pallas says, "that the Volga produces carp five feet in length." "In 1711," says Eleazar Block, "a carp was caught near Frankfort, on the Oder, which was more than nine feet long, and three round, and which weighed seventy pounds." In the lake of Zug, in Switzerland, one was taken which weighed ninety pounds. Monsieur Pesson-Maisoneuve says, "In France they reach ten or twelve pounds; in Germany, they become monstrous. They are taken in Pomerania thirty or forty pounds in weight, and in Prussia fifty pounds is a common size." Now to prove my theory of the longevity of carp. It is said, "that the big old carp which are to be found in the fosse of the chateau at Fontainebleau, in France, were placed there in the time of Francis I." Buffon speaks of carp in the fosse of Ponchartrian "which were one hundred and fifty years old, and still possessed all the vivacity and agility of ordinary fish." But I think the evidence is sufficiently strong now, without further instances being cited. Should any be inclined to doubt the veracity of these statements, I can only say that I think if there be one authority reliable above all others in matters relating to fish it is that of the watersprite

UNDINE.

THE 100 MILES RECORD BEATEN ON THE CRYSTAL PALACE TRACK.

On Friday last, the 27th, Douglas Smith (London Bicycle Club), and F. R. Fry (Clifton Bicycle Club), made up their minds to try and cut the existing record for 100 miles; so they met at the Crystal Palace, and a start was made at twenty-three minutes to ten, the course being in splendid order. In the end the previous records, both amateur and professional, (6 hours 29 min. 57 sec.), were lowered by 39 min. 5⅘ sec. by F. R. Fry, who rode in a most determined and plucky manner, as he never stopped for an instant after starting, and kept up a good round average of 3 min. 30 sec. per mile till the end, seeming none the worse for his long ride. Smith kept with him till 41¾ miles had been run and then stopped for 8 min., and remounting only did another four miles and then retired, leaving Fry to finish alone. C. D. Vesey, J. D. Butler, and F. L. Adam kindly helped to make the pace throughout.

Appended are the times for each mile over fifty, all of which are record :—

Miles.	H. M. S.	Miles.	H. M. S.
51	2 57 5	76	4 24 45
52	3 0 45	77	4 28 10
53	3 4 14	78	4 31 38
54	3 7 43	79	4 35 3
55	3 10 58	80	4 38 32
56	3 14 30	81	4 42 4
57	3 18 3	82	4 45 35
58	3 21 32	83	4 49 2
59	3 25 1	84	4 52 30
60	3 28 30	85	4 56 31
61	3 32 7	86	5 0 49
62	3 35 35	87	5 4 28
63	3 39 1	88	5 8 10
64	3 42 28	89	5 11 34
65	3 45 55	90	5 15 2
66	3 49 20	91	5 19 37½
67	3 52 45	92	5 22 8
68	3 56 12	93	5 25 27
69	3 59 50	94	5 28 47⅘
70	4 3 17	95	5 32 28
71	4 6 51	96	5 36 11
72	4 10 21	97	5 40 23
73	4 13 54	98	5 43 21
74	4 17 31	99	5 47 0
75	4 21 12	100	5 50 5⅘

Sporting Life.

N.E. DISTRICT SATURDAY RUN.

28th July. The Annual Paperchase was fixed for last Saturday, and while possessing some of the eccentricities of former years, it as usual resulted in a good muster at tea time. The D.C. had been unable to follow the precedent of asking the District to Whip's Cross, and accordingly the muster was at Snaresbrook Station. Weeks arrived with the bags, but announced that the D.C., who was to have accompanied him, had wired his intention of being late; so Lloyd was pressed into the service, and the pack reduced to the Captain, Jolly, Sharman, Sewell, and Forster. The original route was right up the Woodford road, no scent being laid for the first mile or so, then various digressions to left and right, and by Monkham's Lane to Buckhurst Hill. Jolly left at George Lane, as he thought he knew a better way to Abridge than the hares appeared to have found. Sharman also improved upon the papered route. The Captain and Sewell lost them,

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found again, went on, down Buckhurst Hill, up Trap's Hill, separated and met again, made straight for Theydon and lost again, and ultimately ran in just a little *in advance* of the hares. Accidents will happen. Forster, after vainly searching the vicinity of Buckhurst Hill, gave up in despair, and retired down Snake's Lane, meaning to go straight to Abridge; but in the meantime the D.C., twenty minutes late, had been searching for scent everywhere within a mile of the starting point, likely and unlikely, and having at last been round by Woodford Bridge, was coming up Snake's Lane, with a view to further enquiries; he had already spent about an hour. Forster was induced willingly to turn back, and the D. C. was delighted to hear there really was some scent, and repairing to Buckhurst Hill the pair seriously, but by no means slowly, worked out every inch of the run which was capitally laid and a very good line. After leaving Chigwell Lane it proceeded up Golding's Hill, and then an amusing and chasing run or walk through the forest to above Theydon, where the hares had waited ever so long in vain, and so in to tea just as it was getting dark. Lyne had walked over, and there was a capital muster besides, so songs and the piano cheered a pleasant hour when the return journey was comfortably effected. Present: A. W. Barrett, E. H. Barrett, A. C. Forster, G. H. Gibbs, F. Jolly, A. Lloyd, R. M. Long, C. Y. Lyne, C. Newman (N.W.), E. D. Sewell, C. E. Sharman, Harold Smith, and E. A. Weeks; also F. W. Barrett, A. P. Barrett, and P. T. Letchford (visitors), and

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

[Through the late arrival of the above it could not be inserted in the usual position.—ED.]

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

R. M. Gruggen, L. Potter, and Zulu are having a very jolly time in France with their wheels. They started from Dieppe to Rouen, and then on to Trouville; from there they will probably run to Paris and then home.

* * * * * *

They report the weather excellent, roads [illegible], wine and rustics weak and simple, and the casinos "*cuic.*"

* * * * * *

Les velocipèdes excite the greatest wonderment, and Zulu was requested by an imposing Frenchman to show the multitudes at Honfleur how they were mounted.

* * * * * *

Melons form the staple food, and flies trouble.

* * * * * *

Potter's spill at Rouen was well timed—it being in the centre of the town—and provoked loud applause, but his pleasant smile not only reassured his companions, but also the too observant throng who had quickly gathered round.

* * * * * *

It was droll to see a tiny Frenchy offering to mount the Colossus.

* * * * * *

The hares in the N.E. paperchase took up a good position on the summit of a deep gorge in Epping Forest, just near enough to greet the hounds on their arrival at the opposite side with a derisive shout, and yet, owing to the nature of the ground, far enough off to enable them to get away with a good start.

* * * * * *

On dit, that Brown, Francis, and Gruggen have arranged to hold a select Bath Race on their own account next Monday, upon which occasion, under favourable conditions, they hope to complete the list of worthy medallists! Will any members kindly volunteer to be at the respective stations "with stimulants" upon the day in question?

* * * * * *

Motto for the last S.E. evening run:—

"*Carpe diem.*"

Free translation for the benefit of A. W. OMAN:—

"Every carp has its day."

* * * * * *

Just as we are going to press we have the following from Gruggen:—

"Potter, Barker, and self, have been doing a circular run in Normandy, through some of the best scenery in this lovely province, which comprised a run from Dieppe to Rouen (40 miles), 4½ hours, first day; thence from Rouen to Honfleur, along the left bank of the Seine (42 miles), upon the second day; again from Honfleur to Trouville by the route termed the Corniche road of France, on account of the beauty of the scenery, upon the morning of our third riding day; whence again we proceed to Caen, and thence by boat to Havre, the tour terminating with a ride along the coast from Havre by Etretat to Dieppe."

* * * * * *

The autographer of last week's article says, that what the printer calls "the only fruit being the performances" was intended for "the only printing being the programmes." We may observe that as it was wholly illegible, words of about equal length with the original were adopted.

* * * * * *

The N.E. D.C. was going to enquire into the afternoon occupation of his District. I called his attention to last week, he tells me, but so many men complained to *him* of the paragraph, that he could make a catalogue of the defaulters without any trouble.

* * * * * *

Harold Smith attended his first Club run on Saturday last.

PORCUPINE.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

Aug. 2.—Twenty-five Miles Championship at Taunton.
2.—Hammersmith B.C. Races at Stamford Bridge.
4 and 6.—W. Lancashire B.C. Autumn Sports at Liverpool.
6 and 7.—North of England Cyclists' Meet Races.
Sept. 15.—Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

A. L. Gruggen, Moosomin, Manitoba, Canada, N.W.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—We regret that at the time of going to press no account of the W. run has been received.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 23.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. AUGUST 9, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE MEMBER'S BROTHER.

Whether looked at in the light of a probable attendant at club runs, a probable subscriber to the club funds, or a probable rival in the road trial, the member's brother always has, and always will be an object of curiosity and interest to the officials and well wishers of the Club. There is, of course, a variety of the species, but we shall treat them under two heads only—the rider and non-rider.

The non-rider, perhaps, has nothing to do with us, but as he supports us on so many occasions, we can hardly let him go without a word. He comes to the dances and various entertainments got up by the Club, and is also useful at a race meeting to take charge of anyone his brother may take down. As, however, he is not likely at any time to join our ranks, we will pass him by and come at once to the rider. The member's brother, as considered in the light of a possible member, the enthusiastic younger brother who is only waiting until he shall be old enough to join. D.C's are always anxious for him to attend runs, for they know that in many cases it means another one to the score, the brother often turning out to accompany him when he would not otherwise have done so. He is well up in all bicycling literature, knows the Blue Book and Gazette off by heart, and having the precepts of the L.B.C. instilled into his mind early in his bicycling career, bids fair on joining our ranks to rise to an official position. Look for instance at the present officers; four of whom have been member's brothers at one time.

To members whose one topic of conversation is their machine or the Bath Trial, (and there are such men) he is always a welcome sight, for now they are sure of a hearing the while they unfold the (to everyone else) hidden beauties of their particular bicycle: and of sympathy as they recount the circumstances which just prevented them winning the enamel, and he even takes down the fact that there was a strong head-wind in their particular year.

He has a steadying effect on the conduct of his brother—the member, and urges him to greater deeds; for the latter knows that whatever he may do will be noted and if possible improved upon. This has often been exemplified in the Bath Trial. Take the first one and it will be found that three prominent members, who were then member's brother's, and whose brothers won medals that year, have since gone and done likewise.

We were a member's brother once, and look back on that period of our bicycling infancy (before the Bath Trial had been invented) with pleasure not unmixed with regret when we remember the amount of innocent pleasure we derived from the mere fact that our brother was a member of the L.B.C.

Before leaving the member's brother, we cannot help remarking the number of cases in which the member subsides on his brother joining. This is a pity, especially when week by week we see what the brothers in the Club do when

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associated together for tours, etc. Something ought to be done to wake these gentlemen up. We know a few of them are engaged and some married; but unless the remainder are frightened of being eclipsed by their younger and more energetic brothers, we cannot account for them other than that they are taking the former course, in which case we offer them Punch's advice—don't!

NOTICE.—IMPORTANT.

Owing to our inability to meet at Ewell on July 21st, a GENERAL MEET will be held at Harrow ("The King's Head,") on Saturday, August 18th. Members are requested to note this change in our programme, and to do their best to attend.

The arrangements are as follows:—

N.E. leave Lea Bridge Road at 3.30, and meet N.W. at "Jack Straw's."

N.W. leave "Jack Straw's" at 4.30, and ride with N.E. to Harrow.

W. meet at the usual rendezvous at 4.0, and proceed to Harrow.

S.W. meet at "Coach and Horses," Kew, where the S.E. will join them by road or rail at 5.0, and these two Districts ride together to Harrow.

Tea at the "King's Head," at the top of the hill.

For the District Captains,

ASHLEY W. BARRETT.

LAWN TENNIS.

The third round ended in victory for Reynolds, Naylor, and Sharp, who defeated Beck, Elgood, and Francis respectively. Naylor, having drawn the bye, awaits the result of the contest between the other two. Reynolds will undoubtedly prove the winner, barring accidents, and the final ought to be a splendid match as the two warmest members in the Club will then be face to face.

Possibly this tie will be played off at the meeting at Stamford Bridge in September. H. N. SHARP.

AN EPITAPH.

Members of the North-West District and others who have visited Shenley know the countrified little church soon after our arrival, though not before causing a dearth with wooden belfry, which stands just at the foot of the hill on which the village stands; we pass it in going that way to St. Albans, but probably few have taken the trouble to dismount and pay a visit to its interior. As a matter of fact it is scarcely worth while to do so, for the building is not specially interesting, either architecturally or archæologically, but just outside the south porch is the following quaint epitaph, certainly a curiosity in its way:—

"Silent in dust lies mouldering here
A Parish Clerk of voice most clear;
None Joseph Rogers could excell
In laying bricks or singing well;
Though snapped his line, laid by his rod,
We build for him our hopes in God,—
The Saviour God,—that He will raise
Again that voice to sing His praise
In temple blest which always stands,
The Church of God not made with hands."

The neat way in which the various accomplishments of the deceased are brought in does great credit to the ingenuity of the author of the poem.

WEST-NORTH-WEST.

UNOFFICIAL MEET IN THE N.W.

"Where do you think you are going to?" was the question put by several inquisitive pedestrians; as starting rather late the roads seemed extra uneven as far as "Tally Ho!" But it was not in vain that high pressure was put on, for at the "Corner" three buttresses of the District were discovered pawing the ground (*i.e.*, standing by their machines), and we were soon *en route* for Digswell Hill, some remarkable turns of speed being displayed by the three. As is usual at this time of the year the inn was in the temporary possession of vacillating beanfeasters, but fortunately for the peace and quiet of our evening meal took their departure of milk. During tea Langmore arrived, and having had the usual smoke we started on our different ways; Neville and Williams riding on to St. Neots, and the rest returning home, making a long halt at Whetstone Bridge (so called on account of the many knife marks on its parapets), which spans the Lea. Lamps were lighted at Barnet, and the return accomplished by 10 o'clock. Present: Langmore, Neville, Price, W. J. Williams, and

A. H. LOWN, District Captain.

Next Saturday the run is a circular one to Colney Hatch, a very pretty ride. Jack Straw's, 3.45; Tally Ho! Corner, 4.25.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
August 11.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for SOUTH WEALD.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for COLNEY HEATH.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for WALTON-ON-THAMES. Meet S.E.	PICNIC.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for WALTON-ON-THAMES. Meet W.	Old Lewisham Church, 3.30, for WALTON-ON-THAMES. Meet W.

August 18.—General Meet at HARROW. Times and places of starting published in this GAZETTE.

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THE TWENTY-FIVE MILES AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

This contest, the last of the Championships, was decided on Thursday last, on the Taunton track. Ten riders faced the starter, the most prominent absentees being Chambers, Illston, Palmer, Fry, and Douglas Smith. The running for the first five miles was made by King and Brock, and at fourteen miles Batten, the Edinburgh representative, fell and retired. At twenty miles Brock and Robinson were leading, with the rest well up, but within a mile of home, Liles came through with a rush, and although challenged by Sutton and West, won in good style by eight yards from Sutton, of the Edgbaston Harriers, West close up, King being fourth and Gaskell fifth. Time 1 hour 22 min. 43⅘ sec. Besides those mentioned, C. D. Vesey and W. A. G. Walter also competed.

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

The N.C.U. Championship honours have been well distributed this year; the twenty-five miles, the last of the series, having fallen to C. E. Liles, who reports himself as fit as ever. Thus the four bicycle contests have been secured by different riders, three of whom hail from London, the metropolis having shown up better than was expected in the early part of the season.

* * * * * *

Oliver Thorn, who seems to have a great partiality for second prizes, secured yet another in the Open Mile Handicap of the Hammersmith B. and T.C. meeting on Thursday last. Harold Smith also started in the final, but could not get a place. The other L.B.C. competitors were J. D. Butler, L. B. Reynolds, and W. Wyndham.

* * * * * *

Mr. Terry, who has constructed a tricycle to carry him by land and water, successfully crossed the channel, and continued his journey to Paris. The boat is said to have shipped a lot of water, which would scarcely improve the going of the wheels. The most practical use of the machine would be best shown by a hare in a paperchase.

* * * * * *

T. R. Marriott's twenty-four hours tricycle record has been beaten by three miles by A. Bird, of the Speedwell B.C., in a contest amongst the tricycling division of his club. The start was at Birmingham, and the route lay through Coventry, Dunchurch, Weedon, Northampton, and Bedford, to Cambridge and back, in all 218 miles, which was covered in 23½ hours, the winner proceeding back for 3½ miles.

* * * * * *

Our colours were conspicuously to the fore on Saturday, at Stamford Bridge, at the annual meeting of the Railway Clearing House, thanks to the fine riding of Oliver Thorn, who secured the second prize in the Four Miles Scratch Race, being only beaten by three yards, after a splendid race, by Liles. J. D. Butler was third, two yards behind Thorn.

* * * * * *

In the Open Mile Handicap, also, Bath Oliver, who seems to be carrying all before him since he has been mounted on his new "Rucker," obtained premier honours, J. D. Butler again attending upon him and securing the second prize.

* * * * * *

The numerical strength of the C.T.C. has now very nearly reached the desired 10,000, the latest approximate total being 9,931.

* * * * * *

The Fifty Miles Professional International Bicycle Championship Race was won by Wood, of Leicester, in the good time of 2 hours 48 minutes 10 seconds, at the Aylestón Ground, Leicester, on Saturday.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

AN EVIL EYE.

Is there in these enlightened days such a thing as an "*evil eye?*" A short time back, whilst taking a quiet evening spin near Waltham Abbey, I was accosted by a little ragged boy who requested the loan of a copper; the wished-for money was, however, not forthcoming, and the run was continued until a dismount was necessitated by a steep and stony descent, when again the cry of the tattered urchin made itself heard. "A good job you got off, for that 'ill, sir, a gem'man like you last week on a bicycle tried to ride down, sir, and although I tell'd 'im to get off, he took no notice, and I see 'im fall off and break 'is neck, and he was took 'ome dead on a shutter, sir." Then that well ventilated youth became confidential, and enquired which road I had taken. I gratified his curiosity; the road was immediately recognised, and I was told how a fortnight before, after some very heavy rains, the road had been flooded, and as he was driving a cart he saw a bicyclist in front trying to ride through it, and how, when he got to the middle where the water was up to the hub, he fell down "with 'is werlocepede on 'im, sir, and he was drownded; and I got five bob for telling the police about 'is dead body."

I was at the bottom of the hill; it was lonely—very lonely, and although the boy was of but tender years and small, I felt happy when he was out of sight (he got the coppers), and I thought I might reach home alive if careful;—five minutes later my machine broke at the neck.

FEEN.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

Everybody knows that California* is in the South East district, but probably many of our members did not know, until they saw A. L. Gruggen's "change of address" in last

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week's GAZETTE, that Canada was in the North West district. After all it is only further proof, if any were needed, that London is the centre of the universe, and that the London Bicycle Club is—well it is not for us to say what we are, that "goes without saying," as the French put it in their parley-vous lingo.

* "California" is a station on the L. B. & S. C. Ry., near Epsom.

* * * * * *

L. B. Reynolds was second in the Combination Race (lap with bicycle, run a lap, and ride a lap) at the annual sports of the Newbury Cycling Club.

* * * * * *

Competitors in the Bath Trial will recollect the energy the Secretary displayed in canvassing them during their hasty lunch at the "Checquers."

* * * * * *

In the course of a prowl on Monday, C. Y. Lyne came across an announcement that a swimming bath had been opened at Hoddesdon, the water supply being described as coming *warm* from the *Refrigerator!* Such a curiosity should certainly be visited by the N.E.

* * * * * *

SURGICAL.—Amongst the names of those recently admitted as members to the Royal College of Surgeons, England, was that of Mr. A. Ogier Ward, M.A., M.B., of the L.B.C., and at one time a popular editor of the Club GAZETTE.—*The Cyclist.*

* * * * * *

Bank Holiday excursionist to member.—"Sittin' up so 'igh, you must be wery dry."

* * * * * *

On Saturday at four o'clock Weeks and Hindley of Ours met E. W. Lumley of the Chiswick, Green of the Temple, and several others, at Hounslow, and rode through Maidenhead, and thence by a circuitous but very pleasant route to Henley. From Henley the party went to Benson *viâ* Nettlebed Hill, and put up at the "Crown" at Benson, where a good supper awaited us. In the morning most of the party indulged in a swim, and after breakfast the majority took to boating, while Weeks and Lumley angled. As the dinner consisted of ducks and not fish, it was surmised that sport was slow. Those who boated rowed up to Dorchester, and walked across the old Roman encampment to the very curious old church at Dorchester, which well repays a visit. In the evening some walked to Eirelme (Ewelme), where there is also a fine old church and churchyard. It was noted that the biographies of the departed ones were writ large on the tombstones, some of which have very quaint and perhaps ridiculous inscriptions. On the Monday morning bathing was again enjoyed. About eleven the brothers Bashall, who had tooled their "bus" down from town early on Saturday, started for Land's End, and soon after Weeks and Hindley rode up to Nettlebed, and were regaled with tennis and lunch by friends of the former. At two they were to have met Alison and Koch, who had ridden down to Benson the previous morning; but as it was 2.45 before they got to the rendezvous the Meet did not come off. What became of Alison and Koch is shrouded in mystery, but Weeks and Hindley had a very enjoyable run home by way of Henley, Marlow, Burnham, Stoke, and Axbridge.

* * * * * *

A quiet Bank Holiday in the Essex lanes was enjoyed by S. G. Hough, Kelsey, and Lloyd. Dunmow was visited, and the notion that the natives have of a splendid bathing place was not properly appreciated. The outward journey was made *viâ* Epping, Moreton, and Hatfield Broad Oak, and the return through Fifield and Ongar. The former route, though longer, is recommended, as the surface is much smoother.

* * * * * *

I shall make use of some strong terms presently, Mr. Editor. Here is a Club of about 230 members, a large number of whom have spent the last few days on the wheel, either in taking small tours or long rides, and yet there is hardly a single one who will volunteer the slightest information or experience he has gained for the benefit of his fellow members.

* * * * * *

"I hav'nt done anything worth speaking of," says So-and-so when you buttonhole him in the City with the object of squeezing something out of him. Further enquiries elicit a day's ride of about sixty miles, pleasant meetings with other members, and plenty of useful information, none of which goes any further.

* * * * * *

Just a few lines containing an epitome of the tour or the day's ride is sufficient. Paragraphs are a great deal more readable than long yarns, and they can be written in a few minutes, without the slightest trouble. PORCUPINE.

BICYCLES IN THE ALPS.—"S.," a lady, writes from Chamounix:—"Travellers in Switzerland are now exposed to a new danger. Crossing the Tête Noire yesterday on a mule, I met a young gentleman with a bicycle. My guide, muttering that these machines always frightened the mules, called peremptorily to him to take it out of the way. This the owner endeavoured to do by leaning it against the bank, but, unfortunately, only caused the bright spokes of the wheels to flash more alarmingly in the sunlight, and my terrified mule turned violently round and fairly ran away. As we had just passed the Tête Noire, travellers familiar with the route will appreciate that the precipice at that point did not lessen the uneasiness of the moment. This incident may perhaps moderate the enthusiasm with which one of your correspondents has lately recommended these machines for Continental tourists."—From the *Times*, 7th August, 1883.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE MEMBER'S SISTER.

Our members and their brothers have been discussed in these pages, but hitherto no article has been devoted to the consideration of the Member's Sister. From no lack of courtesy, or from want of appreciation of the importance of the subject has this notice been deferred, but rather may we claim to have held it back as the *bonne bouche* wherewith to stimulate the jaded appetites of our readers. With what zest will they be induced by its title to read our editorial, and with what conviction of our incapacity will they lay it down! The dull hard facts of Club Teas and Club Meets may with serenity be grappled with, but justice to the Member's Sister can only be done by one who combines technical knowledge of wheel work and Club life with Byronic fervour and the melody of Tom Moore. By saying at once that we are no such Bicycular Bard, and nought but "a matter-of-fact young man," we hope to disarm criticism, and for our part engage to confine ourselves to an earnest enquiry into the Member's Sister—what she has done for the Club, and what influence she exerts. If, overmastered by our theme, we should for a moment, with Mr. Silas Wegg, "bust vith poetry," we promise to put on the break as promptly as can be, and crave the indulgence of our readers.

The student will note that the present attitude of the ladies differs greatly from that which they assumed a few years back towards the pioneers of our sport. The riders then was "an egotist," and his beloved wheel was "a selfish thing." In vain did he discourse sweetly of hill and dale, of breezy upland and honeysuckle laden hedges. By no such means could he arouse sympathy sufficient to induce his hearer to pardon him for being an absentee. Then came the advent of the Three-wheeler, shortly to be followed by the Sociable. (Blessed be he who first discovered this! May he be ever venerated, even as Sir Walter Raleigh for his precious tobacco leaf!) These gave the means, till then wanting, of enabling our sisters to judge for themselves of the pleasures of the wheel, and that their verdict is favourable one cannot doubt who notes their present attitude to the sport which is becoming theirs as much as our own. Since an axiom in diplomacy,—that no undertaking can prosper unless the ladies are on its side—may be applied equally to the world of sport, we may venture to hope that the future of the Bicycle, and more particularly of the L.B.C., is well assured. Nowhere, not even among our members, have we found such care for the well-being of the Club, and such intimate knowledge of its doings in the past as have been shown by some of our fair critics—the Members' Sisters. Though we ourselves are as much persuaded of the existence of this class, and own that its traits are as well marked as are those of the "Members' Brothers," who a year or so back were carefully analysed and classified by a learned writer in these pages, still we know that among us are some who think otherwise. To them the Member's

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Sister seems but an idle phantasy conjured up by the lively imagination of a hard up writer. These are such men as would doubt the existence of the Income Tax and the Equator, and may be conveniently crushed by reference to the *esprit de corps* which induced our sisters to present us with the Ladies' Challenge Cup, to write from the earliest days of this publication a series of tales and articles for our amusement and instruction, and to encourage all our races and festivities by their welcome presence. This is what they *have* done. Now, and at all times, they show in a thousand unostentatious ways that the L.B.C. is not forgotten by them, and though no one would dislike more heartily than the writer to see the Sociable ousting the Bicycle from Club Meets, yet we shall think our decadence, which the croakers are always professing to see in the heavens, really has come upon us when the Member's Sister and the Member's Brother lose their interest in the Member's Club.

GENERAL MEET AT HARROW ON AUGUST 18TH.

Times and places of starting for the Districts are to be found in last GAZETTE. It is hoped the full moon will tempt men to muster well at the "King's Head," (top of the hill).

For the District Captains,
ASHLEY W. BARRETT.

RACE MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

In accordance with the decision of the Committee there will be a race meeting at the above grounds on Saturday, 22nd September, at 3.30 p.m. The events will be :—

One Mile Club Handicap. Three prizes: gold, silver, and bronze medals.

Twelve Miles District Scratch. Three prizes: bronze medals.

Half-mile Club Scratch. Two prizes: gold and silver medals.

220 yards Flat Race for boys under 16 years of age, introduced by members. Three prizes.

Entry fee for each of the first three events 2s. 6d, and for the Flat Race, 1s. The Twelve Miles District Race must be ridden on *bonâ fide* roadsters; only those members allowed to compete who have attended at least eight meets throughout the season. Each District to have three starters. Entries close on 17th September. A member of the Committee has kindly offered the first prize for the flat race.

Members will be admitted *free* on production of Club Badge. No tickets will be issued; the admission to the outside world will be by payment of 1s. at the gates.

It will be seen from the foregoing that an entirely new departure is being undertaken. The afternoon is intended to be a purely Club affair, and every member taking part in the races or turning up on the ground will make it more so. It will serve all the purposes of a General Meet, without the bother of having to get to the destination by riding all round London, and will have one great attraction which the said General Meet is void of, viz., the presence of fellow-members' sisters, cousins, and aunts.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

NOTICE.—RACE MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE ON SEPTEMBER 22ND.

With the consent of the Race Committee, a game of La Crosse, lasting 20 minutes, will be introduced into the programme. The players will consist mainly of members and members' brothers.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

CLUB RACE MEETING.

The announcement of this event for September 22nd contains a notice of a new district event, and, having regard to the uncertainty of members' movements, I shall be very glad if duly qualified, or about to be qualified, members of the N.E. who are willing to compete would let me know that I may be able to select a team.

THEO. GODLEE, N.E. District Captain.

HARROW GENERAL MEET.

N.E. DISTRICT.

I presume that every N.E. member who is at all near town will attend this meet, as it is so very easy a ride.

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

S.E. DISTRICT.

Next Saturday it is to be hoped that there will be a good muster for the General Meet at Harrow. The Croydon Division will leave the Fire Station at four o'clock punctually and proceed *viâ* Kew, where, according to the Captain's notice, they will fall in with the South West at the "Coach and Horses," at five o'clock.

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

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Our old correspondent "Goethe," whose name is somewhat rare in our pages just now, writes indignantly with reference to our leading article last week, and refers us to our issue of July 30th, 1880, which it is true commences with an article signed by him with the same title as ours of last week. He claims copyright, for did he not invent, discover, classify, and name a "Member's Brother" three years ago? We admit it all, or partly, but our correspondent must believe that a good deal happens in three years, and it may even be that our editorial omnipotence had passed over the previous record.—[EDD.]

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FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
August 18.—General Meet at HARROW. Times and places of starting published in last GAZETTE.						
August 25.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for HAVERING.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for LITTLE BERKHEMPSTEAD.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for DATCHETT.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for GUILDFORD.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for RIVERHEAD.	Old Lewisham Church, 4.15, for RIVERHEAD.
September 1.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for NAVESTOCK.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle," for ELSTREE. Meet W.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, for ELSTREE. Meet N.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for SUNBURY.	PAPERCHASE.—Addington. Meet 5.0.	
September 8.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for UPMINSTER. Meet S.E., Blackheath Div.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for DIGSWELL HILL.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for WOKING. "Maybury Inn." Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for WOKING. "Maybury Inn." Meet W.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for EAST GRINSTEAD.	"Hare and Billet," 3.45, for UPMINSTER. Meet N.E.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.W. DISTRICT.

The run to Colney Heath (not Colney Hatch, as in last week's) was conspicuous by the smallness of the attendance, but the scenery compensated somewhat. There is a stream wherein Julius Cæsar is said to have bathed, but anent this there are many sceptics. More success attended our efforts to obtain cocoanuts, placed on sticks outside a gipsy wigwam, than to get a good tea, which latter was of the most primitive description. Present: Hindley, Langmore, Williams, and A. H. LOWN, District Captain.

S.W. DISTRICT.

Last Saturday being one of the finest days of the year, I certainly expected to find one member of our small district at Kingston Station, but no such luck. I left office earlier than usual, with the sole object of supporting my district—our programme being to have a picnic, but which apparently fell to the ground, as no one had provided it. I waited till 4.30 p.m., at which hour I set forth to pursue my weary way, the route selected being *viâ* Surbiton Hill, Ewell, Chessington, and Hook, back to the former place, arriving home to tea, having ridden about ten miles. This surely ought to count an attendance on my side. Next Saturday I hope our district will show a formidable muster at Kingston. Member present: H. L. RYAN.

S.E. DISTRICT.

August 11th. No doubt, had the District at large not been under the impression that their D.C. was still in some distant part of Cornwall, they would have flocked out to Walton on Saturday in their hundreds. As it was, on arriving at the "Swan" somewhat unexpectedly, he was greeted by a small body of faithful few who, under the leadership of J. C. Oswald, had found their way over from Croydon. With the timely assistance of Church, who rode over from Blackheath by himself, the S.E. party assumed the gigantic proportion of six, who in company with the Captain and four of the West sat down to tea together. Weeks gave us a look in while we were discussing a somewhat meagre fare. With a larger attendance considerable difficulty as to supply and demand might have arisen in the Commissariat department. After a riverside pipe, a start homewards was made about eight, the South-East being favoured with the company of the Captain, who with that indomitable energy which is so well known, had determined to ride home to Essex by Croydon and Woolwich. In Esher lamps were lighted, and we had a very pleasant run homewards through lanes, which took us by way of Claygate and Hook, under the light of a crescent moon. On nearing Croydon we fell in with Andrew Potter and a friend on a *double*, and on reaching Duppas Hill the whole party was hospitably entertained by the Oswalds. After admiring the clock, which is now in position, we received a warning from its chimes that it was time for those living in outlying regions to be off, and the party accordingly separated about ten o'clock. Present: (S.E.) Church, Halliday, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, S. E. Whealler, (N.E.) A. W. Barrett (Captain), E. A. Weeks, and

R. G. FRANCIS District Captain.

W. DISTRICT.

Saturday, 11th. On arriving at the District headquarters at 3.45, the robust and pleasing form of the Captain greeted my appearance. In response to a late invitation from my-

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self to pay us one of those periodical visits which, being few and far between, are the more enjoyable when we are favoured with them, our Captain, in his usual beneficent style, had replied by being present in person instead of only in name. On behalf of the District, I must offer to him every possible apology for the very poor welcome given him, and must plead as an excuse that had his intended visit been more generally known by the members I am sure that our ranks would have been greatly swelled by all who are only too anxious to support our worthy chief on every possible occasion. At 4 o'clock a start was effected, having been joined by Leeds and Alison. Choosing the Ealing lanes in preference to the Richmond road, we proceeded to Isleworth and Twickenham, thence past the picturesque residence styled "Pope's Villa" (to be changed to "Virtue's Abode" in honour of Truth), occupied by a worthy (?) M.P., and the estate of the late Countess Waldegrave, which has seen its last days as a private residence, adding yet another stone to the mighty heap of ruins created by one of nature's antagonists—the Speculator. Onward through Teddington to Bushey Park, the ride through which one admires the more as being unique amongst the public parks through which bicyclists are allowed. Turning to the right, after leaving this grand old avenue, with its historical associations of Wolsey, we passed on to and over Moulsey Bridge, a perfect structure of cheapness and ugliness combined, and on through East Moulsey and Apps Court. From here the pace, which had been good, gets *better*, being led by our worthy Captain, until the climax was reached at the summit of the little hillock entering Walton, where fortunately a sharp turn to the right for the "Swan" caused the pace to be slackened, and allowed breathing time before dismounting at our destination. Being the first to arrive, and the time only 5.20, the Captain with a malicious look proposes that we should adjourn to that most ancient and soul-inspiring "Gruggen's remains;" I mean the "Grotto," situate in Oatlands Park. All of us at once agree to the proposal. By the way, each in turn mentions the name of some ancient ruin—Tintern, Kenilworth, and even the Great Fingal's Cave itself, meeting however with but scant interest in anticipation of the wonders to be disclosed at the far-famed "Grotto." Words become few and far between, and the pace less endurable in the anxious endeavour of each one to arrive at a spot which has become so renowned among the members of the L.B.C.; thanks to the able pen and the soft flowing language of that slave to nature, the S.W. D.C. But at length we reached the Park Gates, and anticipation became more and more intense, increased to a still greater height by the frantic endeavours of each one to traverse the many circuitous paths leading to the great relic of a bye-gone day, and memorial of ducal imbecility. What do we behold? Is this dilapidated rabbit-warren and haunt of vermin the long lost paradise of some former day? Surely not! We must have made a mistake; the efforts of so able a pen as *R. M. G's.* could not have wasted words and praise so lavishly upon this miserable result of an imbecile brain, that caused a fortune to be wasted in building a hovel for the denizens of the field! But on enquiry we found no mistake had been made, and that this was truly the veritable Grotto about which we had heard so much. We turned away in silence, and with dejected and crestfallen hopes, not for the Grotto, but for its historians who had thrown down so much genius in the midst of so much refuse. We hurriedly returned to the "Swan," where the S.E. Division was found awaiting us. After a somewhat uncomfortable meal, and a stroll by the river, we adjourned, leaving the Captain to the tender mercies of the S.E. D.C. Home was reached at 9 o'clock by the same route as on the outward journey, after a very pleasant afternoon. Present: A. W. Barrett, Alison, Braby, Leeds, Weeks (N.E.), a visitor, and

H. C. PIGOTT, District Captain.

P.S. On Saturday next is the General Meet to Harrow, in place of Ewell, postponed. All members kindly support the District and raise the average. Meet at Savernake Cottage, Acton, at 3.45.

NOTES ON A SCOTCH TOUR.

"Them that canna ride maun shank it."

The above proverb forms a fitting heading to a description of Highland roads, for it is apparent that those who use their bicycles for traversing rugged moors, exploring glens, and crossing mountain passes, must necessarily find a certain amount of it unrideable. The intending tourist will do well to consider the difficulties he will encounter before starting, and to go with the determination to overcome all obstacles. And small indeed is the trouble of wheeling one's machine for a mile or two compared with the pleasure derived from scenery so grand and so varied as is to be found in constant succession in the

"Land of brown heath, and shaggy wood—
Land of the mountain, fell, and flood."

For touring in Scotland the bicycle has many advantages. In the Lowlands the roads are for the most part very good in wet as well as dry weather, and they are certainly greatly superior to the average English one. In the Highlands the natural features of the country of course present many difficulties, but these are over-balanced by the greater interest one finds when travelling out of the regular groove in which everyone else moves; the ordinary tourist being compelled to travel in a series of rounds, where everything is cut and dried, and where the people themselves are of a less pronounced stamp than those who dwell in their native glens. By travelling across country, one gets better oppor-

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tunities of observing and noting the various characteristics, the peculiarities of the dialect, and the unconscious humour of the canny Scot. His cautious answers, his slow method of taking things in, which have gained for him the appropriate description of one who is always "keeping up a terrible thinking" cannot fail to interest and amuse. Another advantage is the length of the days. The prolonged effects of sunlight and twilight enable one to ride as late as eleven o'clock without a lamp, and the GAZETTE can be read at half-past ten.

As regards expense, an objection so frequently urged against Scotland when a tour is in prospective, it is certain that ideas on this subject are greatly exaggerated. Avoiding as the bicyclist does the heavy charges of coaches and steamers, it will not be found any more expensive than a great many other holiday districts. This at least was my experience in the early part of the season; had I gone in the rush my opinion might probably be different.

For sketching out the route and making plans, the best guide books are "Anderson's Highlands;" the old editions, published before railways were made, contain valuable information as to the roads; and "Baddeley's Highlands," which contains a number of plans, with the various altitudes marked in colours. The best and cheapest map is that published with the "Sportsman's Guide to Scotland." Before starting it is necessary to provide oneself with a mackintosh cape for protection against the proverbial Scotch mists, and a waterproof saddle cover should also be taken; I did not take one myself, and regretted it very much.

How to get there? is a question which can be answered in many different ways; the road, the sea, or the railway offering facilities which are either dependent upon the fancy, or dictated by the length of the holiday. The plan I adopted was to break the journey by riding part of the way and steaming the rest, and a very pleasant way it proved. From London the road through Peterborough and Lincoln to Hull was taken, and thence the steamboat to Dundee. The only drawback to this route is the bad character of the Lincolnshire roads. From Hull, steamboats go to Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen. For various reasons I chose Dundee, and the passage thither was most comfortable; the boats from Hull—unlike the London ones—are never crowded, and in this particular case there were only eight passengers on board.

Having arrived at Dundee, those who wish to go direct to Inverness will find a good road to Perth, where they will join the main road through Dunkeld and Blair Athole, which is the one taken by the Land's End to John o' Groats House riders, and which has also been previously described in Vol. V. by W. K. Adam, and also by E. H. Wilkins in his account of a Highland tour, in which, by the bye, he is occasionally incorrect as to distances.

From Dundee there is a very good road by the sea coast through Montrose to Aberdeen, though lacking in scenic effect. This is on the evidence of two local bicyclists, who were well acquainted with the road, and one of whom informed me that he had ridden down south last year to attend the Barnet Meet.

Being bound for Braemar, the popular resort up Deeside, my route lay through Blairgowrie and over the Eastern range of the Grampians. A minute description of this road may perhaps be useful, though by far the best approach to Braemar is by the road from Aberdeen.

The distance from Dundee is 53 miles, and taking into consideration the mountainous character of the road, it will be found a good day's work. Paving stones extend for the first two miles, until the suburb of Lochee is passed, then there is a gradual rise for the next three miles, after which, with the exception of a steep descent from the Sidlaw hills, the going is very good through Cupar-Angus to Blairgowrie (19). But so far, the road has only led over moderate hills, and the country is well cultivated, the lateness of the vegetation being very marked. It is strange to find the Lilac and the May in full bloom at the end of June, after it is finished and forgotten in England. Once through Blairgowrie, which is situated on the verge of the Highlands, the scenery changes entirely, and for the 34 miles to Braemar, a constantly changing panorama of mountains is presented. The rise immediately on leaving Blairgowrie is considerable for three miles, but the surface is first-rate as far as the Bridge of Cally, beneath which the Ardle flows in a deep and rocky channel. The road for the next three miles to "Persie Inn," is very bad, about half of it having to be done on foot, and it continues rough and stony till within three miles of the Spittal of Glenshee, when it improves. Meanwhile, the aspect has been gradually getting grander. The mountains, with the snow between their rugged masses of black rock, are more lofty, and the wild and gloomy scene is heightened by the wail of the curlew, or the mournful cry of the sea birds which haunt the lochs and streams.

Leaving the Spittal of Glenshee where there is a good hotel, the road gradually ascends Glen Beg, the first five miles being rideable; but the shoulder of the Cairnwell has now to be crossed, and the machine shoved up a steep zigzag known as the Devil's Elbow, which rises two hundred feet in half a mile. The top of this pass is 2200 feet above the sea level, and it is said that the road is the highest in the kingdom over which a coach is dragged. From the summit the road descends gradually for the remaining nine miles through Glen Clunie, and it is only by constant attention to the brake that the machine can be kept in hand. For the grandeur of the surrounding scenery the village of Braemar has few equals. In the neighbouring glens, and in the valley of the Dee, there are many picturesque bits which should not be missed, and for those who have a taste for mountain climbing the prospect, on a clear day from the summit of Lochnagar, or the peaks of the Cairngorm group, is unsurpassed in Scotland. There

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are two hotels—the "Fife Arms," and the "Invercauld Arms"—both of which are expensive, but first-rate.

The ride down Deeside to Aberdeen, distance 56 miles, can be accomplished with great ease in a day. The road leads down by the Castle of Braemar, and on the right hand is overhung by rocky precipices, clad on every possible spot with pines and birches. At a distance of three miles, the Dee, lashed into foam by its rocky bed, is crossed by the new Invercauld Bridge, and close to it is the entrance to the deer forest of Ballochbuie—considered the finest pine forest in Britain. About a mile through the forest, are the Falls of the Garrawalt which can only be visited when the Queen is away from Balmoral.

From Invercauld Bridge the road descends very gradually for the next five miles. In the middle of the road the surface is very rough, but on each side there is a narrow strip of smooth ground.

Balmoral Castle, the Highland home of Her Majesty, situated on a lovely spot by the Dee, is now passed on the right, and about two miles further on is Abergeldie, the property of the Prince of Wales. The gradient, with the exception of one or two hills, is favourable till close upon Ballater, where there is a steep brae just outside the village, the site of Ballater being 430 feet lower than Braemar. I had no personal experience of the road from Ballater to Aberdeen, but from the accounts of those who have ridden it, it appears to be a splendid one and nearly level all the way.

From Braemar it is impossible to get to Inverness without traversing some very rough ground. The only road crossing the mountains to Speyside, the various stages of which are Crathie (9), Rinloan (13), Corgarff (21), Tomintoul (30), Grantown (44), Bridge of Carr (55), Inverness (79). From Crathie to Grantown the surface is dreadfully bad, without mentioning the hills, so much so that the charge for posting from Braemar to Grantown is no less than five pounds. Though strongly advised not to attempt it, it was my intention to have done so, but an accident to my machine at Crathie compelled me to make for the train at Ballater, whence I proceeded to Aberdeen, and by rail again next morning to Inverness, a proceeding which did not fall in with my views. Railway travelling in the Highlands is very slow, and one can easily credit the tales that are told of the train being stopped to enable the guard to get a light from the driver. To be cooped up in a crowded carriage for five or six hours while the train only covers a hundred miles is very poor fun, compared even with tramping over a moorland road.

Inverness, finely situated on the river Ness, is a convenient place to stay the night, and the "Royal Hotel" will be found first-rate. There is nothing of great interest in the town itself. The Cathedral, a comparatively modern building, is the finest ecclesiastical building in the North of Scotland, but that, after all, is not saying very much. In the neighbourhood there are many beautiful views, and in the river some large islands covered with trees are kept up as public gardens.

The Great Glen of Scotland, which extends from the Moray Frith to Loch Linnhe in a series of lakes which form the Caledonian Canal, attracts a great number of cyclists, and if time and circumstances permit, it should certainly be included in a Scotch tour. The road, taken by Wilkins and Paxon, and described in the GAZETTE, follows the northern shore of Loch Ness, it is considerably better as regards hills than the one which runs along the opposite shore. But the famous Falls of Foyers to be seen on the way induced me to try the southern side, and such a magnificent sight amply repaid the extra trouble.

Soon after leaving Inverness, the road passes for some distance through a thick avenue of beeches, and then it becomes hilly, until the village of Dores (7½) is reached. At this point the road falls in with Loch Ness, and a fine view of the lake is obtained on the top of the hill above Dores. From here there is a glorious ride for eight miles, the road running along quite close to the water, and the surface is perfection, with the exception of some gullies across the road, which however are quite rideable if care be taken. A considerable ascent has now to be made before the "Foyers Inn," 18 miles, is reached. It is advisable, if refreshment is needed, to take it before visiting the Falls, as they are a mile on the road to Fort Augustus, and a steep hill has to be surmounted. The lower Falls, only a short distance from the road, are the grandest. They descend through a narrow gap over a height of ninety feet, and fall with a tremendous roar into a deep and rocky hollow. A good view may be obtained from a ledge opposite the cascade. About a quarter of a mile further up the road are the upper Falls, which, though not so grand as the others, are well worth visiting. The road to Fort Augustus now deviates from the side of the loch, and proceeds on the south side of the hills which bound it. About five miles from the Falls, over hilly country, is "Whitebridge Inn," and the road now rises considerably for the next three miles, and then it descends to Loch Tarff, a pretty lake studded with small islands, and after winding down Glen Doe, a charming little glen luxuriant with ferns, a steep hill two miles long leads down to Fort Augustus (32).

As I now took the route from Fort Augustus to Fort William and Ballachulish, a description of which has already appeared in these columns, it is only necessary to give my general impressions of the road, which were rather disappointing after the favourable reports I had heard of it. Dismounts are very frequent, owing both to the mountain streams, which tear up the surface, and the numerous gates which cross the roads in this part of the Highlands. Great care must be taken in keeping to the right road, particularly on the north side of Loch Oich, where there are several difficult situations. A Scotch woman, who put me right just as I was taking the wrong road, told me that

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bicyclists invariably went wrong at that particular spot. Direction posts are almost unknown in the north of Scotland, and the mile posts are nearly always illegible.

The distance from Fort William to Ballachulish, according to Anderson, is 14 miles, probably measured to the ferry, while the mile posts, which made it 12½, measure to the beginning of the village, some distance west of the ferry. From Ballachulish to Kingshouse the distance is 16 miles, not 12, as stated by Wilkins, and from Kingshouse to Inveroran it is 10 miles, not 16.

(*To be continued*).

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

THE MEMBER'S BROTHER.

SIR,—The uninitiated, reading your article in last week's GAZETTE, would imagine that the Member's Brother—I speak of the genus that rides—is a most desirable attendant at Club Runs, and should be encouraged as much as possible by the D. C's. But, unfortunately, he has a very great drawback, and has not qualified. He has not paid a subscription, nor has he passed through the ordeal of election. I am aware this is a very delicate subject to write upon, but still I venture to address you to impress upon your readers the advisability of forming some rules to regulate and decide the *locus standi* of the Member's Brother. For why should he ever join the Club if he is not a racing man? He sees his brother's GAZETTE, and his own name printed amongst those of the attendants of Club Meets. If he tours, he can, through his brother, obtain by means of the GAZETTE all the information he requires. He can always depend on being in a position, through his brother, of buying tickets for Club Balls, Smoking Concerts, etc., in fact he is in exactly the same position as an Honorary Member (*vide* Rule 7) if we except the power of voting at General Meetings.

Now, be it understood, I am far from wishing to prevent a member from bringing a brother or a friend to any Club meeting, but I do wish to see some regulations formed which will preclude him from some one of the advantages of the Club—not from any motive of selfishness, but simply that something may be left to induce him to join us, and to pay his guinea into the scanty coffers of the Club. I would suggest that members be invited to bring their brothers to not more than six Club runs in the year, and that at Club runs the latter should ride in the rear ranks.—Yours, etc.,

WIVERN.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

Dear Sir,—Would it not be a good idea to add a race for 100 yards to the programme for 22nd September?

That being a distance easily accomplished without much preparatory inconvenience in the way of training would, I feel confident, draw considerably among the members who vote longer distances too much trouble.

I submit this idea for the consideration of the Race Committee, and feel sure, should they decide favourably, a good entry would be the result.—Yours, etc.,

14th August, 1883. MERCURIUS.

N.E. DISTRICT SATURDAY RUN.

August 11th. Those members who did not attend the run last Saturday missed a treat. Even the clerk of the weather had made up his mind the District should be happy, and gave us a tail wind all the way out, and no wind, but a bright moon, on the way home. And the roads? Well, a firm, dry gravel road *can* be good travelling, if it tries, and they did try on Saturday. Unfortunately, however, as these merits were not fully detailed beforehand, only two members met the D.C. at the corner, and a certain sense of calmness being observable in the party, they decided to avoid all needless hills, and accordingly proceeded by Redbridge and a lower road, some parts of which were not very familiar, and there was a tendency to decline the responsibility, but to accept the credit for such fact on the part of some of the party as the road appeared good or the reverse. Hog Hill was by a side wind comfortably compassed to the surprise of all concerned, and after the Havering turning the route was very charming with pleasant lanes overshadowed by trees, and with a pleasant undulation, which only added to the interest without materially interfering with the comfort of the riders. We asked the way to the "Tower Arms" at last, as we were practically standing outside it, but we are unlikely to forget it. A sumptuous tea for ten had been provided, and the dejection of the D.C. was complete until a further contingent of Barretts made up the party to five. Before a peaceful saunter in the garden was over the Treasurer turned up, and six seemed a fairish muster for the time of year as we made our way home by the same route as before, under the pleasant atmospheric conditions mentioned above. Present: E. H. Barrett, R. B. Hough, Jolly, Lyne, A. P. Barrett (visitor), and

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

[Through the late arrival of the above it could not be inserted in the usual position.—ED.]

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—SIR T. BROWNE.

What is a "departure of milk?" *vide* the N.W. unofficial run last week. It sounds rather refreshing.

* * * * * *

The N.W. ought to rise to the occasion with a General Meet at Harrow again. Now is their chance.

* * * * * *

We hear that a member of the N.E. is proceeding to

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Rio de Janeiro for a few months, so we shall hope to hear of the progress of the wheel in South America.

* * * * * *

H. R. Reynolds left Croydon on Tuesday, July 31st, at 5.30 a.m., picked up W. D'A. Crofton near the Marble Arch, and rode with him by a circular route to Northampton and Leicester, where they stayed the night (122 miles). The next day they went by an indirect route to Thorne, Yorkshire (91). On Thursday Crofton left, and Reynolds rode on to Durham (98); next day to Berwick (83); arriving at Edinburgh (59) on Saturday. Distance, 450 miles in 107½ hours, all of which was done without hurry, cathedrals and castles being visited *en route*.

* * * * * *

In Monday's *Daily Telegraph* is an article entitled "Saturday Afternoon on Hampstead Heath." The objectionable notice-boards entirely absorbed the writer's attention, or he could scarcely have failed to mention the meeting of the N.W. host.

* * * * * *

One of the three who visited the S.W. Grotto last Saturday reports, that Gruggen has overlooked the best thing about it in his account, namely, the twisted spikes over the gateways which give admittance to "this shell house." These are really fine examples of wrought iron work, and are evidently much older than the gates which they surmount, the latter being of very clumsy and inferior design.

* * * * * *

Also, that if the Duchess of York could not find a better place than a second-rate sort of cellar to wash herself in, she is very much to be pitied. The hole in the floor would not make a bad place to pickle pork in, if provided with a well-fitting lid; but as a bath it is a distinct failure. This was very clearly demonstrated by the sapient remark of another of the three, "Where did the hot water come from?"

* * * * * *

A cyclist was shoving his tri. up Barnet Hill, when the facetious "'Arry" asked him "why he did'nt get in front and learn to draw?"

* * * * * *

The General Meet at Harrow was, no doubt, meant as a pleasant surprise for the S. E. D. C. Somehow he did not seem to take it as such on his return from a fortnight's holiday on Saturday.

* * * * * *

While disowning any share in the arrangement, he hopes the S.E. district will, by a large attendance, assist him in making the best of the inevitable.

* * * * * *

The recent alterations in the Meet Card are due, it is said, to the radical tendencies of some of those in authority.

* * * * * *

In the August list of candidates for the C.T.C. is the name of our President.

Early this month, S. Herbert and R. G. Francis left East Grinstead in the morning and rode through Horsham, Pulborough, and Chichester to Fareham, where they lunched, and then on through Southampton and Lyndhurst to Ringwood. Here they arrived in a soaked condition about seven, and stayed the night at the "White Hart." Next day owing to the rain a late start was made, and with the roads in a very sticky condition they reached Dorchester for lunch, and Bridport in the evening. After a bathe in the sea, they left about eight next day for Exeter, over roads rough and hilly; passing through Axminster they stopped for lunch at Honiton, and arrived at the "Half Moon," Exeter at six in the evening. The following morning Herbert rode on to Ilfracombe, while Francis took train for Penzance.

* * * * * *

On the 11th August, 1883, at St. Mark's, Kennington, by the Rev. A. H. De Fontaine, WILLIAM THOMAS THORN, of 19, Great Portland Street, and 11, Ladbroke Square, W., to ELIZABETH (LIZZIE), eldest daughter of RICHARD BENNETT, Esq., of 79, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

PORCUPINE.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

Aug. 25.—Ipswich B.C. Meeting.
27.—Winchester and County Cycle Club.
Sept. 1.—Lincoln B.C. Meeting.
8.—Nottingham B.C. Sports.
15.—Surrey B.C. Autumn Meeting at Kennington Oval.

COMPANION WANTED.—Three members hope to tour for three weeks in September in France and Switzerland. Being anxious to make the party up to four, I shall be glad to hear from any one who would like to join.

W. J. WILLIAMS,
23, Highbury Place, N.

ERRATUM.—By a mistake in the making-up of our last issue, line 3 of "An Epitaph" should have been inserted between lines 12 and 13 of "Unofficial Meet in the N.W."

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 25.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. AUGUST 23, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE HARROW MEET.

Although everybody said that everyone was out of town, and though to a N.E. or S.E. man Harrow is about as accessible as the North Pole, a fairly representative party, thirty-two in number, sat down to a capital tea at the "King's Head." It was a lovely evening, such as one only meets with in the early autumn. The valley, stretching beyond the Hill into dim distance, was already being illumined by a brilliant moon; and, gazing at the fair scene, the North-easter for a moment forgot the twenty miles of macadam that parted him from the gravel lanes of Essex. Generally speaking, the roads by which our men reached the rendezvous were in good order; the weather was supreme (although some malcontents were heard to mutter that it was "close"). The tea was varied and abundant, and the landscape, specially arranged for the occasion, combined with the pretty garden to make a success of our last General Meet in this year.

The W., N.E., and N.W. men were the first arrivals, followed, in about an hour, by the S.E.

The W. men journeyed *vid* Ealing, Apperton, and Sudbury, and if a nation without a history is happy, they may be assumed to have enjoyed themselves, for, like the needy knife-grinder of the ballad, their D.C. has "no tale to tell."

The N.W. D.C. reports:—

"Although not possessed of the presumption displayed by the N.E. D.C. (*vide* last GAZETTE), yet I expected to see more at the rendezvous than appeared. However, in spite of 'everybody being out of town,' on leaving Hendon Station behind us we presented a formidable troupe, with the help of the 'little D.' and the N.W. collie, as we wound through the Kenton Lanes. Our companions were quite unable to control their feelings of admiration for the scenery, and, even when they had perceived Harrow, continued to roam through the lanes for the best part of the afternoon. The return journey was more expeditious."

The S.E. D.C. reports:—

"Last Saturday with its blazing sun, and not very accessible meeting place of Harrow, did not seem to appeal to the inclinations of many of the usual attendants at S.E. runs. Punctuality was the order of the day, and the clock had scarcely struck four when the six men assembled at the Fire Station started on their way for the General Meet. Owing to a strong feeling against Kew Bridge, which was strengthened by a rumour that the shadowy legions of the South-West would not be found there in force, the road by Kingston Bridge was adopted. This alternative proved fairly successful, for after passing Twickenham and Hounslow with a minimum of the objectionable macadam, a pleasant lane was hit on which brought the party in an almost straight line for Harrow Hill. Here F. H. Williams, who had ridden by Kew, joined the ranks, but as Hartridge, who was mounted on a strange machine, had turned back previously, it was still

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only six in number that the S.E. men arrived at the "King's Arms." The other Districts were already on the spot, and were mostly engaged in taking in the view from the garden terrace. After tea, and a quiet pipe in the garden, the moon rose on the scene, and a general move homewards was made about half-past eight."

The N.E. D.C. Reports :—

"The main body may be assumed to have left the Corner three strong within five minutes of time and proceeded without a dismount to Jack Straw's, whilst the D.C. and Lloyd starting about the same time, proceeded by Tottenham direct, and also without leaving the saddle reached Jack Straw's shortly after the others, and thus, accumulated to five, were received with all hospitality by the N.W. D.C. This officer desiring the N.E. to learn that there was macadam even in the N.W., took them up about two miles of Edgware Road to Hendon Station, and then reinforced by Lyne, who had come a different route, and by two N.W. members, rode to the proper route for Harrow, but for unexplained reasons preferred riding *back* to Blackpot, and by a species of 8, succeeded ultimately in reaching Harrow by a route, it is calculated, some five miles further than the usual one. Four at least of the N.E. rode up the hill, and Harrow was reached about 6.30. Here the Captain and Weeks made up the N.E. contingent to eight. The return journey was taken with the N.W. by way of Finchley, at a pace not calculated to alarm the most well-regulated rider until the N.E. D.C. became fractious and spurted, and then and there asserted that he was in his own district and proposed to lead with the Captain. Thenceforth on *viâ* Muswell Hill the pace increased, an impetus being given when the balance of the N.W. left them, and again when the party was reduced to the Walthamstow contingent—a force of four members and a visitor—so that the pace from Wood Green was unusual for a Club run."

It is feared the absence abroad of the energetic S.W. D.C. permitted the S.W. men to play truant. The Captain, at any rate, on his own account, desires to record sorrowfully that, according to programme, he waited for them in vain on Kew Bridge, after a ride down from the City, through crowded and greasy streets, in which he seemed to have lived a lifetime; also he wishes to thank members for their readiness in falling in with at such short notice the alterations in the Meet Card involved in the substitution of the Harrow General Meet for those before arranged.

Present :—

W. Koch, G. S. Hewitt, H. M. Hewitt, Scott, F. M. Williams, W. E. Naylor, Dr. Langmore, two visitors, and H. C. Pigott, District Captain.

N.W. Alison, Hindley, Jackson, Wilkins, Williams, four visitors, and A. H. Lown, District Captain.

N.E. Ashley Barrett, R. B Hough, S. G. Hough, Kelsey, Lloyd, Lyne, Weeks, one visitor, and Theo. Godlee, District Captain.

S.E. Church, Hartridge, McRae, W. C. Oswald, F. H. Williams, S. E. Whealler, and R. G. Francis, District Captain.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

NOTICE.

I shall be absent from town during the first two weeks in September. Theo. Godlee has kindly consented to attend to Club business during that time. Communications should therefore be addressed to him.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

S.E. DISTRICT.—NOTICE.

Next Saturday the run is to Riverhead, one of the favourite meets of the District. The Croydon men will leave the Fire Station at 4.30, and will meet the Blackheath Division at 5.15 on Farnborough Common. Tea at the "Amhurst Arms," at 6.30. R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

W. DISTRICT.

On Saturday next I quite expect a large number will attend the run to Datchet, as several members from other Divisions have promised to pay us a visit at this favourite riverside resort, where the pleasures of the wheel and the river amalgamate in glorious unity. We meet at 3.45 at Acton, and the distance is only thirteen miles from the starting point. All who can come are welcome. Tea at 6.30.

H. C. PIGOTT, District Captain.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
August 25.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for HAVERING.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for LITTLE BERKHEMPSTEAD.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for DATCHETT.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for GUILDFORD.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for RIVERHEAD.	Old Lewisham Church, 4.15, for RIVERHEAD.
September 1.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for NAVESTOCK.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle," for ELSTREE. Meet W.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, for ELSTREE. Meet N.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for SUNBURY.	PAPERCHASE.—Addington. Meet 5.0.	

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ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

In the One Mile Professional Championship at Wolverhampton, Wood again proved his superiority over Howell, winning by seven yards in 2 min. 56¼ sec.

* * * * * *

Oliver Thorn scored another win at the Ravensbourne A.C. Meeting at Stamford Bridge on Saturday afternoon, beating Robinson of the Ranelagh Harriers, who started from the same mark (10) by five yards in 2 min. 50⅘ sec.

* * * * * *

A very sensational performance was done by F. Lees, the the Sheffield Professional, at the Belgrave Road Grounds, Leicester, on Saturday. He started with the object of covering 20 miles in the hour; and so well did he succeed, that when the pistol was fired he had covered 20 miles, 905 yards. The fastest miles were the first in 2 min. 51 sec., the tenth in 2 min. 48 sec., the eighteenth in 2 min. 50 sec., the nineteenth in 2 min. 51 sec., and the last in 2 min. 47 sec.

* * * * * *

Howell, who appeared on the track to make the pace, attempted to cut the record for a mile, which he covered in 2 min. 41⅘ sec.

* * * * * *

The 24 hours record has again been beaten by J. W. Brown, who has accomplished 231½ miles in the day.

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Considering what has been done by the "Facile" and the tricycle, the record for the legitimate two wheeler is very poor.

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Accounts of how So-and-so has lowered it by 2½ miles will soon get monotonous unless a crack road rider turns out and does something respectable. Now then, H. R.!

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A library, containing so much that is useful in the shape of guide books and maps, as does that of the N.C.U., should certainly be taken advantage of to a greater extent than it is at present.

* * * * * *

If the signatures in the register of readers include all who have used the library, the total for the past three months amounts to the insignificant number of twenty-two.

* * * * * *

Neither does the new arrangement of keeping it open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. bring any additional readers. The only convenient time, viz., from 5.0 to 6.30 p.m., has not yet been tried. Those who finish work at 5.0 frequently have engagements in town later on, and they are reduced to kicking their heels about in a fruitless endeavour to pass the time.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

Correspondence.

THE MEMBER'S BROTHER.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—I am an old offender, though my offence has ceased for many years; but, with all humility, I would venture to dissent from "Wyvern's" principle.

You are mistaken, all you unrelated members, in my humble judgment, if even in the most distant way you hinder the attendance of a member's brother. There are two causes which will serve all practical purposes. One, that no member's brother who attends runs often will stop outside the Club if he can avoid it. I found it too expensive a luxury at one time. Secondly, the D.C., if he is worth his salt, will soon intimate to the member or the brother that it is time we saw more or less of the brother aforesaid if the privilege is abused. I speak from experience, and I speak with a most sincere conviction that I am right. I imagine "Wyvern" would not wish to exclude the member's brother from our runs; but I do not think he fully realises the sensitiveness of the persons he is desiring, with the best of intentions, to curtail. If a member's brother is informed, as "Wyvern's" letter informs him, that he is not wanted, believe me—for I have tried—he will be seen no more.—Yours, etc.,

AN "EX-MEMBER'S-BROTHER."

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—Although in no way doubting the sincerity of "Wyvern's" motives, and recognising fully the temperate manner in which he has stated his views, I hope he will pardon me for expressing my entire dissent from them. The subject is, as he says, a delicate one—so delicate, indeed, that merely to give it utterance in these pages will be sufficient for a length of time to scare from our meets many a friend and visitor whom we, and "Wyvern" I am sure, as much as any of us, would have wished to have been present. Were it a common thing for our Club Teas to be constantly invaded by the *same* well-to-do strangers there would have been much appropriateness in the suggestions of your correspondent; but our visitors are, in my opinion, far too rare, and our "members' brothers," who from time to time come among us, are, alas! too apt to be afflicted with that impecuniosity which has troubled most of us at some period of our history. The relief of such a malady, however, may be usually left to time, and with its cure the "member's brother" may usually be found joining our ranks. In thinking the matter over it seems to me that for many reasons we should in every way encourage visitors, whether "members' brothers" or no.

They tend to sustain the interest felt by the L.B.C. man in his Club, inasmuch as the free and unrestricted privilege he has hitherto enjoyed of bringing them with him to his Club tea has been greatly valued. Also, as was ably pointed out

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by yourself in a recent leader, it is often the visitor who has helped to swell a D.C.'s average by bringing out a lazy member wavering between the river and the tennis-court. To the tea and the run, where they entail neither expense to the Club nor trouble to the D.C., they impart a certain freshness. To exclude them, which I submit would practically be the result of adopting any such limitation as "Wyvern" suggests, would go far to shut us out from what has proved itself in the past our best recruiting ground. I cannot but think, sir, that the surest mode of developing the member's brother into the member, is to bring him as frequently as possible to our meetings, and that to keep up our numbers, if from no better motive, we should continue to extend to all visitors at our Club runs the same hearty welcome that has been held out to them in the past.—Yours, etc.,

ASHLEY W. BARRETT.

MODEST HOTEL CHARGES.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—To those of our members who are fond of living at the rate of several thousands a year for a short time, and getting very little worth for their money, I can highly recommend "THE ROYAL STAG HOTEL," Datchet, Bucks. Hot lunch—joint, pastry, cheese, 4s. 6d.; breakfast—chops and eggs, 3s. As the West District have a run to and tea at the above hotel next week, it will be a grand chance for the Club Mashers. The hotel opposite the Manor is, I believe, still dearer.—Yours truly,

ONCE BITTEN TWICE SHY.

QUILLS

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

"A land of poetry and dreams" is at present the correct description of the editorial office. No sooner had an article appeared on the "Member's Brother" than gallant members seized their pens, and descriptions of the "Member's Sister," each vieing with the other in admiration of the subject, poured in on every side.

* * * * * *

The staff—fresh from the perusal of these inspired effusions, replete with the superlative degree, heed not the dust of Eastcheap, nor the *débris* of falling walls, for their thoughts are removed far away to pleasant places, where they seem to be walking beneath the shade of the tall elms in the rich glow of the evening, their ears intent alone upon the gentle notes of——the frog.

* * * * * *

It has not yet been decided what shall be done with the articles in question, but a special supplement, price half-a-crown, is talked of.

* * * * * *

From what I heard at Harrow, the family meeting, to be held on the 22nd proximo, is very popular, and bids fair to be a great success. Great interest is centred in the Twelve Miles District Race, and members were heard eagerly discussing the chances of the various districts.

* * * * * *

The N.W. D.C. got such an amount of innocent pleasure on Saturday out of counting up his score, that I had not the heart to remind him that visitors—of whom he included four—are reckoned, at General Meets, as a whole, and do not count to any one district.

* * * * * *

Design for a Medal to be struck in commemoration of the Harrow Meet:—Profile of the Captain, with a harrowed expression of countenance. Inscription: L.B.C. *a pied*, Harrow, 1883. Reverse: Kew Bridge, with a solitary figure leaning on bicycle.

* * * * * *

Why have our officers such a partiality for Norfolk? The Treasurer has just returned from there the Editor is at present disporting himself in the Broads, and the Captain will shortly follow in the same direction.

* * * * * *

The France and Switzerland quartette has, I am sorry to say, fallen through at the last moment.

PORCUPINE.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

Aug. 25.—Ipswich B.C. Meeting.
27.—Winchester and County Cycle Club.
Sept. 1.—Lincoln B.C. Meeting.
8.—Nottingham B.C. Sports.
15.—Surrey B.C. Autumn Meeting at Kennington Oval.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 26.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. AUGUST 30, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE POTTERER UNMASKED.

In an article early this year on my experiences with a lazy friend, I was unfortunate enough to bring down upon me the wrath of one who took upon himself to champion the cause of the "Potterer." I need hardly say that my remarks were not armed against this worthy class, though from one of them having taken up the gauntlet, I am driven to the conclusion that laziness and pottering are more nearly akin than I thought. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*

Much has been written in favour of the pottering paragon. We are called on to admire his harmless and retiring disposition, the absence of any desire in him for pots, medals, and such-like lucre, and his love for the beauties of nature. All these are admirable qualities, but I should like to ask whether they are really the product of a well-trained mind, or merely the outcome of a masterful inactivity. Now it is not difficult to imagine that the man who lazily reclines on his back on some *point de vue* may have no more regard for the beauty of the scene than he who comes up the hill with his nose on the wheel, only to disappear down the other side with his legs over the handles; and that many of those whom we see enjoying a quiet pipe amid the ruins of some feudal castle, or on the shady side of a Roman tumulus, have about as much antiquarian research at heart as the man to whom these objects are but landmarks on his road to or from such and such a place. It is against laziness as a component part of the common potterer that I would raise my voice. We are told that because one man gets up early and braces his limbs in a good hard day's run, therefore he can have no eye for the picturesque; and because another indulges in frequent repose, and is lackadaisically indolent, therefore he is embued with all the susceptibilities of the poet and the painter. No doubt there is some satisfaction for the lazy elf who rides little and cares for it less in "laying the flattering unction to his soul," that he is a distinguished member of the *genus* Potterer, in fact a kind of pariah among wheelmen, and in sneering at the energetic as a bicyclical Philistine. He may go further, and as he dreams away the hours lulled by the babbling waters that flow by the Castle of Indolence, he may imagine what a lasting support he is likely to be to his Club; but it is not impossible that his bicycling *animus* (or the little of it that remains) will die out like the glimmer of a farthing rushlight quite as quickly as the more brilliant light of his energetic compeer and leave less trace behind it.

To drop metaphor, what would become of our Club if we all went in for being Potterers? There is far too little energy even now for us to depreciate what does exist. The noble art of pottering will probably be forced on most of us some time or other, whether we like it or no. Meanwhile by an energy tempered with moderation, we shall get the greatest amount of enjoyment from our sport, and at the

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same time be doing our duty as members of an active community. A man either admires the picturesque, or he does not; is interested in ruins and fossilized bones, or is not. These qualities are born in him. The veritable and much maligned "Scorcher"—even in his most rabid stage—who has, and affects no care for these things, is I would maintain more entitled to our respect than the wight who hides his averseness to action in a simulated interest for nature's charms and the memories of a byegone age. DODO.

RACE MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

In accordance with the decision of the Committee there will be a race meeting at the above grounds on Saturday, 22nd September, at 3.30 p.m. The events will be:—

One Mile Club Handicap. Three prizes: gold, silver, and bronze medals.

Twelve Miles District Scratch. Three prizes: bronze medals.

Half-mile Club Scratch. Two prizes: gold and silver medals.

220 yards Flat Race for boys under 16 years of age, introduced by members. Three prizes.

Entry fee for each of the first three events 2s. 6d, and for the Flat Race, 1s. The Twelve Miles District Race must be ridden on *bonâ fide* roadsters; only those members allowed to compete who have attended at least eight meets throughout the season. Each District to have three starters. Entries close on 17th September. A member of the Committee has kindly offered the first prize for the flat race.

Members will be admitted *free* on production of Club Badge. No tickets will be issued; the admission to the outside world will be by payment of 1s. at the gates.

It will be seen from the foregoing that an entirely new departure is being undertaken. The afternoon is intended to be a purely Club affair, and every member taking part in the races or turning up on the ground will make it more so. It will serve all the purposes of a General Meet, without the bother of having to get to the destination by riding all round London, and will have one great attraction which the said General Meet is void of, viz., the presence of fellow-members' sisters, cousins, and aunts. E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

NOTICE.

I shall be obliged, if during my absence for the first two weeks in September, correspondents will address all communications on Club business to Theo. Godlee.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT.

STAMFORD BRIDGE GUARANTEE FUND.

Members who put their names down for the above fund are requested to send their subscriptions (10s. each) to Stephen P. Smith, 9, Morden Road, Blackheath. If any other member would like to subscribe, their donations will be thankfully received, and if more than the sum required is subscribed a return will be made *pro ratâ*.

RACE MEETING ON SEPTEMBER 22ND.

If time and opportunity permit, H. N. Sharp has kindly promised to arrange for the playing of the final tie in the Lawn Tennis Tournament at Stamford Bridge, on September 22nd.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

SOUTH-EAST NOTICE.

Owing to the Stamford Bridge fixture the Crawley run will take place on the Saturday previous, 15th September, instead of that to Wrotham. I shall be glad to receive the names of any who intend to join in the run.

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

N.W. NOTICE.

Those who are willing to ride in the "12 Miles Roadster" on the 22nd September for our district are requested to send me their names. A. H. LOWN, District Captain.

GENERAL MEET AT HARROW.

H. H. Sherriff attended at Harrow on Saturday, the 18th instant, but was unable to stay to tea, or to chronicle the run for the S.W. District, as he started early the next morning for Switzerland. Thus on that day the S.W. did not draw a blank.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
September 1.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for NAVESTOCK.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle," for ELSTREE. Meet W.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, for ELSTREE. Meet N.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for SUNBURY.	PAPERCHASE.—Addington. Meet 5.0.	
September 8.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for UPMINSTER. Meet S.E., Blackheath Div.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for DIGSWELL HILL.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for WOKING. "Maybury Inn." Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for WOKING. "Maybury Inn." Meet W.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for EAST GRINSTEAD.	"Hare and Billet," 3.45, for UPMINSTER. Meet N.E.

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SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. District.

August 25th. The absence of its lawful chief in Wales did not prevent the little District from making a respectable show. Barrett, Baldwin, and Lyne, who had reached "The Orange Tree" at Havering-atte-Bower by different routes, sat down to tea, while the Treasurer and a friend arrived as they were about to depart. On the way home, *via* Collier Row, Sidney Hough and Sewell joined the party. Lamps were lit on the top of Hog Hill, which, owing to stones and darkness, was more than usually refractory. The weather was hot. There were many stones out, and as far as the historian of this run could learn, nothing was talked of but the September race meeting, speculations being numerous concerning our D.C.'s selection of representatives for his District. Present: Baldwin, Lyne, Hough, R. B., Hough, S. G., Sewell, one visitor, and Jack (the District terrier). Ashley W. Barrett, Captain.

N.W. District.

It is most astonishing how the holiday season seems to affect our "District;" for although numbering over forty members, yet only three carried out the run to Little Berkhempstead last Saturday. After tea had been despatched and the return journey commenced, Jackson broke a treadle-pin at one of the hills, and had to ride home with the help of one foot only, which however, did not seem to inconvenience him in the slightest. Present: Jackson, Williams, and A. H. Lown, District Captain.

W. District.

Last Saturday I arrived at Savernake Cottage at three minutes after four p.m., but found no one there; I accordingly started immediately *en route* for Datchet. Fortunately, at the top of Gunnersbury Lane, I met Scott awaiting my arrival. We decided to go for a circular run, taking Datchet within our circle, so striking the Ealing main road we rode to Hanwell; here, turning sharp to the left under the Great Western Railway bridges, we proceeded to Norwood Green and Harlington. Crossing the Bath road we made for Bedfont. Before running into Bedfont we turned to the right, and ran through Ashford and Stanwell. The roads were now almost unrideable on account of the dust. We ran on through some very pretty scenery beyond Stanwell to within one mile of Datchet, when, instead of going on into the latter place, we branched off for Staines, as both of us wanted to get home early. From here the main road was found bad as far as Bedfont, where Scott stayed for tea, leaving me to continue the journey to Kew alone, where I arrived about 7.15, after a very pleasant run. Present: Scott, and H. C. Pigott, District Captain.

Another Account.

Two members rode from West Drayton to Datchet on Saturday, and after devoting an hour to punting on the river, had tea at the "Manor Hotel," one of the most picturesque houses in this picturesque village. For the benefit of "Once bitten, twice shy," they may state that the cost of the tea, which consisted of a lot of good things, was half-a-crown. Present: W. E. Naylor and F. M. Williams.

S.W. District.

H. L. Ryan seems to have been the only representative of our District at Kingston Station on Saturday last, and as lameness (the result of a recent spill) prevented my being able to help him to carry out the run, Guildford was not visited at all. We note with regret, in the Gazette of the 16th August, that an apparently unsatisfactory visit has recently been paid by the West District, accompanied by our ubiquitous Captain, to the celebrated Grotto in Oatlands Park, and in the account given of the expedition by the West D.C., we are led to infer that Buckler and self had in some measure contributed—by our descriptions of this unique spot—towards their somewhat extraordinary disappointment; but in this we feel that blame cannot be attached to us. Our sarcastic commmentator upon the merits of the Grotto may perhaps be interested to know, with regard to "Gruggen's remains" as he facetiously calls them, that they are still lively, and that, Phœnix like, he has risen out of those remains, or as Gray beautifully observes, "even in his ashes live their wonted fires." We fear that our intelligent visitors have had little experience of Grottos, for otherwise they could scarcely call to mind things so utterly dissimilar, and have perpetrated the anomaly of comparing the phenomena of nature with mere works of human art! Why our worthy Captain should be described as having assumed a malicious look, so foreign to his nature, we are at a loss to comprehend; his malice, if such it can be called, could only have consisted in a generous wish that his men should see all there was to be seen within this enchanting shell-house. Having great confidence in our Captain's good judgment, skilful discrimination, and knowledge of antiquity, I feel sure we shall not ask in vain when we urge him to convey to us in writing an impartial statement of the impression that the grotto in question produced upon him upon the occasion of this singular visit. The designation of the work as exhibiting "ducal imbecility," has some warrant, for this is only one of many instances of money lavished upon useless structures, which after completion have been justly denominated as "so and so's folly." We could have given the West D.C. some credit for his allusion to the refuge the Grotto afforded for "vermin and other denizens of the field and air," had we not at once detected the plagiarism of ideas from Dickens, who in describing an arbour, designates

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it as "one of those places which humane men erect for the accomodation of spiders." We sincerely hope that the dejection and sense of feeling crestfallen which our cycling neighbour so graphically expresses has not permanently overwhelmed his peace of mind, especially when he hears that this grotto is acknowledged to be well worthy of a visit by all those who admire a special, remarkable, and most elaborate work, involving, as it did, so much labour, and which elicited so much artistic skill in carrying it into execution. The run next Saturday is only to Sunbury, and as this distance is so short, and the river-side usually so attractive to our members, I trust that as many as possible will put in an appearance at Kingston Station at 4.15 p.m.

R. M. GRUGGEN, District Captain.

Another Account.

We arrived at Kingston a little late on Saturday 25th, but hoped to find some member of the District. Not having that hope fulfilled we carried out the run to Guildford, finding the roads very loose and stoney. Present: J. W. Alison, and A. H. KOCH.

S.E. DISTRICT.

The breaking of two treadle-pins, one crank, and an unlucky somersault, though they cannot be said to have added to the pleasure of last Saturday's run, certainly relieved it of some of its monotony. The first victim was Barker, who snapped his treadle-pin just at the start from Croydon; fortunately no bones were broken, and with the aid of a brother's tricycle and a gypsy's donkey, he succeeded in following the whole run; and it was due to the versatile genius of the rider, who had never ventured far on a tricycle before, that the three-wheeler came through the day with no little credit. Twelve men and one visitor met on Farnborough Common about half-past five. The visitor's crank gave way on the hill by Bromley Union, and Stephen Smith stayed behind to see it put right. If the road was loose, so was the order up the long rise to the "Polhill Arms;" and it was owing to the former that one of the youthful flyers who was scudding along with visions of Crawley and Stamford Bridge attending him on his way, slipped his treadle, and unpremeditatedly bit the dust. A nasty cut was plastered up by J. C. Oswald in quite professional style, and though a little shaken, our hero was soon mounted again, and going along as if nothing had happened. After a short halt for strawberries on the top of the hill, we ran easily down the other side to Riverhead. Though our arrival was somewhat late, tea was still more so, the landlord of the "Amherst Arms" having gone away without giving the necessary instructions. The stroll in the garden while tea was being got ready was diversified by anecdotes from Barker and Potter of their experiences in Normandy. A short half hour only was allowed for a postprandial pipe, and at a quarter to nine lamps were lighted, and the return journey commenced. On reaching Farnborough, Whealler's treadle-pin broke, with no serious results beyond a short delay, while the spare pin which Stephen Smith had, as usual, brought was fitted in. Without further mishap the various parties reached home not long after eleven. Present: Barker, Hartridge, S. Herbert, McRae, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, L. Potter, F. B. Smith, S. P. Smith, Whealler, F. H. Williams, one visitor, and

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

Next Saturday, the Croydon Division will leave the Fire Station at half-past four and meet the Blackheath men at Addington Church at five o'clock, when the hares will start at that hour punctually. We shall have tea at the "George Inn," Downe, at 6.30. Any man who cannot join in the chase will, I hope, meet us there.

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

NOTES ON A SCOTCH TOUR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 187.)

Having arrived at Ballachulish, the steamboat may be taken to Oban, where the tourist can get to any point he likes. This alternative is introduced for the benefit of those who may not care about crossing rougher ground than that which they have already experienced, as the road through Glencoe, across the moor of Rannoch and over Blackmount to Tyndrum (35) is of an exceptionally difficult character. The scenery is wild in the extreme, and the pass of Glencoe, in which the horrible massacre took place, is the gloomiest and most rugged glen in Scotland, though what the guide books say about the impending hills almost shutting out the daylight is great twaddle.

Leaving the ferry at Ballachulish, the road skirts Loch Leven for two miles as far as the slate quarries, and the next two miles are very fair, after which we enter the lower portion of Glencoe, where the road is in parts covered with big stones, brought down the mountain sides by the torrents which intersect them, and the best mode of progression is to lift the backbone up and wheel it over as best you can. Along the solitary loch, situated in the lower half of the glen, the road is rideable, but on getting into the upper half, which is wilder and totally destitute of vegetation, the road ascends considerably, and a great deal of shoving has to be done. When the head of the glen is reached, the road descends with a stony surface for three miles to "Kingshouse Inn."

The prospect from here over the Moor of Rannoch, one of the largest tracts of its kind in Scotland, is wild and desolate to a degree; and if the weather happens to be "saft" as the natives put it, the masses of vapour driving over the hills add to a scene which, notwithstanding its dreariness, has yet a certain fascination to an eye accustomed to the green aspect of the southern counties. The road

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for the ten miles to Inveroran crosses Blackmount, and some hard work must be done for the first four miles, but a considerable descent of about three miles is made to the shores of Loch Tulla, where the Inn of Inveroran is situated. It is a comfortable little house, surrounded by pretty scenery, and is a great resort of anglers.

The next stage to Tyndrum is nine miles; the road winding along the shore of Loch Tulla for some distance from the Inn. After an easy ride of three miles, a mile or so of steep hill has to be walked, and then the road dips again into a valley; after which there succeeds a long rise over the hills above Tyndrum, the last two miles being down hill. Having reached Tyndrum, where there is a large hotel, the roads improve immensely, though wet weather makes them rather heavy.

There are several sharp little ups and downs to Crianlarich, where, should the rider have but a short time on his hands, and only be able to take a cursory glance at the Trossachs, he had better turn off to Ardlui, distant only seven miles; thence he can take the steamboat to Inversnaid, and then ride the four miles to Stronachlachar, again taking the steamer across Loch Katrine. But as my intention was to stay for a short time at Callender, and from there to explore the Trossachs, I continued through Crianlarich to Luib Inn (twelve miles from Tyndrum), the surface being excellent and the road fairly level, and the lochs and the hills of Glen Dochart presenting many picturesque views on the way.

From Luib Inn to Killin on Loch Tay is six miles; but if bound for the Trossachs, a turning to the right two miles before the village of Killin is reached should be taken, which leads up over some very rough surface to Killin Station. Thence, through Glen Ogle, there is a grand piece of riding, downhill all the way with a smooth surface, though loose stones are rather numerous. The steep acclivities of the surrounding hills, which become narrow as Lochearnhead (10½) is approached, form a striking picture. The hotel here is a very good one, and the scenery, comprising grand views of Loch Earn, is very fine. The blacksmith, a marvel in the local estimation, is not skilled in the art of bending cranks.

The territory made classic by Sir Walter Scott in his poem, "The Lady of the Lake," is now entered. Leaving Lochearnhead, the road passes through Strathyre, where readers of the aforementioned will recollect that "the Cross of Fire" was carried with such haste by Angus. The surface of the road is remarkably good, being very hard and smooth, and the hills easy all the way to Callender (14), with the exception of a short and stiff little bit just after "Kingshouse Inn" is passed. After passing through a small village, Loch Lubnaig is reached; and the road continues along its eastern side quite close to the water's edge, the overhanging trees making a glorious ride, while the lofty Ben Ledi is seen rising from the opposite shore. At the southern extremity of the lake is the Pass of Leny, formed by two lofty precipices, between which the river Leny flows round numerous curves to Callender, the foam caused by its rocky bed and the rushing waters making a pleasant sight. The village of Kilmahog is now passed, and for the remaining mile the road is very bumpy.

Callender is not much of a place in itself, but the surroundings are extremely pretty, the hills above the village being clothed with pine trees, and the view of Ben Ledi from the bridge over the river is very fine. The "Macgreggor Hotel," which is the C.T.C. house, can only be called fair. The Trossachs and Loch Katrine are here within easy access, the latter being only ten miles distant, and the "Trossachs Hotel," situated in the midst of the most charming scenery and only three-quarters of a mile from Loch Katrine, is a very good place to stay at; it is expensive, as it enjoys the monopoly of the district, but everything is done in first-rate style. The road from Callender to the steamboat pier on Loch Katrine (10 miles) is a poor one, from a bicycular point of view; there are numerous sharp little hills, and the surface is of a very uneven character—something like macadam, and very different from the road to Lochearnhead. The scenery is interesting all the way, especially at the Brigg of Turk, where there is a grand view up Glenfinlas; the road at several points winds very close to Lochs Achray and Vennachar; the proximity of the latter I am not likely to forget for some little time. An old gentleman from Nottingham, who was on a tricycling tour, would insist upon my trying his "Humber," notwithstanding my frequent protests; the result was that owing to the greater stiffness in the steering, I found myself making straight for the lake, and only succeeded in pulling up within an inch of a steep rocky slope into the water. The old gentleman, as may be imagined, took at least ten minutes to recover.

Along the northern bank of Loch Katrine there is a road eight miles long to Glengyle, famous as having been tenanted at one period by the father of Rob Roy, which winds, with many charming views, round the bays of the lake; but it is quite unrideable, the pedestrian having to make use of stepping-stones to cross some of the streams which flow down the sides of Ben A'an.

The whole of this lovely district, generally known as the Trossachs, is, for the combined grandeur and softness of its beauty, unsurpassed in Scotland, and being, as it is, so accessible either from Edinburgh or Glasgow, it should certainly be visited if circumstances permit.

The distance from Callender to Edinburgh is 52 miles, all of which is easy going, and a very enjoyable day's ride can be made of it, allowing plenty of spare time for the various sights on the way, the most notable of which is Stirling Castle. Quitting Callender by a hard and shaky road, the Highlands are soon left behind, and when Doune (8) is reached the scenery bears a very different aspect. From the latter place to Stirling (16)

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there is a fine broad road, which a native informed me was the finest in Scotland, and so straight, he added, that you can see several miles ahead. The surface becomes very rough near Stirling, and as you approach the town the lofty rock on which the castle is built is seen on the right, and on the left is the Wallace Mont, a strange-looking erection. Passing through Stirling, the road to the left leads to Falkirk (28), its principal features being long and easy inclines with a good hard surface, generally rough near towns; the scenery, being bare and open, is tame. Thence to Linlithgow (35) the road bears the same good character, with the exception of the hills being shorter and stiffer. The ruins of the old palace of Linlithgow on the banks of a fine sheet of water are worth visiting. The surface of the road for the remaining seventeen miles is simply perfection, and one can readily understand our President's enthusiastic opinion of it, when he remarked that it was the finest bit of road he had ever been on. After roughing it on the stony and loose roads of the Highlands, the sensation of ease and the pleasure of moving rapidly along a smooth surface can only be appreciated by those who have experienced it. The last two or three miles into Edinbnrgh are rough.

This beautiful city, aptly termed "Modern Athens," is famous alike for the historical interest and the antiquity of the Old Town, and the imposing architecture and the picturesque views of the New; but, as the sage Dr. Johnson remarked, it is "too well known to admit description." Suffice to say there is enough to occupy the attention for several days, and no tour in Scotland would be complete without a visit to its splendid capital.

Having been recommended to ride to Carlisle through Moffat, I set out for the latter place, which is 53 miles from Edinburgh, Peebles being the only place worth mentioning that is passed *en route*. The road for the first ten miles is decidedly hilly and the country bare and uninteresting; when Penicuik is passed there is a rise of about four miles, after which it is down hill for the remaining eight miles to Peebles (22). The approach to the latter town is extremely pretty, as it is situated on the banks of the Tweed, and is almost surrounded by lofty hills.

A somewhat indirect course has now to be pursued, the course of the river having to be followed, which flows westward to Lyne. About a mile from Peebles is Neidpath Castle, situated on a steep bank above the Tweed, which here winds between steep heights and wooded slopes, and affords some very pretty views. After Lyne is passed there is about four miles of hilly riding to Stobo. Here a corner can be cut by taking a turning to the left after passing through the village, the road which goes through Drummelzier, being a mile shorter than the one that is usually taken through Broughton; it is a lovely ride, as it leads through narrow lanes and crosses and re-crosses the Tweed. The Moffat road is struck about two miles south of Broughton, whence the road is undulating and the surface excellent to the "Crook Inn." There are still sixteen miles to Moffat; the road, said to be a grand one, is, I should say, a great fraud. No doubt it was good once, and the surface is still in parts like asphalte; but it is strewn with small stones in some places, and in others is quite overgrown with grass. As it was rather dark and rain was falling when I traversed it, my bad impressions of it may be heightened, but I rejoiced greatly when the lights of Moffat became visible in the distance. The first ten miles from the "Crook Inn" are up hill as far as Tweedshaw's, and thence past the Devil's Beef Tub, where the ground descends like a precipice from the side of the road to a great depth, it is down hill to Moffat. The "Annandale Arms," C.T.C., is recommended.

The next stage to Carlisle is 45 miles, a very good road all the way. Two miles from Moffat is Beattock, and the road is undulating and the surface smooth to Lockerbie (16). It continues good through Ecclefechan (22) to Longtown (36)—the scenery being of a very tame character. The remaining nine miles to Carlisle is good, the surface being smooth, and nothing in the shape of a hill is met with. Here the Scotch Tour may be said to end, though after taking the train to Bradford I rode nearly all the way home *viâ* Wakefield, Doncaster, Newark, Grantham, Stamford, and the Great North Road.

In conclusion, I need scarcely say the tour afforded me an immense amount of pleasure; the bicycle enabling one to see, at a small cost and in a comparatively short time, more than most people can accomplish even with a very long holiday and an equally long purse. True, there are difficulties; and the Scotch proverb is a true one which says, "Muckle pleasure, some pains." But the pains are instantly forgotten, while the pleasure lasts for ever, for the lovely scenes that so delighted you may be recalled over and over again, even to the smallest object—such an impression do they leave upon the mind.

A. Lloyd.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

THE MEMBER'S BROTHER.

Sir,—In reply to the letter of an "Ex-Member's-Brother," whose composition is easily recognisable as emanating from the constant pen of a ready writer, I must point out that, if I am correct in my surmise of his identity, he is not a case in point as he is a Racing Member, and therefore had the attraction of racing to encourage him to join. In my letter I distinctly stated I was far from wishing to prevent a member from bringing his brother to any Club Meeting in moderation, and yet an "Ex-Member's-Brother" writes, "I imagine 'Wyvern' would not wish to exclude the Member's Brother from our Meets." Surely he cannot have read the letter he refers to.

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I hope our Captain will excuse me when I say I think he has failed to grasp the very evident point of my letter, viz.: to attack the abuse of the privilege, and not the privilege itself, and I am confident that what I have written will not deter the ordinary Member's Brother from joining in the pleasure of our Club runs, for he will see at once that it is not he who is the subject of this correspondence.

I cannot understand the argument of the impecuniosity that permits an expensive bicycle to be bought and the cost of a Club tea to be indulged in, but will not allow the Club subscription to be paid.

Yours, etc., WYVERN.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—I am all in favour of the visitors—member's brothers included—receiving every inducement to join our runs, but there is one privilege I should like to see confined exclusively to members, and that is the right of scoring attendances for the District whose Club runs they attend. The averages made out at the end of each season, if they mean anything, are intended to show the relative amount of interest taken by each of the Districts in their Saturday runs, but with visitors included they are no such criterion. Year after year this unreasonable custom is adhered to with a strange persistency by most of the District Captains; and yet not altogether strange, for it has its origin in the desire to see the District under their charge appear as prosperous as possible. In this spirit one or two District Captains have gone as far as to turn some of their runs into picnics, and with the assistance of their lady friends to run up their average to a tremendous extent.

When blue book statistics are turned into such a ridiculous farce as this, one may well ask where will matters end. Some energetic individual, promoted to the honours of the District Captaincy, may shortly appear with a brace of infants in a double perambulator in his anxiety to keep up his average.

Surely it is time some hard and fast rule were drawn up, under which all the District Captains would be obliged to compute these averages not merely for their own delectation, but for the benefit and information of the Club generally.

Yours, etc., Φ

THE TWENTY MILES PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

This Championship was run at the Belgrave Grounds, Leicester on Saturday evening. At six o'clock, the advertised time for starting, fully 10,000 spectators had assembled on the track, and these numbers were considerably augmented during the race. When the signal was given Newton went to the front and assumed the lead for the first five miles, which were comparatively speaking slow. Lees now made the pace very hot, the seventh mile being especially fast, and reaching the ninth mile Newton was lapped. The half distance was ridden in 30 min. 2 sec. Lees still leading, the others being in the following order:—Howell, Wood, Weston, and Newton. Lees still continued to force the pace and led until the beginning of the last mile, when Howell came with a tremendous burst of speed and led, quickly followed by Wood. The three continued to ride at an astonishingly fast pace, and no alteration took place until half a lap from home, when Wood wrested the lead from Howell, and continuing to gain, won by fifteen yards from the last-named, who defeated Lees by two yards. The last mile was ridden in the remarkably fast time of 2 min. 31⅘ sec. Appended are times at each mile, and also the duration of each several one:—

Distance.	M.	S.	Duration of each mile. M.	S.
1	2	56	—	
2	6	0	3	4
3	9	8	3	8
4	12	8	3	0
5	15	18	3	10
6	18	24	3	6
7	21	9	2	43
8	24	7	2	58
9	27	3	2	56
10	30	2	2	59
11	32	59	2	57
12	36	1	3	2
13	39	2	3	1
14	42	5	3	3
15	45	7	3	2
16	48	7	3	0
17	51	4	2	57
18	54	7	3	3
19	57	10	3	3
20	59	41⅘	2	31⅘

(*Abbreviated from the "Sportsman."*)

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

Harry Wilson has again created a sensation by lowering the existing records from 26 to 38 miles at the fifty miles championship race of the Surrey Bicycle Club. In the first hour he covered 19 miles 505 yards; no amateur, excepting H. L. Cortis, having previously ridden so far in that time.

* * * * * *

At 38 miles he slowed down and took refreshment, finishing the fifty miles at his ease in 2 hr. 52 min. 55 sec. Had he been pressed he would doubtless have done much better. As it was, Vesey, his most formidable opponent, was two miles and a quarter behind him at the finish.

* * * * * *

If the times and distances are correct the professionals, who hitherto have been beaten out of the field by amateurs, have suddenly come out most effectively, and put some of the amateur records into the shade. What with over 20½ miles in the hour, and the mile in 2 min. 31⅘ sec., we may well wonder what will come next.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

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LONDON TO EDINBURGH.

On Saturday, the 14th of July, I left Beddington with a friend to ride to Edinburgh. We rode round London *viâ* Kingston and Uxbridge, and stopped at Luton the first night; then on through Bedford, Uppingham, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, Mansfield to Worksop, where we were stopped by the rain; the roads, as far as Mansfield, were very good, and the next morning we rode to Leeds *viâ* Doncaster (roads bad), and on Wednesday on to Nelson *viâ* Bradford, Halifax, and Burnley. We could not go more than six miles an hour on account of the roads, which I think were the worst I have ever been on. Thursday we went on to Kendal through Settle and Kirby Lonsdale (roads and scenery splendid). On Friday through the lake district to Keswick, where we spent Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday it poured with rain the whole day, so we had to stop in the hotel and grumble. On Monday we left at 9 o'clock, and rode *viâ* Cockermouth, Carlisle, Longtown, and Hawick, to Selkirk (about 94 miles). The natives in Lancashire took me for a Salvation Army officer, and wanted to know if I was "going to glory." The next day we rode *viâ* Peebles to Edinburgh; the country from Carlisle to Edinburgh is very pretty, and the roads are grand. As the boat for London did not start until Friday evening, we had plenty of time to see Edinburgh, which we found well worth seeing.

We had rather a rough passage home, and our machines turned red from the sea-water. We arrived at Gravesend at 8.30 on Sunday morning, and rode home from there. We always stayed at C.T.C. hotels, which were found very comfortable. Altogether we rode about 500 miles, and only had one really wet day. Riding time, nine days. Wind nearly all the way N. or N.W.

August 15, 1883. DOUGLAS MCRAE.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

Those who saw the Zulu "tooling" his conveyance, consisting of a tricycle, with a donkey attached, through West Wickham on Saturday, all agree that the effect was as dazzling as it was refined.

* * * * * *

There is no little satisfaction in finding the spare treadle pin one has carried for months come in useful at last.

* * * * * *

"If you like the pickles, try the sauce." On the same principle, those who approve of the "Rucker" bicycle will do well to peruse the exhaustive description of the "Rucker" bicycle which appeared in the last issue of *The Field*.

* * * * * *

The Editor has returned from his too brief holiday, looking pale and worn. He has passed through many terrible experiences, including several storms in a teacup, and has carried away two jibs, a forestay, bobstay, and other mysterious ropes, besides being in collision, and aground, or rather a-mud, seven times. Who shall say the Norfolk Broads are destitute of excitement?

* * * * * *

He reports that Yarmouth is given over unto the letting and hiring of sociables, it being not uncommon to see half-a-dozen in procession of an evening on the Drive, with lamps brightly lighted. Tricycles also abound of all sides, so that the bicycle seems quite rare and obsolete.

* * * * * *

It is with sorrow that I learn that our worthy member the energetic secretary of the Clapton Lacrosse Club is about to resign the post he has held with such credit to himself and such advantage to the Club.

* * * * * *

Another of our Lacrosse members, a well-known attendant for some years at the Club meets, is about to set at naught the traditions of the N.E., having so far forgotten himself as to contemplate quitting the "self-denying state" for which the District is so noted.

* * * * * *

If the controversy about the merits of the celebrated grotto, now known as "Gruggen's remains," continues, it will be necessary for the Captain to organise a General Meet there, and to afterwards bring the question before a General Meeting of the Club. Perhaps photographs of the interesting ruins in question might appear in the GAZETTE.

PORCUPINE.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

Sept. 1.—Lincoln B.C. Meeting.
1.—St. Paul's A.C., at Stamford Bridge.
8.—Nottingham B.C. Sports.
15.—Surrey B.C. Autumn Meeting at Kennington Oval.
29.—L.A.C., at Stamford Bridge.
Oct. 27.—L.A.C., at Stamford Bridge.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C." and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 27.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. SEPTEMBER 6, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE MEMBER'S DOG.

Who has not read, with bated breath and shuddering frame, Captain Marryat's thrilling description of the hair-breadth escapes from imminent peril of Snarleyyow; but surely the member's dog is more of a Dog Fiend than the celebrated character we have mentioned. If it is possible for a living creature to do so, he gets nearer than a hair's breadth to the advancing felloe, and appears to take an insane delight in scratching his "continuation" against the indiarubber tyre of one's front wheel. To a nervous man, we can think of few things more trying than the company of his best friend's favourite animal, which, by a curious coincidence, is always of an extremely virtuous character, and never dreams of behaving otherwise than as a model dog, scorning to give way to the temptations of doing anything but follow, without deviation, the meandering tracks of his master. This coincidence is always fully explained and duly expatiated on before the start after we have humbly protested against the obnoxious presence, but almost immediately after the start is effected a still more curious coincidence follows with clockwork regularity; this virtuous animal, for the first time in its mortal career, emulates our Father Adam, and falls. And what makes it fall? Not the irresistible influence of lovely woman, but the detestable yelp of a—we had almost said another—miserable cur. Away it goes at twenty miles an hour, only, however, to stop dead in about twenty yards, within a foot or two of the challenging quadruped, and directly under our front wheel. We clench our teeth, pull the break hard on, offer up a small thanksgiving that we are insured in the "Accidental," and eventually shave the penultimate hairs of the personification of virtue. Our friend immediately remarks, "Oh! don't mind Trimmer, he never gets run over, you should not bother yourself about him." But that is all very well; our nerves have received a shock which they take a considerable time to get over, and we have not even the consolation of "six pounds a week." For be it remembered that the never-ending seconds that proceed the actual contact with our Mother Earth are by far the most unpleasant of a very unpleasant period in one's short span of existence, and we consider that six pounds a week for actual wounds is too much, and should be apportioned half to wounds and half to nerves. It is needless, perhaps, to state that this trifling episode, this delightful meeting of two sympathetic spirits, descendants no doubt of the immortal "Snarleyyow," takes place every mile and a half at a moderate computation; and, when possible, the locality chosen is on a sharp descent, such as a steep railway bridge, especially when the railway bridge is dotted over with a cart or two, of course on its wrong side, a few friendly navvies, and the never absent irrepressible school-boy, cap in hand. We could dilate at considerable length on this

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inexhaustible subject, but our space will not permit, so we will conclude with a humble petition to the Committee to refuse to permit any dog, which is not a Club dog, to attend Club runs, and to enact that the Club dog, or its master for it, do pay the usual entrance fee and guinea subscription; that aforesaid Club dog must be vouched for and elected as the laws have decided the human member shall be vouched for and elected, and that the fund so raised be devoted to soothing the nerves of dog-offended members.

RACE MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

In accordance with the decision of the Committee there will be a race meeting at the above grounds on Saturday, 22nd September, at 3.30 p.m. The events will be:—

One Mile Club Handicap. Three prizes: gold, silver, and bronze medals.

Twelve Miles District Scratch. Three prizes: bronze medals.

Half-mile Club Scratch. Two prizes: gold and silver medals.

220 yards Flat Race for boys under 16 years of age, introduced by members. Three prizes.

Entry fee for each of the first three events 2s. 6d, and for the Flat Race, 1s. The Twelve Miles District Race must be ridden on *bonâ fide* roadsters; only those members allowed to compete who have attended at least eight meets throughout the season. Each District to have three starters. Entries close on 17th September. A member of the Committee has kindly offered the first prize for the flat race.

Members will be admitted *free* on production of Club Badge. No tickets will be issued; the admission to the outside world will be by payment of 1s. at the gates.

It will be seen from the foregoing that an entirely new departure is being undertaken. The afternoon is intended to be a purely Club affair, and every member taking part in the races or turning up on the ground will make it more so. It will serve all the purposes of a General Meet, without the bother of having to get to the destination by riding all round London, and will have one great attraction which the said General Meet is void of, viz., the presence of fellow-members' sisters, cousins, and aunts. E. S. Price, Hon. Sec.

BOYS' RACE.

I trust that members are arranging for all their brothers under 16 to enter for the flat race, and I hope it is understood, though the official notice does not so state, that this is a handicap, the handicap, of course, being chiefly by age.

Theo. Godlee, Captain's Substitute.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
September 8.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Upminster. Meet S.E., Blackheath Div.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for Digswell Hill.	Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, 3.45, for Woking. "Maybury Inn." Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for Woking. "Maybury Inn." Meet W.	4.15, Croydon Central Station, for East Grinstead.	"Hare and Billet," 3.45, for Upminster. Meet N.E.
September 15.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Epping.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for Harrow. Meet W. and S.W.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for Harrow. Meet N.W. and S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for Harrow. Meet N.W. and W.	4.30, Croydon Central Station, for Crawley.	Old Lewisham Church, 3.45, for Crawley.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. District.

1st September. The weather was bad, and got worse; but five is a poor attendance. Four of them left the Corner about the usual hour, and proceeded by the very usual route of the level crossing, and Chigwell to Passingford Bridge, encountering by the way a herd of wild cattle which threatened them dissolution, but fortunately abstained; the wind was supposed to be behind them—it wasn't; but that is a minor matter. The pace was, as usual, the best pace for the slowest rider, but the slowest rider rose to the occasion and wasn't identified much. Very little rain interfered before Navestock was reached. Tea was served in a sort of cupboard, and included, to the astonishment of the party, *shrimps*—quite a new thing in Club teas. Baldwin, who rode down hard and late, turned up just as the teapot was empty, but an early start was effected about 7.30 in pitch dark and rain. A somewhat medium pace, as the leaders could not see the way, was adopted on the way home; Baldwin turning down to Chigwell Lane Station, and it is opined crossing the bows of, and delaying the District at the level crossing. Walthamstow was safely reached about 9.30. Present: Baldwin, S. G Hough, Kelsey, Lloyd, and Theo. Godlee, District Captain.

N.W. District.

Two members met at "Jack Straw's Castle" for the run to Elstree, and were undecided as to whether they should carry out the run or not; but the expectation of meeting

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a large contingent of the W. proved too strong, and they started amidst adverse elements. A stoppage was made at Hendon Station for reinforcements, but all to no purpose, and the District rode *viâ* Brockley Hill (which is now in a very good condition) and Bushey Heath, reaching Elstree a little before six. A solitary W. man, in the person of Dr. Langmore, was found just starting back, so that our fond hopes of a large company were rudely dashed to the ground. It did not appear good enough to stop to tea as the weather was so threatening, although Elgood and a friend just then came up and decided to stop; so leaving these two we started back against a gale and rain, reaching home about 7.30. I have heard since that no other member attended the run. Our D.C. was unavoidably absent through illness (?). Present: Elgood, H. B. Spencer, one visitor, and E. S. PRICE.

Another Account.

I started with a friend about 3.30, and rode along the Finchley Road as far as Whetstone (no one turning up at Tally Ho! Corner), where we turned off to Totteridge, and rode through the lanes to Edgeware Bury, arriving at Elstree at 6 p.m. Here we met Dr. Langmore (W.), Price, and Spencer, none of whom, however, waited for tea. After a fairly-served meal at the "Red Lion" we started for home, but were thoroughly drenched before riding half a mile. Happily the distance was short, and we got home at nine o'clock, apparently none the worse for our ducking.

F. M. ELGOOD.

W. DISTRICT.

1st September. The run to Elstree was anything but a success, for our only representative was Langmore, who rode out direct, he meeting a contingent of the N.W. there. However, rain threatening, it was decided to return without the usual tea-fight, so that anyone who went down late had the felicity to find no one there. Being delayed from starting unavoidably at the usual time, I endeavoured to make up for lost time by starting at 5.30, but rain descending before reaching Stanmore, I was forced to return home, though much against my will. Present: J. W. Langmore. H. C. PIGOTT, District Captain.

P.S.—As next Saturday is the run to Woking Heath to meet the S.W., I hope as many as possible will join us. A start will be made at 3.45 punctually, and the route followed will be by Kingston, Esher, Cobham, Byfleet, to the "Maybury Inn," which is situate in middle of the Byfleet Common, two miles from Woking and five from Ripley, amid beautiful surroundings and extensive views. I am confident that all who pay this charming spot a visit will be amply repaid for the trouble of getting there.

N.B.—No grotto.

S.E. DISTRICT.

There was rather a poor muster at Addington on Saturday for the paperchase run to Downe. The threatening aspect of the weather in the afternoon no doubt prevented the pack from turning out in numbers proportionate to the occasion. The village clock pointed to twenty minutes after five, when the two hares, J. C. Oswald and the D.C., started down through the village before the wind towards Wickham. A sharp turn to the right at the cross roads took them up past Wickham Court into an intricacy of cross country lanes, more or less overgrown with grass, and sprinkled with stones. What with numerous false tracks, even the most sagacious hounds were unable to keep on the scent, and consoled themselves with a little cross country work, each on his own account. Two of the pack having made up their minds beforehand as to the way the hares ought to go, found themselves in the anomalous position of arriving before them. It is hardly necessary to add that their attentions had been exclusively confined to the direct road, and of course the D.C., on hearing that they had done fast time, booked them for the Stamford Bridge event forthwith. Soon after our arrival the rain, which had been coming down in fits and starts during the run, began to show that it was really in earnest, and we were not sorry to find food and shelter at the "George Inn." The wind howled outside, and the rain rattled against the window pane, so we put off the evil moment as long as possible, but eventually made a start about half-past eight. As most of the party were, to a certain degree, blown home, the rain did not signify so much, but the sole representative of the Sevenoaks contingent must have had, it is to be feared, rather a bad time of it. Present: S. Herbert, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, F. B. Smith, S. P. Smith, Whealler, F. H. Williams, and R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

Next Saturday the Croydon Division will leave the Fire Station at 4.30 for East Grinstead, and as a great many of the Crawley candidates intend coming, there is every chance of a good meet. R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

S.W. DISTRICT.

The uncertain and threatening appearance of the weather seems to have deterred the few remaining well-disposed members of the District from meeting at Kingston Station on Saturday last. To avoid the chance of once more becoming the victim of circumstances and having to carry out the run alone, in the painful event of members being either away for their holidays or for other causes unable to lend their much-coveted assistance, I had secured a companion by impressing a brother into the District service, mounted upon a borrowed plume or hired tricycle of very indifferent pattern, and one which it was found could only be driven at much personal inconvenience; we therefore, for obvious reasons, generously withhold the name of the maker! After waiting at Kingston until 4.45 p.m. and no member then appearing, we proceeded over Kingston Bridge in the direction of Sunbury. Upon nearing Hampton

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Court there were distant strains of music issuing from these well-known pleasure grounds which aroused our curiosity, and seemed to claim attention. Upon closer inspection the band proved to be that of the "Queen's Own Hussars," engaged in rendering several Scotch selections in a very pleasing and exceptional manner; a habit which, it was understood, was of weekly occurrence! At the termination of this interesting entertainment the outlook appeared anything but promising, and as rain began to seriously threaten the intended district expedition, Sunbury was finally abandoned, and the return journey commenced, by Bushey Park. Present: G. H. Gruggen (visitor) and

R. M. GRUGGEN, District Captain.

The run next Saturday is to the "Maybury Inn," Woking, when I hope that we shall have a good muster to meet the West.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

ATTENDANCE.

SIR,—It may be a comfort to your correspondent "Φ" to know that the whole question to which he refers has been under the consideration of the Committee, and has been by them referred to a Sub-Committee, who are expected shortly to make their report, in doing which they will no doubt take his remarks into consideration. It is, however, refreshing to find anyone so completely satisfied as to what the averages in question are "intended to show," and who boldly states his opinion, though he admits he is entirely opposed to the views of "most of the District Captains," who might be supposed to have some experience and, for that matter, to the views of Committees for some years past.—Yours, etc., ONE OF THE SUB-COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

N.E. DISTRICT.

SIR,—It may be an interesting speculation who I shall select for the District Race, but I am bound to say that if only three men send in their names it is easy. I wish those who are willing to ride would let me know. I hear of them, but not from them. THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

RACE MEETING.

SIR,—As I find myself clothed with a temporary authority, I think it right to point out to members that, having regard to the strict privacy of the occasion, there is no need for a formal entry form for this meeting, but that a letter to the Secretary, with the half crowns, will be amply sufficient.

I also wish to urge on members the importance of entering for the races; they need not be afraid of unreasonably short starts, as the Race Committee will be sure to know them.

If the D.C.'s will make a point of collecting entries next Saturday, they might save members some trouble.—Yours,

THEO. GODLEE, Captain's Substitute.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

I am told that the S.E. D.C. is so anxious to beat his predecessor's record, that he scored the "gypsy's donkey" as "one visitor" at the Riverhead run.

* * * * * *

It is not without a little chuckling that those members who opposed the change of locality of the Annual Race Meeting, read in the last issue the little paragraph headed "Stamford Bridge Guarantee Fund." At any rate the majority have some small punishment, though, alas, not nearly commensurate with their evil-doing, for the disastrous policy they induced the Club to adopt, and which they now regret so much.

* * * * * *

Important to South-Easters.—The National Cyclists Union have made a successful application to the Borough Engineer of Croydon to have the ventilator covers in Auckland Road shifted round so as to be no longer dangerous to cyclists.

* * * * * *

A report has reached me from Zermatt how that Beck has been doing all the big things there in the way of ascents, including the Matterhorn, Weisshorn, etc.

* * * * * *

D.C. to member of his District and quondam follower:—"Well, how is it I never see you out at the runs now?" Q.F.: (confidentially) "Why, don't you see I'm giving up riding and going in for ladies' society!"

* * * * * *

I hear that all the District teams will be seen on the Crawley Road on 15th inst.

* * * * * *

H. Wilson will attempt to cut the twenty miles record at the Surbiton track on Saturday next.

PORCUPINE.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

Sept. 8.—Nottingham B.C. Sports.
15.—Surrey B.C. Autumn Meeting at Kennington Oval.
29.—L.A.C., at Stamford Bridge.
Oct. 27.—L.A.C., at Stamford Bridge.

The author of "An Aimless Ramble" is requested to send his name to the Editor, in order to comply with the rules of the GAZETTE.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 28.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. SEPTEMBER 13, 1883.
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NOTICE.
The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE CODIFICATION OF AMATEUR LAW.

Although every different class of sport must of necessity have certain rules to meet the special needs arising in its own particular case, yet it is quite possible to frame a code of laws which, such differences excepted, shall be applicable to all amateur sport alike. To take an example, it is necessary for every sport to have a definition of an amateur, and surely a single definition would answer the purposes of all classes of athletes. At present we have at least six associations, namely, the Amateur Rowing Association, the Amateur Athletic Association, the National Cyclists' Union, the Swimming Association of Great Britain, the Amateur Boxing Association, and the National Skating Association, all of which differ more or less in their definitions of an amateur. With regard to the first named of these, a very great and at present apparently insuperable obstacle exists to its definition being rendered similar to those of most of the other associations; but our present purpose is not to enter into a discussion on this point, but to glance at the possibility of a common set of rules for at least the A.A.A., the N.C.U., and the N.Sw.A. The differences between the codes of these associations other than those arising from the exigencies of the particular sport, consist chiefly in the wording of the various rules, the only important differences being that the A.A.A. prohibit their members from competing at sports not advertised to be held under their rules, and also forbid the introduction of professional contests at amateur athletic meetings; whilst the N.C.U. reserve to themselves the right of authorising Amateur and Professional Races. To show the inconvenience of these differences, let us take the following case. Sports are held at which there is a professional race, and a competitor enters for a running and a bicycle race and starts in both; the A.A.A., in accordance with their rules, suspend him, and although he has broken no regulation of the N.C.U., they are bound by agreement with the former association to recognise this suspension. Obviously there is an absurdity here, and the sooner it is rectified the better. Any complication of rules ought to be avoided, as at county meetings, competitors, who perhaps only race once a year, cannot be expected to be up in all the niceties of amateur law as metropolitan athletes, who live, so to speak, in an atmosphere of it, are supposed to be. A simple and concise code of rules is what is needed, and the sooner our legislators turn their attention to this subject the better it will be for athletics in general. The cordial relations at present existing between the three Associations ought to render the task an easy one, and the approaching dead season of the year suggests that it is a convenient time in which to take up the subject.

COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee, held at the "City Arms," on Monday 10th instant, the resignations of Messrs. J. T. Johns, William Johns, and C. A. Smith were accepted.

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It was decided to hold the Annual Dinner at the St. James's Hall Restaurant on Wednesday 21st November, provided that day was disengaged.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

RACE MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

Members are once more reminded of this Club Social, which takes place on Saturday, 22nd September. Besides the—

One Mile Club Handicap,
Half-Mile Scratch,
Twelve Miles District Scratch (roadsters), and
220 yards Flat Race for Boys,

there will be a Lacrosse Match, and the final tie of the Tennis Tournament, which will vary the monotony of all Bicycle events.

It has been thought advisable to issue tickets, and they can be obtained from me, or members of the Committee, at the price of 1s.

Members themselves will be admitted *free* on production of Club Badge.

Entries can be sent to me not later than Tuesday, 18th instant. Entry fee 2s. 6d. each Bicycle event, and 1s. for the Flat Race. E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

BOYS' RACE.

I trust that members are arranging for all their brothers under 16 to enter for the flat race, and I hope it is understood, though the official notice does not so state, that this is a handicap, the handicap, of course, being chiefly by age.

THEO. GODLEE, Captain's Substitute.

NOTICE.

Competitors can practise on the Stamford Bridge Grounds on Thursday, 20th instant, except between the hours of 6.0 and 7.30 p.m. Tickets of admission can be obtained of me. E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

STAMFORD BRIDGE GUARANTEE FUND.

Members who put their names down for the above fund are requested to send their subscriptions (10s. each) to Stephen P. Smith, 9, Morden Road, Blackheath. If any other member would like to subscribe, his donation will be thankfully received, and if more than the sum required is subscribed a return will be made *pro ratâ*.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. DISTRICT.

Sept. 8th. A very wet morning has a tendency to turn men's minds to other pursuits, however fine an afternoon it may ultimately be, and this may account for only four members leaving Syborn's Corner. They were joined for about a mile by T. G. Nevill, who, we fear, hardly scored an attendance, as he was not actually propelling himself. Going round by Whip's Cross to try to meet someone, the Redbridge road was reached by way of Snaresbrook, then, proceeding by the most recent invention to Hog Hill, Romford was taken in the flank, and a sharp turn back by the watersplash brought the party to Beacontree Heath in time to meet S. P. Smith on his way to leave it. Thus reinforced by the Blackheath Division, the District proceeded to its destination, the "Bell" at Upminster. Here Baldwin, who had ridden down early, had very kindly ordered tea, and we were soon at work, and by the same reason ready for an early start. This was effected after an anxious wait in hopes of seeing the Treasurer, who was reported to be coming. The return route was taken by the Romford road; Baldwin, who had tried it, perhaps wisely, took the train at Romford. Certainly the road was in parts at its very worst, even excepting the market carts. which did not add to the comfort. At Ilford the party separated, Smith leaving for Woolwich, and the balance going by Redbridge, and comfortably and punctually reaching home. Present: Baldwin, Kelsey, Lloyd, E. D. Sewell, and THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

N.W. DISTRICT.

Sept. 8th. Three members turned up at Tally Ho! at the appointed time, and after waiting twenty minutes for the D.C., who did not arrive, they started down the North road against a stiff breeze. As we were late we did not think it good enough to go as far as Digswell Hill, the appointed destination, so at the sixteenth milestone turned to the right and made for Northaw, where a very plain tea was obtained. A start was made at eight o'clock and all went well to Barnet, where my handle-bar suddenly came in half. However, by walking the hills, this did not prevent my riding home. Silk overtook us the London side of Barnet, having been down the North road to look for us. Present: Hindley, Jackson, W. Silk, Jun., and

W. J. WILLIAMS, for District Captain.

Another Account.

Being unable to arrive at Tally Ho! Corner before five o'clock, I found the attendance very scarce; so proceeded alone as far as Barnet, where, feeling unequal to riding any further, returned home meditating on the energy of our "District."

Next Saturday the run is to Harrow—"Jack Straw's Castle," 3.45. A. H. LOWN, District Captain.

W. DISTRICT.

Sept. 8th. It was with mingled feelings of disappointment and vengeance that I turned my back upon Savernake Cottage last Saturday punctually at four o'clock. Need I

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add that I was alone, for not one member out of the whole district turned out for one of the prettiest runs of the season. However, I rode on with a hopeful feeling that I should only have the eight miles to Kingston to ride in solitude, for I had calculated upon seeing a goodly company of S.W., headed by their archæologian. Alas! what is the use of anticipating such pleasures in the midst of so much uncertainty. The only visible being in the garb of a cyclist was E. W. Lumley, whom I had invited to attend as a visitor, and to accompany us on our run. I could only make a few improbable excuses to him for the absence of the two districts; but what could excuses do to atone for the 59 who were absent out of a possible 60 members. I would remind the members of the West of the extreme pleasure it affords me to carry out a run in *solitude*, whereas I had anticipated pleasant companionship. I rode from Kingston to Esher, Hersham, Byfleet, and on to Woking, where I arrived at six o'clock. After waiting half an hour for tea, hoping someone would come on, during which time I wandered over the heath, I sat down to a solitary and frugal repast. At seven o'clock I started for Ripley (5 miles), at which place I stayed until ten o'clock, after a pleasant and select musical evening. The run from Ripley was pleasant as usual, and I arrived at my destination in safety before midnight.

On Saturday next the run is to Harrow to meet the S.W. and N.W., but there is also a counter attraction in the S.E., where great interest is being taken in the Crawley run, and all will be welcomed—who care to go—by the S.E. D.C. An unexpected visit into Warwickshire will, I fear, prevent me from attending the run.

HAROLD C. PIGOTT, District Captain.

S.E. DISTRICT.

There ought to be little doubt that a fine day in early autumn is the day above all others for a ride. This opinion was not, however, largely shared by members of the S.E. on Saturday. Those who managed to tear themselves away from home and domestic pursuits, were rewarded by having one of the pleasantest runs of the season. Five men left the Fire Station at half-past four for East Grinstead. Crowds of tricycles were the chief feature along the road to Caterham. This was owing to the Fifty Miles Tricycle Road Championship, which was in course of being brought off along the road through Godstone, Westerham to Ightham and back. Marriott seemed to have just arrived, and we were informed by Hillier that he was the winner. Some of our party elected to go by Tilburstow, which was surmounted by Sidney Herbert—to judge from a distant view—in excellent form. Church and Williams were waiting for us at the "Railway Arms," and shortly after J. C. Oswald, who had been exploring in the Turner's Hill country, came in and made up our total to nine. We were sorry to miss Wyndham and the O'Reilly, as well as one or two other *habitués* at this run, from the festive board; still it did not prevent those who were present from enjoying an excellent repast. At eight o'clock the party showed signs of breaking up, and shortly after McRae, Williams, and the D.C., anxious to make the most of a young moon, left on their way to Brighton. Present: Church, S. Herbert, McRae, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, F. B. Smith, F. H. Williams, J. B. Young, and

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

CRAWLEY.

The Croydon Division will leave the Fire Station, St. Katharine Street, at 4.30 next Saturday, and meet the Blackheath men (who will come by 3.30 train from Ladywell) at the junction of the Brighton and East Grinstead at 4.50. The start will take place at five o'clock punctually. Tea at the "George Inn," Crawley, at 6.30. As this is the last run but one of this season, I hope all who can, possibly, will be present.

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
September 15.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for EPPING.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle" for HARROW. Meet W. and S.W.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Rd., Acton, for HARROW. Meet N.W. and S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for HARROW. Meet N.W. and W.	4.30, Croydon Central Station, for CRAWLEY.	Old Lewisham Church, 3.45, for CRAWLEY.
September 22.—RACE MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.						
September 29.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for ABRIDGE.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle," for MILL HILL.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, for LEATHERHEAD. Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for LEATHERHEAD. Meet W.	4.30, Croydon Central Station, for GODSTONE.	Old Lewisham Church, 3.30, for GODSTONE.

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A TRIP TO DEVONSHIRE.

I had intended riding down to Devonshire on my bicycle, but at the last moment a friend of mine was taken with the sudden desire to make a trip on a double tricycle, and so persuaded me to accompany him. Starting on Monday afternoon, July 30, we made our way through Hounslow and Staines, being delayed by numerous showers of rain, to the "Catherine Wheel" at Egham. After being well entertained here, we rode up the long hill out of the town, and after a distance of 3½ miles reached the "Wheatsheaf Hotel," Virginia Water (24¼), where we arrived shortly before ten p.m. The servants of the establishment had evidently been celebrating the close of the London season, and consequent cessation of their labours, by indulging not wisely but too well, and we were several times alarmed during the night by unwonted thuds as of beer barrels falling down stairs, which we subsequently ascertained were nothing more than the uncertain steps of unsteady "roysterers" laboriously making their way to their respective chambers. Rising early from our uneasy couches, after breakfast and a look at the pretty lake we proceeded through Bagshot and Blackwater to the Hartford Bridge Flats, where we encountered a tremendous storm of rain, which considerably delayed us and gave us a thorough "ducking," there being no cover, except furze bushes, for several miles. The roads from this point were such heavy going, although in the ordinary way I should imagine the surface to be perfect, that we were not sorry to put up for the night at a place called Overton (56¼) about eight miles beyond Basingstoke. Here we made a great reputation for ourselves in consequence of the dashing pace we came down the steep and long hill into the town, feeling the utmost confidence in our mount. Sundry remarks as to our machines being the best sort of thing to travel on, came to our ears and were received with dignity on our parts, as we chuckled to ourselves that they might have altered their opinion had they seen us slowly pushing up some of the long and heavy hills we encountered earlier in the day.

After a bathe in the brook, which reminded me of the one at Chenies, except that it was not quite so deep, we rode to Andover (66¾) to breakfast, during which we took the opportunity of having the tyre of one of the driving wheels cemented on. After much delay we made a start and reached Ludgershall (74), where care should be taken to turn to the right in the middle of the town. From here, the road lies along the border of Salisbury Plain, and with a strong head wind a more monotous and uninteresting ten miles cannot be imagined. However, on reaching Upavon, the road and country improve and we kept up a fair pace to Devizes. Here we were well looked after at the "Castle Inn," and after dinner and a look about town, we rode to Melksham (100¼) a distance of seven miles. The road being in good condition and with favourable gradients, we did our fastest time, accomplishing the distance in just over the half hour. The people at the "King's Arms" were very attentive with the exception of the ostler, who told us "he had never cleaned a tricycle and was'nt going to do so now;" however, we soon got a pail of water and showed him the way, much to that worthy's disgust. The following morning we were treated to a splendid swim in the river Avon and then started for Box, where we breakfasted with some friends, enjoying a long and gradual run down into the pretty little village. We arrived at Bath (112¼) about 11.30, and spent some time in looking around the Abbey and the old baths, which have just been brought to light by recent excavations.

We had been recommended to take the lower Bristol road out of Bath instead of going direct to Wells through Radstock, as the roads and country are far more interesting. This we endeavoured to do, but took a wrong turning, and rode down a regular precipice which I should have been very sorry to have encountered so suddenly on anything but a double tricycle. Walking up a corresponding hill, we reached Corston and the right road again, but the surface did not improve much, and the country began to get very wild. At High Littleton we walked down the steep hill, which comes very unexpectedly into the village at the bottom. The tower of the church at Chewton Mendip is a fine example of Somersetshire towers, and should not be missed by those interested in architecture.

We now commenced to ascend the north side of the Mendips, and had it not been for two delightfully refreshing springs of the clearest and coolest water, I think in the hot sun we should have felt it rather more tedious than we did. However, the country was very pretty, and the panorama which was presented to us above Wells was such as is rarely seen. The country is visible for miles round, and we stood some minutes on the top of the hill lost in admiration. There is a B.U. danger board on the hill into the city, which is extremely steep, and obliged us to walk. Here (132¼) we stopped the night at the "Star" Hotel (C.T.C.), which deserves every recommendation. We stayed until 1 o'clock the next day, looking over the magnificent cathedral and chapter-house, the vicar's close, bishop's palace, etc., and after the purchase of a few photographs, regretfully left this pretty place to wend our way to Glastonbury (137¾), scarcely less interesting and historical. We spent some time there surveying the ruined abbey, the abbot's barn and kitchen, and then returned to lunch at the "Old George Inn," an extremely picturesque house, built originally for a hospital for the pilgrims who came to the abbey, when there was not room to lodge them in the abbey buildings.

From here to Bridgewater (153¼) the road is fairly level and of a very pretty character running along the top of the Polden Hills. There is rather a steep hill to descend about two miles before Bridgewater, where we very nearly ran over a duck! The road to Taunton (164½) *viâ* N.

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Petherton and Bath Pool is a deep red colour and has a very good surface, so that we were soon comfortably quartered in "Clarke's Hotel" (C.T.C.) in front of the market place, which we found very satisfactory. The next day (Saturday) was market day and we amused ourselves until noon with watching the eccentricities of the cattle and pigs. The church of St. Mary should on no account be missed as it has a splendid tower and a very fine double-aisled interior; altogether, it is about the best parish church in Somerset. The road to Wellington (171½) is mostly up hill. About a couple of miles off the road, there is an obelisk erected to the memory of the Iron Duke, who took his title from this place, but it can be plainly seen from the main road. There is no great interest in the remaining part of the road to Exeter (195¾) *vid* Collumpton, which is rather up and down. At Broad Clist we made a deviation of a mile to look up some cider works we had heard a great deal about, and were disgusted to find no one there to give us a sample, for we were a little thirsty.

At the "Bude Hotel," Exeter, we were very comfortable, and after service at the Cathedral the next morning we rode through some of the most hilly and picturesque country we had seen, and reached our destination (Paignton 228) by way of Exminster, Dawlish, Teignmouth (212), Newton Abbot and Torquay (225). For some miles between Kenton and Teignmouth the road runs close by the estuary of the river Exe and along the coast; and the sea breezes and pretty views rendered this not the least delightful part of our ride. From Teignmouth, the direct road through Shalden is so rough and hilly that we were recommended to go round by Newton Abbot, a detour of some six miles.

We stayed at none but C.T.C. hotels and were very well satisfied with them on the whole, especially at Wells and Exeter. The roads we encountered were very fair, though rather rough in some parts of Devon and Somerset. There can be no doubt that for those who wish to ride quietly small distances, there is nothing like a double tricycle for touring (although I myself should be the very last to forsake the two wheeler), and the advantage that they can with perfect security and comfort be ridden down hills which would be dangerous to any bicyclist who did not know them, is one to be considered. The only hills we found it advisable to dismount in descending were those into High Littleton, Wells and Teignmouth, and no doubt we could have ridden these with safety had either of us been better acquainted with our steed; as it was, my companion had never been on a bicycle or tricycle in his life, and the latter was also a totally new experience to JUGGINS JUNR.

AN AIMLESS RAMBLE.

The deluge of foreign tours which has lately swept through the pages of the GAZETTE, has induced me to send up a few notes on a six day's ride through England, from which I have just returned, in order that posterity may not be led to believe that the whole of the L.B.C. are unable to find any enjoyment in the roads and scenery of their native land.

I left South Norwood on Friday, August 3rd, at 8.30, a later hour than the one at which I usually begin my first day's ride, but as I was going alone, I thought I might as well take things easily. My intention was to ride "somewhere up North," a phrase which greatly took my fancy by its delightful vagueness, and the unlimited option it left me of turning back when I pleased. I had a hazy sort of idea that I might turn up at the Lakes if wind and weather proved favourable; but I was far from having any fixed plan, and the sole determination to which I clung was to do a new road wherever it was possible. My luggage was contained in a M.I.P., which, with judicious stuffing, held a complete change of clothes with the exception of a coat, all articles necessary for the night, a map or two, and a variety of "smokements"—an item quite as necessary to the full enjoyment of a tour as any of the former ones. I found, however, that the bulk of the bag considerably interfered with mounting, inasmuch as I could only just grasp my handles, which are slightly kinked forward; and even when I held them with the tips of my fingers after the manner of a billiard cue, the bag bounded about on my chest in a way rather suggestive of the after effects of a heavy supper.

I had to dismount twice on the way to London, owing to the erratic course pursued by two butchers in their carts—one article of whose rule of the road seems to be "when driving fast, shut both eyes and pull each rein alternately;" at least this is the only way in which I can account for their peculiarly serpentine movements. In Grosvenor Place I was unlucky enough to encounter a procession of—say 40,000—school children, all yelling like nightmares, who were going for a day at the seaside; this necessitated a third dismount and a wait of several minutes till they had all gone by. I did not wish those children a pleasant excursion, on the contrary, I rather hoped they would all—well never mind, but the sea is a dangerous element.

I was much struck with the improvements at Hyde Park Corner from a bicyclist's point of view; in fact, from being one of the worst crossings in London one can now ride through it as easily as round a village green, to which indeed the whole place now bears a certain resemblance, the "Iron Duke" looking, to an imaginative mind, not unlike a colossal Guy Fawkes—rather uglier than the majority—already placed on a pyre in time for the 5th of November. [Mr. Shaw-Lefevre may make what use of this hint he pleases.]

After being considerably bumped along the Finchley New Road, I reached Barnet, where I halted for five minutes and had some shandygaff, the main result being that I slumbered sweetly all the way to St. Albans, though there was a slight head wind which did its best to keep me awake. At the last-mentioned place I took the Luton road for Bed-

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ford, which I found very good, but the heat being rather oppressive, I took the opportunity of a slight rise to dismount, and lie on my back to admire the view as seen through the medium of tobacco smoke. Two miles out of Luton there is a slight rise, which continues to the verge of the town, there being a sharp descent at the finish. I put up at the "George"—I said before I was lazy—and sat in the garden for an hour or so, eating sandwiches and reading the paper. On leaving the town there is an almost imperceptible rise for three or four miles, with a corresponding descent, the surface being fairly good all the way; the road is then level for several miles, till at Clophill there is a rise of about half a mile in length, with a steep and loose bit at the top, thence into Bedford is more or less level. Just before entering the town I passed a fat old farmer with about two hundred sheep, all or any of which he was very anxious for me to purchase; and on my pointing out to him that I should have some difficulty in taking even one with me, he offered to send it after me piecemeal—say a leg to Northampton, a shoulder to Nottingham, and so on. Declining his tempting offer, I made my way through the town on the road to Northampton; I had only been this road once before, and that was early in the morning after a sleepless night, so that my recollections of it were the reverse of favourable. I was therefore agreeably surprised to find it very good for the first seven miles, after which it slightly deteriorated. As the evening was now closing in, I determined to go two or three miles out of my way to Olney—a very quiet little town, where the inhabitants, to judge by their appearance, subsist chiefly on soporifics. I put up at the "Bull"—a not uncomfortable inn, which had, I should imagine, in common with many others, raised its tariff in order to assimilate it to that proposed by the B.T.C. I drank vast quantities of milk and soda at supper, which is, in my opinion, far and away the best drink after a hot day's ride. Distance for first day, 72 miles.

(To be continued).

JOTTINGS ON THE MIDLANDS.

The road from Derby to Lichfield (24 miles) is very nearly dead flat, fairly pretty country, barring the billiard table nature of things. The beer of Burton, the birthplace of malt and hops, resembles the relationship of fish to the seaside. The fish is all sent up to London, and you get it back just a day later than you eat your sprats in town. The same with beer at Burton; it's a trifle mild, suggesting that the best has been sent away, and that the reputation of the place will keep the thousand and one inns going for many years to come.

And this is so, for of course I should have drunk the beer, thirsty or not. Luckily I was thirsty, but the result would have been the same in either case. The amount of level crossings in Burton is a caution; I suppose for trucks to carry off some of the mountains of casks one sees lining the railway.

Lichfield is a nasty place; dirty and squalid. The "George" certainly is moderate in price and very comfortable. The cathedral has a good east end, the rest is not much to brag of. The attempt at a cathedral close, consisting of a few oldish brick houses—one of them the bishop's palace—with a lot of pretty creepers about, is certainly quaint.

Coleshill, between Lichfield and Kenilworth, has a very steep hill in it. Going *from* London you *had better* walk down it, unless you've been crossed in love, and have insured in the new Cyclists' Assurance Society.

Coleshill to Kenilworth, by Stone Bridge (where you cross the Coventry and Birmingham road), is a lovely ride, only rather flat; distance somewhere about ten. The whole thing, Lichfield to Leamington, through Coleshill, Stone Bridge, Kenilworth, and Warwick, is only six-and-thirty. Now don't tell me I went out of my way to go round by Warwick to Leamington. I know that; but there is such a thing as a laudable desire to do a new road, though it is only two miles.

Kenilworth to Coventry (5) is a glorious avenue of magnificent trees—the finest thing I know—go and see it yourself, and then call me liar if you can. See St. Michael's Church in Coventry, also the old Hall close by. The B.T.C. house here (Knight's) is Temperance; I need not say I didn't go inside. The "Craven Arms" is very fairly comfortable. I think these are the only two decent sized inns in the place. If anyone hasn't got Howard's *Roads of England and Wales*, published by Letts, King William Street, let him get it at once; price 5s., or with map of England 6s. It's a marvel of information about pretty well every road, direct and cross, surface, hills, scenery, B.T.C. and other inns, and a splendid index. It ought to be more known than it is. L. SHEDDER.

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

It having been brought under the notice of the executive of the N.C.U. that the man-holes to the sewers in the main road, Merton, projected above the surface of the road and were consequently dangerous to cyclists, application has been successfully made to have the road raised to their level.

* * * * * *

It was a pity that the north-westerly wind which blew in strong gusts across the Surbiton track on Saturday afternoon did not fall a little sooner than it did.

* * * * * *

As it was, Wilson was obliged to start, and he made a very plucky effort to beat time. The first mile was done in 3 min. 1⅘ sec., but he gradually dropped behind time. The fourth and fifth miles were fast, and at half-time he was only 180 yards behind. At eleven miles he began to

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tire, and three-quarters of a mile further on he gave up, his time being 35 min. 43 sec.

* * * * * *

The One Mile Invitation Handicap held during the afternoon produced a splendid finish. Thorn (15), who started as the fastest loser, beating Cassall (140) by a foot. Speechly third, a foot behind Cassall, and Gaskell (scratch) the same distance distance behind Speechly. Such a splendid finish must have been very gratifying to the hard-working N.C.U. Handicapper, who is joyful at the prospect of being "within measurable distance" of a quiet Saturday afternoon.

* * * * * *

The Twenty-Five Miles Professional Championship has been won by Wood of Leicester, who on nine successive occasions has proved himself superior to Howell the ex-champion. The policy of the latter was to induce Wood to force the pace, but though he reduced his pace to a crawl—so much so, that the twenty-fourth mile took four and a half minutes—he could not induce the Leicester man to lead, and it was not till the last lap that they commenced to race, when the latter had the race in hand and won by five yards.

* * * * * *

The Fifty Miles Championship Tricycle Road Ride resulted in a victory for T. R. Marriott, who won by about four miles from G. Smith, W. Bourdon being third. Some interest was shorn from the contest by the breakdown of Lowndes' machine, when he had only ridden six miles.

* * * * * *

Nixon could get no nearer than eighth. It is a noticeable fact that only three Humbers were ridden, and these secured the first three places.

* * * * * *

According to the *Cyclist*, the Speedwell B.C. cleared £200 over their meeting in aid of the charities of Birmingham last week.

* * * * *

The Five Miles Invitation Race, the most interesting event on the programme, was won by Chambers, who beat Illston by a length, the latter being usually more at home on a calm day. THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—As last week the "Potterer" was left on deck in an unprotected state, with the fierce light of public opinion beating on him, I crave space to set him right with the intelligent and generous L.B.C. public.

I regret that "Dodo" has dashed aside the olive branch held out to him, and, ignoring our humble request to be allowed to bask undisturbed, has girded his loins (a proceeding that possibly is necessary in consequence of the broken suspender), and sailed into the Pottering interest with that vigour of diction in which he excels; language which warms one like the sun in spring, and at the same time possesses a breezy freshness that is as invigorating to the jaded mind as nine hours at Brighton for three shillings.

"Aut Scorcher, aut nihil," is the gist of his summing up. But why, "Dodo?"

Surely there is room in the Club for the two classes to dwell together in unity. Now, if a young member were to join the Club and at once set up in business as a Potterer, he would perhaps merit the scathing rebuke of the energetic "Dodo;" but I believe I am correct in stating that the ranks of the Potterers are mostly recruited from the old members who in the past have been all that their District Captain's fancy could paint them, but with increasing years have slid into the reserve, and only join the colours on occasions like the University and General Meets, when the Captain rightly expects every man to do his duty. At other times leaving the nose-on-the-wheel-business to those who have not yet discovered the true and lasting charm of bicycling apart from an athletic exercise, the Potterer looks on his machine, whether bicycle or tricycle, as an accessory to help him in finding and then enjoying the beauties of nature or in pursuing his researches after the mysterious fossilized bones, if he has any yearning for them, even at the risk of being indirectly stigmatized as a dismal fraud.—Yours, etc.,

W. R. SEWELL.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

"Hotel de France,"
Eaux Chandes,
Basses Pyrénées.

Dear Sir,—The Pyrenean five may be surprised to hear that no bicycle has been seen here since their visit four years ago. They are well remembered, as also at Angoulême, Auch, and elsewhere. F. B. Westcott (Trin. Coll., Camb.) and myself have ridden here from Havre (420 miles by road—the rest by train). For the next ten days we follow in the footsteps of the "five," then home by Toulouse, Avignon, Clermont, etc.—Yours,

Sept. 7th, 1883. C. A. E. POLLOCK.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

The "careful man," who carries mental notes of every brick and loose stone in the road, is an acquisition on a dark night such as Saturday.

* * * * * *

Rumour has it that Hindley is about to start for India. Everyone will, I am sure, join with me in wishing him *bon voyage*, and as he is only expected to be away for eight months, we shall hope to see and *hear* him again at the meets next season.

* * * * * *

I am sorry to hear that a big stone was the cause of an

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unfortunate accident to Appleyard as he was returning with G. P. Coleman from Ripley. Though the cropper was an exceedingly nasty one, the effects are happily not so bad as was first imagined.

* * * * * *

There are a great many riders who consider that a light from someone else's lamp is all they require. This view, however, is not shared by a Croydon magistrate, who recently fined a lampless bicyclist 10s. and 7s. costs, though the latter urged as a point in his favour that he was riding behind two other machines with the necessary lights.

* * * * * *

I shall be glad to accommodate any L.B.C. member with a "district dog," as I have eleven black retriever pups on hand.

* * * * * *

The S.E. D.C. presents his most respectful compliments to Mr. Porcupine, and begs leave to point out anent his little joke about the donkey last week, that as it is not the custom to include visitors in the South-East averages, he (the D.C.) could have had no "anxiety" to reckon the aforesaid fourfooted animal as a visitor.

* * * * * *

One hears no end of excuses why and wherefore A or B cannot attend the Saturday runs. If the member who stayed at home last Saturday to photograph the cow will apply to the D.C. arrangements may be made for a group.

* * * * * *

This month's issue of the *Wheel World* contains a notice and a good portrait of J. S. Whatton, the corner sketches doing credit to his enthusiasm for the road as well as the track.

* * * * * *

It appears to me that, by encouraging Lacrosse in our midst, we are nursing a serpent. Not content with their exhibition game at our race meeting, the Clapton Lacrosse Club, which consists chiefly of our members, have actually fixed their opening game on the afternoon of our last Meet, which above all others is one that should be well supported.

* * * * * *

Who is the new Secretary? Surely! he cannot be a member of the L.B.C.

* * * * * *

W. J. Williams, W. Silk, and Dr. Langmore, have started for a tour in Switzerland. I hope we shall hear of any exciting adventures.

* * * * * *

The Times, in a recent leader on bicycles and tricycles, concludes by impressing upon riders, who are designated "the true lords of the road," that "their right is sure to be admitted;" and warns them, while their sport is still young, not to be too tyrannical.

* * * * * *

Poverty, if combined with honesty, is always allowed to be eminently respectable. No wonder, then, that the member who had to ride from Blackheath to Woolwich, on his way to Upminster on Saturday, felt sincerely flattered when the small boy on a black pony, who had been his very pleasant companion for three miles of the road, said at parting, "Good bye; I live in that house across the common, and if you are hard up I am sure my father will lend you what you want."

* * * * * *

The Romford road, the South-Easter's notion of an Essex road, is at present more than usually bad, and quite justifies the recently accepted fact that the sea-serpent lies buried beneath it.

* * * * * *

I am longing for the 22nd. The Club Mile in particular takes my fancy; with 300 yards start I hope to be well in it, and if I am not, I shall at any rate have the satisfaction of having done my best to amuse the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts.

* * * * * *

The Half-Mile Scratch will sure to bring out a good field and, with Oliver Thorn in the splendid form he has lately shown, it bids fair to be a very fast race.

* * * * * *

The District Race, which, thanks to the excellent provision about the eight meets, has barred all racing members, will prove interesting all through, though I fancy one or two of the districts will find some difficulty in putting three representatives on the track.

* * * * * *

H. N. Sharp, who deserves great credit for the successful manner in which he promoted and has carried through the Tennis tournament, did a good thing when he arranged for the final to be played at Stamford Bridge, giving everyone a chance of witnessing some really first-class play.

PORCUPINE.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

Sept. 14, 15.—Exeter Athletic Sports.
15.—Surrey B.C. Autumn Meeting at Kennington Oval.
20.—Colchester B.C. Races.
22.—L.B.C. Private Meeting.
25.—Leominster B.C. Meeting.
27.—Bournemouth Races.
27.—Chichester Cyclists' Club.
29.—L.A.C., at Stamford Bridge.
29.—Races at Romford.
Oct. 6.—Stoke Unity B. and T.C. Sports.
27.—L.A.C., at Stamford Bridge.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

VOL. VI. No. 29.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. SEPTEMBER 20, 1883.
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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

ROAD COMPETITIONS.

It must have been evident to most people interested in the subject that the question of racing on the road has for some time past been approaching the climax which it may be now considered to have reached. Its illegality has long and generally been admitted, still, when the traffic was not impeded, and the proceedings were more or less of a private character, where was the harm? The police had no positive instructions to interfere, and bicycle races on the roads were openly held, and, if not actually countenanced, were winked at by the authorities.

Such was the position at the beginning of this year, but a change has now come over the scene, and the equivocal *status* of road-racing is likely to be defined in such a manner as to do away with racing on the road altogether, while the privileges of the ordinary road rider stand in no small danger of being curtailed. When bicycle trials and handicaps of a comparatively private nature were barely tolerated, it was hardly likely that Road Championships for tricycles, open to the amateur world, and largely advertised in the sporting papers, would be viewed with equal indifference. Anyone who witnessed the scene of confusion attending the start for the twenty-four hours Tricycle Road Ride must have felt a crisis was at hand; and when a few days ago, in a similar contest, two of the competitors were stopped by the police, no one could have been surprised. Stringent orders against all racing and furious riding have already been issued to the police in the metropolitan district, and matters will scarcely be allowed to end here. As parties interested, we cannot help looking on the steps taken against road-racing, as so many nails in the coffin of that offspring of infinite L.B.C. genius, the Bath Trial.

Certain it is, that a race—call it a trial or road-ride if you please—when reasonably and privately conducted, may have little that is objectionable in it except perhaps its name, while it may be less likely to hinder the ordinary traffic, or to be productive of accident than some of the commonest phases incidental to an ordinary bicycle ride.

A party of four or five, for instance, are out for a run together, when something upsets their equilibrium—mental, of course, and the result is a rapid transition from a sober sensible pace into a maniacal rush. Away they go, a spirit of reckless insanity possesses them all, as they vie with each other on each ascent. Helter-skelter through quiet lanes, then down they dash into some secluded village. The child shrieks and totters to the roadside affrighted. Who can say but some day he will stand, cap in hand, on the self-same spot ready for vengeance? Even the village cur refrains his innate obstructiveness, and Diogenes like, seeks refuge in his tub.

But to turn from this, which is little more than a fanciful picture: it is far from improbable that the police authorities having discovered what a nuisance bicycle, and more

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especially tricycle racing has become in its latest stage of development, will not trouble to draw any fine distinctions, but having set their foot once for all on road competitions of all kinds, will proceed further and cause endless inconvenience to wheelmen generally by rules and regulations strictly enforced as to the pace which is to constitute furious riding. By the shortsighted selfishness of the few, we have brought ourselves under the notice of the law, and as is usual in such cases, the interests of the many will have to suffer.

RACE MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE, ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22ND.

The programme will be as follows :—

3.0 p.m.—One Mile Club Handicap (in three heats). Three Prizes. Gold, Silver, and Bronze Medals.

3.30 p.m.—Lacrosse Match.

4.0 p.m.—220 yards Flat Race for Boys under sixteen years of age. Three Prizes.

4.10 p.m.—Final Heat of the One Mile Handicap.

4.15 p.m.—Final Tie in the Lawn Tennis Tournament.

4.55 p.m.—Final Heat of the 220 yards Flat Race for Boys.

5.0 p.m.—Twelve Miles District Scratch Race. Three Prizes, Bronze Medals, two being given to the first two representatives of the winning District, and the third medal to the best of the other competitors.

6.0 p.m.—Presentation of Prizes.

Members themselves will be admitted *free* on production of the Club Badge, and they can obtain additional tickets from members of the Committee at the price of 1s.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.

LACROSSE.

Members are aware that a game of Lacrosse is to be played as an interlude at our Race Meeting on Saturday, and we give below the names of the players who are, as will be observed, members and members' brothers.

It may, perhaps, be of interest to members unacquainted with the game to know a few points as to the rules of the game.

A game is won when the ball is sent between the goal-posts, which are six feet high and six feet apart. It must be sent below the top of the posts as in association football, but a tape across the top would inconvenience the goal-keeper.

There are no boundaries to the field of play, and the game may be carried on behind the goal-posts, though a goal can only be scored from in front of the posts.

There is no regulation in any way resembling "off side" at football.

In an ordinary game there are twelve players on each side, but as the space at Stamford Bridge is limited the team has also been limited.

PLAYERS.

Members.	Members' Brothers.
E. T. Sachs.	Sydney Barrett.
Gerard Smith.	A. P. Barrett.
C. Newman.	F. Sachs.
A. C. Smith.	H. Newman.
R. Newman.	H. Sachs.
Theo. Godlee.	T. R. Sachs.
E. H. Barrett.	F. W. Barrett.
A. Murray.	E. H. Lloyd.

In addition to the above there are several other members who play the game, among whom we may mention such well-known names as Rucker, Jolly, Large, Borwick, Child, and Francis Godlee.

We may add that the Clapton Lacrosse Club, which is largely composed of our own members, plays every Saturday during the winter, and on Thursday evenings during the summer, thus rarely, if ever, clashing with our Club Meets; and it thus does not in any way set up as a rival to ourselves, but rather as an affiliated institution, and we trust that when the L.B.C. element is more predominant, the clashing of fixtures may be entirely avoided.

SATURDAY RUNS.

S.E. DISTRICT.

The Crawley run with its unusual attractions, besides that of a fine afternoon, brought out a sufficient number of men to gladden the heart of the D.C. Exception might have been taken to the unorthodox way in which the run was conducted, especially in the face of the recent police regulations, but there is a charm in variety, even with the prospect of being arrested by some minion of the law for allowing your pace to exceed twelve miles an hour on the Queen's highway.

About a score of men assembled at the starting place at five o'clock, which number included Christie, C. B. Wheeler, and his brother. Some surprise was expressed at the non-appearance of Stephen Smith, who is generally to the fore on these occasions. After giving him a few minutes grace, the "Extraordinary," with Alfred Herbert *up*, led off at three minutes to five, followed by the others at their fixed intervals, the last to leave being L. B. Reynolds, who had one minute start, and was virtually scratch in the absence of Beck, Wyndham, and Thorn. At Redhill, Lloyd took the lead, and was never headed, winning somewhat easily in 1 hr. 4 min. 50 sec. from his start. Three minutes later came Herbert and Sewell, the South-Easter securing second place by a bare two yards. Then followed McRae, Young, L. B. Reynolds, and W. C. Oswald in quick succession. It is only fair to mention several of the backmark men, well

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up at the time, stopped to look after Jackson, who, riding a semi-racer, came a nasty spill on Earlswood Common.

After a fair tea at the "George," during which the afternoon's events were freely discussed, the party broke up soon after eight; most of the men rode back to Croydon, the North-Easters took train to London, and a small contingent proceeded to Brighton. The moonlit ride being not the least enjoyable part of the meet—or rather dispersion. A noticeable feature of this run was that three members scored their first attendance for the season, and earned the D.C.'s eternal gratitude. Present: Barker, C. A. Brown, H. G. A. Brown, Christie (N.E.), Church, Alfred Herbert, S. Herbert, Jackson (N.W.), Latham, Lloyd (N.E.), McRae, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, L. Potter, L. B. Reynolds, H. Ryan (S.W.), E. D. Sewell (N.E.), Sharp, S. E. Whealler, C. B. Wheeler, F. H. Williams, J. W. Young, three visitors, and

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

I hope that as many men as possible will keep in view the last run of the year to Godstone on Saturday week, 29th inst., in order that we may end up the season with a good meet.

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

N.E. District.

September 15th. There were other attractions, and the attendance was limited accordingly. Only two members met the D.C. at the Corner and proceeded by the Castle Road to Woodford; here Keynes joined the party for a short distance, but unfortunately had to be home to tea, so the trio proceeded to Epping by the upper road, which was in excellent condition for it. At the "Thatched House" tea was promptly and satisfactorily served, and a very early start effected, partly with the object of avoiding certain patches of stones, an object in which the moon also lent timely aid. As a result Walthamstow was reached about 8.15. Present: Child, Kelsey, Keynes, and

Theo. Godlee, District Captain.

W. District.

September 15th. Owing to circumstances over which I had no control, I was unable to be at the run last Saturday. Thorn and Leeds, however, with their usual enthusiasm carried it out in its entirety, returning home by moonlight. Present: O. Thorn and Leeds.

Harold C. Pigott, District Captain.

All members to Stamford Bridge next Saturday.

Another Account.

After waiting some time at Savernake Cottage I started for Harrow alone, *viâ* Hanger Hill. The road just beyond the bridge over the Brent canal was up for drains, and in an awful condition. Six N.W. men turned up for tea, but the S.W. were conspicuous by their absence. Left Harrow about 7.45, but meeting Thorn shortly after I had started, I turned back with him, eventually getting to town about 10.15. Present: O. Thorn, and

O. G. M. Leeds.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
September 22—RACE MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.						
September 29.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Abridge.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle," for Mill Hill.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, for Leatherhead. Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for Leatherhead. Meet W.	4.30, Croydon Central Station, for Godstone.	Old Lewisham Church, 3.30, for Godstone.

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

The Surrey Meeting went off very well, the crowd being as great as ever. That interesting event, the Ten Miles Scratch Race, was somewhat spoilt by Wilson's fall, though the finish was an exciting one, Liles beating Brown of the Brixton Ramblers by a couple of yards, while Gaskell, who has twice previously carried off the Challenge trophy, was only a foot behind the second man.

* * * * * *

The Mile Handicap, for which there were 62 entries, was won by H. G. Clark, of the Eastbourne Club (90 yards). Crabb (90) and W. Brown (20), both of the Brixton Ramblers, finishing second and third respectively.

H. R. Reynolds competed in the Exeter Sports at the end of last week, and though mounted on a strange machine, J. R. Walter's racer, he ran fourth in the Three Miles (with 60 yards from West), and third in the Two Miles (40 yards start).

* * * * * *

Rucker performed a variety of tricks on his machine, which were loudly applauded by the Devonshire folks.

* * * * * *

A marvellous "Facile" ride has been accomplished by G. H. Adams, who covered 241 miles in the 24 hours. The route was a circular one through Cambridge, Bedford, Newmarket, and Biggleswade.

The Front Wheel Hub.

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QUERULOUS QUERIES BY A QUIZZING QUERENT.

Dedicated to "W. X. W." and the authorities generally.

When will the Rules Sub-Committee present its report?

How many Gold Medals will they give away annually in excess of the legal quantity?

Will members still have to elect their District Captain every week? *(Vide Regulation 2, re Meets.)*

Will the area of the Districts be defined, or will Botany Bay still be included in the S.W.?

Will District Captains score the attendance of visitors at Club runs?

Will lawn tennis on Saturdays be made a capital offence?

Will refrigerated vouchers still have to wait in the draughts till the Committee are ready to receive their reports?

Will the Annual Dinner be as good at the lower tables as it is at the Chairman's?

Will the S.E. give a Ball with the sanction of the Captain?

Will the Dramatic Society have a General Meeting and declare a dividend?

Will the Smoking Concerts be held in a well ventilated room?

Will the Editor quash these quasi-querimonious quodlibetical questions?

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. Browne.

The annual entertainment of the Otter Swimming Club will take place at the St. Marylebone Baths on Tuesday 2nd October, at 7 sharp. The racing will include an open scratch 100 yards, to which great interest is attached, as with the exception of the Championships, this is the only opportunity the cracks have of competing together. The programme will also comprise two open and two club handicaps, together with hurdle and tub races, and ornamental swimming.

* * * * * *

This meeting has always been largely attended by members of the L.B.C. Tickets can be obtained of M. H. Dicker, R. and C. Newman, Marchant, W. R. Sewell, and Rucker, all members of the Otter, and probable competitors.

* * * * * *

Owing to an unfortunate spill on the previous Wednesday, R. B. Hough was unable to join in the Crawley run, and I am sorry to say that he will not be well enough to represent the N.E. in the District Race.

* * * * * *

I hear that his only reason for going down to Redhill was to encourage the members of his district, but I don't believe it.

* * * * * *

The O'Reilly and Stephen Smith were much missed at Crawley. Why did not the latter turn up? Was he training in the dark for the Club Mile?

H. R. Reynolds is making good use of his machine. He left Edinburgh and rode *viâ* Blair Adam, Carlisle, Keswick, Windermere, Preston, Manchester, Runton, Derby to Leicester, where he stayed a week, thence to Stourbridge, where he stayed another week, and then on with a friend to Edgbaston, where he played in a tennis tournament (doubles), but survived one round only, from here he rode on *viâ* Gloucester, Wells and Taunton to Exeter.

* * * * * *

Having sprained his ancle, he scratches to Sharp in our tennis tournament, and we shall no doubt see some good play on Saturday between Naylor and the latter.

* * * * * *

The North-East form was very conspicuous on the Crawley road on Saturday, and it is a pity an accident prevented R. B. Hough from furthering his district's success.

* * * * * *

The S.W. irrepressible was in high fettle at the start, but when enquired for at tea he had miraculously disappeared no one knew where.

* * * * * *

The North-East are naturally great favourites for the Twelve Miles Roadster Race on Saturday, but I hear the S.E. novices are determined to make a race of it.

* * * * * *

Their D.C. tells me that they are still *coming on*, and that he hopes to deliver them at the post very fit, and trained to the hour.

* * * * * *

If the weather holds fine, and we are honoured by a large assemblage of the fair sex, our venture on Saturday is already an assured success. The company will be strictly L.B.C., and those who complained of not being able to find their friends at the Crystal Palace will have no such difficulty on this occasion.

Porcupine.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

A. J. Bacon, 10, Nieuwe Vaart, Amsterdam.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

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22.—L.B.C. Private Meeting.
25.—Leominster B.C. Meeting.
27.—Bournemouth Races.
27.—Chichester Cyclists' Club.
29.—L.A.C., at Stamford Bridge.
29.—Races at Romford.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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NOTICE.

The latest hour for reception of copy for "Gazette" is 6.0 p.m. on Tuesdays.

THE YOUNG ENTHUSIAST.

Enthusiasm has its merits and its demerits; by some it is considered a virtue, by others a vice. There is a tale told of a barber of Dunkeld, who, in a fit of enthusiasm, spent weeks in making a very small wig, which was only just big enough to fit a nutshell; and it was only when he had finished it, and had nearly lost his eyesight and driven himself mad over it, that he found out it was of no earthly value. So, for the benefit of his customers, he placed it in a prominent position in his shop in order to point a moral and adorn a tale, the moral and the tale both going to prove the absurdity of enthusiasm.

But it has not, we must confess, convinced us that enthusiasm is necessarily absurd—far from it; for we are of opinion that, when directed through proper channels, it is a quality worthy of the highest encouragement. The right channel, through which it is the duty of our members to direct their enthusiasm, is obviously the L.B.C., and it is our present intention to give as good a daub as we can of the Young Enthusiast, whose likeness has not hitherto figured upon the editorial easel. No definition of him is necessary, for who cannot recognize him at first sight? At the first Meet he attends, he shows by the confident manner in which he discusses Club matters that he has already got the contents of the Blue Book at his fingers' ends, and a start is no sooner made, than he makes some adverse remarks about the slowness of the pace, and the shortness of the runs, at which the D.C., who has already a pretty good idea of his character, smiles inwardly. Before tea is over he has confided to his new acquaintances his intention to ride in the Bath Trial—though, before he started, he made up his mind to keep it quite dark—but of course he is only going to try for a certificate. While the older members are amused at his exuberance, the D.C. chuckles and writes him down an acquisition, and on the following Saturday his expectations are realized, for it is raining hard when he rides to the starting-point, and on his arrival there, the only figure to be seen is that of the Young Enthusiast. And who has ever regretted the enthusiasm that turned him out on a wet day? The rain may make the ride uncomfortable, but what a sociable feeling pervades the few who have braved the elements, and when home is reached what a satisfaction there is in having taken the usual Saturday's recreation, notwithstanding those rude remarks of the Guvnor's about Earlswood.

As the season progresses the appetite of the Young Enthusiast grows, and he takes part in everything in turn, be it Bath Trial or Annual Race Meeting, Lawn Tennis Tournament or Crawley Run, Annual Dinner or Smoking Concerts, Dramatic Show or South-East Ball, he is sure to be there. His holiday is of course spent upon the wheel, and an account of it is duly written for the edification of his fellow members in these pages. By the end of the

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season he is as well known in the Club as some members of five or six years standing. The Captain holds him in high esteem, for he knows what an influence he exerts on those around him, for there is nothing so contagious as enthusiasm, and he hopes in his heart that that particular District which has so troubled him by its unaccountable falling off will speedily give birth to one of the species, and regain its former prestige. That his light is merely a temporary flare, and that he will suddenly die out like a Catherine-wheel is a commonly expressed opinion. But we will let him work out his own future, and leave him where he is, one of the main props of the club, and a motive power in our midst.

N.W. NOTICE.

I do hope that members will make a great effort to attend the last official run of this season. Mill Hill is a very short run, and ought to induce both the old and new riders of this District to score an attendance. There will be a circular route taken by those who wish to lengthen the afternoon's exercise; but tea will be ordered for six o'clock at the Inn famous for its black currant jam.

A. H. Lown, District Captain.

S.E. DISTRICT.—IMPORTANT.

I sincerely hope that the last meet of the year at Godstone on Saturday will be largely patronized. A great many men have promised to come already, and as some of the cripples and others are coming down by train we ought to have the largest meet of the season. The Croydon Division will wait for the Blackheath men at the Fire Station until 4.30.

R. G. Francis, District Captain.

N.B.—There is a train from Cannon Street at 4.37, arriving at Caterham, about 1½ miles from the "Claydon Arms," at 5.25, and return trains at 8.50 and 10.10.

S.E. DISTRICT.—LAST RUN OF THE SEASON.

We hope that all members of the District will attend the run to Godstone next Saturday, in order to show their appreciation of the energy displayed by our popular D.C. during his first year of office.

H. G. A. Brown, Ex D.C.
Stephen P. Smith, Dep. D.C.

SATURDAY RUN.

N.W. District.

The Harrow Meet of the N.W., W., and S.W. was carried out on September 15th in spite of the attractions held out in the S.E., no less than seven partaking of the evening meal provided at the "King's Head." Present of the N.W.: E. L. Boyer and his cousin, Elgood, Hindley, Tulloch, and A. H. Lown, District Captain.

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETS.

Date.	N.E.	N.W.	W.	S.W.	S.E. Croydon Division.	S.E. Blackheath Division.
September 29.	Lea Bridge Rd. 3.30, and Syborn's Corner 3.45, for Abridge.	3.45, "Jack Straw's Castle," for Mill Hill.	3.45, Savernake Cottage, Mill Hill Road, Acton, for Leatherhead. Meet S.W.	Kingston Station, 4.15, for Leatherhead. Meet W.	4.30, Croydon Central Station, for Godstone.	Old Lewisham Church, 3.30, for Godstone.

THE AUTUMN RACE MEETING.

The Autumn Race Meeting is over, and taking into consideration the lateness of the season and the absolutely private character of the proceedings, it must be pronounced a decided success. The attendance, as was expected, was certainly small, but, on the other hand, it was very select, and we are greatly indebted to the ladies who, despite a somewhat chilly afternoon, honoured us with their presence in considerable numbers, adding immensely to the enjoyment of the afternoon.

Thanks to the admirable provisions of the Race Committee and the energy of the various officials the programme was carried through without a hitch. The only *contretemps* happened in the first heat of the Mile, when E. D. Sewell ran against the wood at the side of the track and fell. Happily the injuries were only of a slight character, though they were sufficient to prevent him starting in the Twelve Miles. There might, perhaps, have been another bicycle race, and had not the Half-Mile Scratch fallen through on account of the small entry, the programme would have been complete.

The Lacrosse Match and the Lawn Tennis Competition were decidedly novel features, and the spectators showed very great interest in them. The most satisfactory item on the programme was the Twelve Miles Roadster Race, which, from the spectators point of view, was interesting throughout, and, as a means of bringing to light the otherwise hidden qualities of our young members, it is an event which should in the future meet with great encouragement. The following is the list of officials: Judge, M. D. Rucker, Jun., Starter, Ashley Barrett; Timekeeper, H. G. A. Brown; Clerks of the Course, C. Newman and F. M. Williams; Laptakers, J. W. Alison and W. A. Smith; Referees, G. F. Beck and Theo. Godlee; Handicappers, The Race Committee. Appended are the details of the various events decided.

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One Mile Handicap.

First Heat.—O. Thorn, scratch, 1; A. Lloyd, 130 yards start, 2; W. C. Oswald, 110, 3; L. B. Reynolds, 70, 0; E. D. Sewell, 150, 0. Sewell fell entering the straight in the first lap, and Lloyd took up the running. Thorn soon got past Reynolds, and catching Lloyd down the back-stretch, won as he pleased by eight yards. Oswald came with a grand spurt at the finish, and was only just beaten for second place. Time, 2 min. 58$\frac{3}{5}$ sec.

Second Heat.—O. G. M. Leeds, 60 yards start, 1; Theo. Godlee, 130, 2; S. P. Smith, 180, 3. The limit man was soon passed, and Leeds, catching Godlee at the end of the third lap, rode in the winner. Time, 3 min. 7 sec.

Third Heat.—S. Herbert, 160 yards start, 1; R. G. Francis, 120, 2; H. Baldwin, 140, 3. Herbert was never approached, and won by several lengths. R. G. Francis passed Baldwin in the second lap. Time, 3 min. 4$\frac{4}{5}$ sec.

Final Heat.—S. Herbert, 1; Leeds, 2; Francis, 3; Thorn, 0. About half-way round the second lap Thorn's back wheel tyre came off, and he was obliged to retire from the contest, which, judging from the distance he had picked up would have resulted in his victory. Leeds gained considerably on the other two, but though he passed Francis, he was unable to get up to Herbert who spurted gamely down the straight and secured the verdict by five yards. Time, 3 min. 2$\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

The Lacrosse Match.

The Lacrosse Match was very well received, especially by the fair sex. After the leading article and correspondence in the Gazette, we wanted to see a few of the Members' Brothers. The members playing evidently saw too much of them, as they got a beating of two goals to "love" (much more fun to have two girls to love). The result was attributable in a great measure to the play of Arthur Barrett and T. R. Sachs, both of whom were played in the picked team of England and Ireland *v.* Canada, and their side, under the captaincy of the latter, were more even, and played better together. No particularly good dodging or passing was shown, but Arthur Barrett got in one or two moderately long throws, and the goals were very ably defended by Sydney Barrett and E. T. Sachs, goal keepers of the Clapton and London respectively.

The latter, who captained the Member's side, was called upon to stop a good number of hot shots from two of his brothers. He was watched with great interest by the spectators, expecting every moment to see him extract a ball or two from the hair of an antagonist, or take some out of the flags; but he contented himself by keeping them out. It is not our intention of giving a critical *resumé* of the play, as the time was so short that the men had no chance of settling down to work and showing the game off to advantage, and being only the beginning of the season the players were somewhat out of form. On looking down the names, it would seem to be rather a family game, but this is due to the fact that men living together have more opportunity for practice, of which a great deal is necessary to make a skilful player. The continuation of brotherly love, we should think, received rather a severe strain at the hands of the brothers, Arthur and Ernest Barrett, when they did chance to meet one another. Great efforts were made to keep the game as much as possible to members and brothers, and this desire was only a little stretched when Godlee and Lloyd could not play, their places being filled by two men who will be related to the Club "as it were." Further particulars, however, on this point can be obtained from two old members. The Potters were not in it on Saturday; they had better join the new club talked of at Croydon should they wish to compete with the Barretts at Lacrosse. After the match some of our members spoke of going down to Walthamstow to try their hands at the game, where they will be heartily welcomed by the Clapton Club, whose executive consists entirely of L.B.C. men, three of them also belonging to our Committee. As this club has altered its first fixture in deference to the wishes expressed in the Gazette, they hope to secure lots of recruits from our ranks this season.

220 Yards Flat Race (for boys under 16).

H. S. Baldwin, 18 yards start, 1; G. Whalley, 18, 2; R. Tacagni, scratch, 3. Won by three yards, two yards separating second and third. Time, 27$\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

Final Tie of the Lawn Tennis Tournament.

As H. R. Reynolds, last year's winner of the tournament, had scratched to H. N. Sharp on account of a sprained ancle, it remained for the energetic secretary to play off the final tie with W. E. Naylor. The court was not in as good condition as it might have been on account of the recent rain, but the spectators had the privilege of witnessing some first-class play. Naylor won by two sets to love—the first by six to love and the second by six to three.

Twelve Miles District Roadster Race.

(Three representatives from each district, who must have attended not less than eight meets; that district to win of which two representatives first complete the distance.)

O. Thorn, W. District, 1; D. McRae, S.E., 2; W. C. Oswald, S.E., 3; S. Herbert, S.E., 0; A. Lloyd, N.E., 0; S. G. Hough, N.E., 0; O. G. M. Leeds, W., 0; A. Barrett, N.E., 0. Barrett, who took Sewell's place and rode a machine he could scarcely reach, retired early in the race, and when Leeds quitted the track at 6$\frac{3}{4}$ miles the race was left to be fought out between the representatives of the N.E. and the S.E. Thorn, with a generosity that was much appreciated, simulated well and rode badly. As the race progressed the excitement grew, and each time the competitors came round the shouts for the respective districts were most enthusiastically given; it was anything but a procession, as spurting

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seemed to be largely indulged in. When the bell rang all were well together. Thorn, taking the rest along at a good pace, kept the lead and won by five yards; the three South-Easters came in together next, McRae just beating Oswald on the tape, Lloyd and Hough close up. The time which, considering roadsters were ridden is exceptionally good, is given at the conclusion of each mile.

Miles.	Min.	Sec.
1	3	29
2	6	55
3	10	21
4	13	50
5	17	19
6	20	47
7	24	11
8	27	38
9	31	11
10	34	42
11	38	10
12	41	25½

At the conclusion of the programme Miss Barrett kindly distributed the prizes, and the meeting broke up after three cheers for the ladies.

TO DERBYSHIRE AND BACK.

I have some idea that a large part of the road I traversed is familiar to a good many, and shall consequently not dwell on that subject at any length.

I started at about five p.m. on the 8th September with a friend, and we wended our way down Clapton, Stamford Hill, and over Muswell Hill to Barnet, which, from much rain, was in deplorable condition; in fact it always is, and the natives seem to know it, for, on remarking same to one of those creatures in the following words "Why don't you keep your roads better, governor," he replied, "'Taint my fault, I pay my rates and taxes, but the ——s won't do it." After reaching Barnet the run through Hatfield and Hitchin to Bedford (51) was grand. We stopped here all day Sunday, and on Monday morning made an early start, reaching Kettering (25) without event, for breakfast. No sooner had we arrived than the rain came down and didn't leave off for a good twenty-four hours; however, we didn't mean stopping there, so started at one p.m. in spite of it, and rode through to Leicester (25) to dinner. On the way we indulged in a drink, and were highly amused at the serious tone in which the landlord told us that *them* things *was* going out, it being too much hard work. I need hardly say that on arriving at Leicester we were drenched, but, thanks to mine host, were provided with dry clothes. Same dry clothes, however, belonged to mine host himself, and I would bet big things he did not weigh less than twenty stone. I will not go into details, but will simply say we looked like two wretched paupers, and felt awfully hungry; consequently, we proceeded to the coffee room, and there met the gaze of several other visitors to complete our feelings of misery.

The next morning, as it was still raining, we trained it to Derby (30), and had a first-rate breakfast at the "St. James's Hotel," (C.T.C.) By the time breakfast was well out of the way, the weather had cleared, and our last drop of rain for the rest of the tour been seen. There is nought of interest at Derby, but the road to Matlock (17) is delightful as regards scenery (the Powers forbid that I should call any road in Derbyshire anything but vile in any other respect). We found picking blackberries and a smoke also delightful —in fact, be it said to our shame, I think we liked it better. On reaching Matlock our day's journey was done. The town is grandly situated, and well worth a visit. The caverns and the heights were duly inspected and admired, and in the evening to our intense disgust, though certainly to our amusement, we found ourselves actively engaged in a shooting competition with each other in a strolling fair.

Feeling very much demoralised by the above, the next morning we vowed we would pay ourselves out and ride forty miles. Don't laugh, dear reader; that is a big ride in Derbyshire, which we accomplished, more or less, by going through Chatsworth and the model village of Edensor, so well worth a visit, to Baslow (15), thence to Castleton (10), where we met two "Sociablists'," who were averaging about twelve miles a day. We passed them, firstly, a mile or two from that town, engaged in the entertaining pastime, outside an inn, of administering a red hot poker to the cement on their tyres.

At Castleton the Blue John Mine was visited, but not without labour in the shape of getting up a very stiff hill about two miles long. Don't imagine, dear reader, that we rode it; we had just had dinner, and required to rest twice in *shoving* up. But we were fully repaid, for the inside of the cavern is strikingly grand, and the huge overhanging rocks, with seemingly very insufficient support, very much impress the spectator, so much so in fact that you begin to wish yourself well out of it.

We reached Buxton (12), and put up at the "Shakspeare." There is no C.T.C. house here, therefore we should recommend the above. In the evening we were much edified by a glorious band and promenade in the gardens, on leaving which we regaled ourselves with laughing until we tortured our sides, at a "Punch and Judy show." Moral, so far: Man does sometimes sink beneath himself.

On the 13th September, the following day, we left Buxton and travelled *viâ* Newhaven House to Ashbourne (20), just in time for the two o'clock ordinary with a party of farmers, and after a considerable amount of down-hill, although the roads were always the same as regards roughness. We communicated our opinion of the roads to the farmers in question, who were simply astounded, and declared them to be the best in the country.

It is a grand thing to be just in time for dinner, one saves a good half-hour, for which we were very grateful as it gave us plenty of time for a stroll down to the river, a lounge on its banks, and a jolly swim. After which we remounted and went *viâ* Uttoxeter to Lichfield (27), and

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were truly thankful to be able to move more freely along the roads, although we found that Derbyshire had completely spoilt us for pace, and for the rest of the tour we were unable to do anything decent in that respect.

Lichfield has already been dealt with in the GAZETTE a few weeks back, as has also our road as far as Coventry, Kenilworth, and Warwick, which is splendid going. We stopped the night at Stratford-on-Avon. Those readers who have not visited this town, I should recommend to take an early opportunity. The inhabitants are enormously proud of their great Shakspeare. The first thing that strikes the eye is the new memorial, then the church where he is buried; then we arrived at the "Shakspeare Hotel," and were conducted to our room known as "Macbeth." After changing we descended to the coffee room, but not before passing on the stairs a large oil-painting of the big man; in the coffee room there were four likenesses of him, and the walls were decorated with prints of various scenes in his plays. After tea we strolled forth, and various statues on the same subject met our gaze, and then the house was visited. We were told that 14,000 visitors annually go to see the house of his birth. Yankees abound in this district. The house is very interesting. Their great motto is—

". . . . . Take him for all in all,
We shall never see his like again."

I am a great admirer of Shakspeare, but I never dreamt of hero-worship to the extent it goes on here.

Don't miss the bath in the river at Stratford, it is worth the visit, if there were nothing else. We were considerably amused at the speculations of two very small boys as to the price of our bicycles. One of them seemed convinced that they must have cost two shillings each.

The following day was uneventful; we started after breakfast and rode through Banbury (20) to Aylesbury (30) for dinner, and thence to Watford (23) for tea, where we stopped all day Sunday, and on Monday morning rode home to breakfast through Elstree, Barnet, and Muswell Hill.

The road from Aylesbury to Watford, barring a longish hill, is the finest I was ever on. Asphalte could scarcely beat it.

My experience of a bicycle tour is that riding every day gets monotonous and is a mistake, for although we had a very jolly time of it, and did nothing to fatigue ourselves, we should have enjoyed the riding itself very much more had we put an interval in once or twice.

The distances I give are all within one or two miles, but in most cases are quite correct. As will be perceived, my object was to go sight-seeing, and not to try for a record.

S. G. HOUGH.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

Dear Sir,—As one of the Pyrenean five I was much interested to hear that my once "frequent pardner," C. A. E. Pollock, was on our trail, and shall anxiously await an account of his experiences.

It may, perhaps, comfort some of those who have lately mourned over the threatened decadence of the Club, owing to the prevalence of a certain "epidemic," to learn that a family party, consisting of a member and his wife, and a "member's brother and sister," have been "pottering" through Normandy on two "Sociables." We rode from St. Malo to Rouen, *viâ* Dinan, Mount St. Michel, Avranches, Mortain, Caen, and Lisieux, trained to Havre, and returned thence to Southampton. We covered rather over 300 miles in the three weeks, of which about 230 were in France; riding days, 14. We carried 50 lbs. of luggage on each machine, including a folding indiarubber bath (weight 3 lbs.), which was an immense success.

Trusting that the above experience may be taken as a proof that married members are not necessarily "done for,"

I remain, yours truly,

C. R. HUTCHINGS.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

Morez, Dept. Jura (2400 feet),
September 23, 1883.

The Franco-Swiss Trio are glad to state have reached so far safely, having ridden from Dieppe. Weather most brilliant for first week to Dijon, since been unsettled. No incidents have occurred, except the front bearings of one machine locking twice, happily without a spill. Scenery in the Jura grand. Have taken all day doing 24 miles to-day, having to go over Col de la Savine, 3225 feet. Are hoping to reach Geneva to-morrow, but have to cross Col de la Faucille, 4400 feet, first. Weather to-night promising. Result of nine days riding, 401 miles.

W. J. WILLIAMS.

A TOUR IN YORKSHIRE.

Monday, the 10th July last year, was the day fixed for a week's run in Yorkshire. As a week could only be spared for that part of the holiday I decided upon training it to Sheffield, and making that the starting place. In order not to lose time I took the 5.15 a.m. train—the newspaper express—from St. Pancras, and at 9 a.m. landed on the paving stones of the centre of the cutlery trade. Sheffield did not impress me with being a very desirable place for making a long stay, so after breakfast at the "King's Head" (good), and a short walk round, twelve o'clock saw me in the saddle, struggling over greasy paving stones towards Barnsley. Once free of the town it was grand going; a mile or so before coming to Barnsley there is a capital opportunity for legs up, of which advantage was taken—the corresponding rise was not so cordially negotiated. Dinner at the "Royal" (good); there, as at almost every other place I dined at, the regular dinner time was one o'clock, when soup, hot joints, and pastry were always to be had, a pleasant change from the cold beef, which is the rule in the southern and western counties. *Apropos* of this,

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has anybody ever had beef otherwise than cold in these districts? I have made any amount of enquiries, but have never yet been able to elicit an affirmative. What an opportunity in these days of records to make one here. Barnsley was left behind at about 3.45, and Wakefield reached an hour later, the road continuing good. This town is no less business-like in appearance than its neighbour, and the streets are all paved like those of all manufacturing towns in Yorkshire. After getting off the paving the road is very bad indeed—never before have I been over a rideable road so lumpy; again and again was I almost jolted out of the saddle. To make matters worse, after a few miles of this sort of thing, paving, awful to contemplate, appeared over half the road. This execrable road continued, and it seemed as if a series of small earthquakes had operated thereon, until Hunslet was reached, when this paving of young boulders spread out over the whole road, and for two or three miles the travelling was about as bad as it could possibly be, the best riding being between the tram lines which run between Hunslet and Leeds. The latter place was reached about 6 p.m. I put up at the "Queen's Hotel" (recommended) near the railway station, and after a wash, change, and tea, I went to the theatre and saw "Fun on the Bristol"—a more wretched affair I have never seen. I may mention here that I always send on a portmanteau with an entire change, and find the arrangement answers capitally. It does away with the necessity of a multum, costs little, and whilst washing, the "Boots" of the hotel can go to the station and fetch it. Leeds was left at about eleven next morning by the Whitehall Road *en route* for Halifax; the road between these two places is hilly and bad. I learned afterwards that the best way is to go *via* Bradford. A long hill has to be mounted out of the town, which, although rideable, makes one glad of a rest at the top. From here to Halifax the hills on the whole are favourable, but one's hill climbing powers are severely tested by some of them, especially that leading into Halifax. Here, indeed, a dismount is necessary at the top, for the descent through the town is extremely dangerous. A stop was made here for dinner at the "White Lion" (good). I had intended riding on to Keighley (pronounced Keethly) by the direct road, but was fortunately warned in time, and advised to go *viâ* Bradford, which I did, and found the road very fair. There is a long grind out of Halifax on this road which, however, was successfully ridden, and then the road becomes fairly level. By this time I had become learned in the mysteries of the Yorkshire language, and enquired if it were not "straat for'ard to Bratfoord," as if I had been a native.

There are plenty of paving stones and tram lines to get over at the seat of the great Woollen Manufacture, then a capital road takes you to Keighley. Here I stayed the night, at, I think, the "Devonshire Arms;" I liked the situation of the town, the neighbourhood being extremely hilly and pretty. The following morning I got the chance of a drive over the hills in a small trap; it was a glorious run, and the old fellow that drove took an interest in pointing out anything worth seeing in the neighbourhood, and had tales to tell of everything and of everybody. After two hours of this, and breakfast, a start was made for Otley, a splendid ride alongside the Wharfe for some distance, and through Ilkley. I had to get off for the last bit of one hill a few miles from Keighley, otherwise the road was fairly level. While near Otley a thunderstorm came on, and I greatly admired the effect of the lightning on the surrounding hills, although it was only by doing all I knew that I was able to get to Otley before the rain commenced. The storm only lasted an hour, so after dinner at the "White Horse" (good) I set off for Harrogate, which was reached at 4 p.m. After securing a bed at the "Commercial" (good) a good swim was obtained in the sulphur baths. The smell of the water is peculiar to say the least of it, and has the appearance of being very dirty; yet these were only mild baths, the strong ones being, as I was informed, both dirtier-looking, and of a stronger smell. I feel particularly glad I did not go in for them. At 8 p.m. a visit was paid to the Spa, where I had a glass of "iron" water, and asked for one of "magnesia," but, as the attendant informed me, it was impossible to hope to survive sulphur, iron, and magnesia, I had to forego the latter. The band and singing at the Spa were very jolly, although there is a diminutive appearance about the building, which is a small imitation of that of Buxton. Harrogate struck me as being a very healthy-looking place, lying high, but is, I should imagine, dull. If ever a morning looked like rain it did so the following day, and it was coming down slightly as the town was left at 9.30. Ripon was left behind an hour later, the road being a very good one through Ripley; as it looked very threatening no stay was made to see the cathedral. The road continued good, and it was an agreeable surprise to find that Leeming Lane was capital going, as the description received of it was that it was only rideable at the sides.

Six miles from Ripon the rain began, and it came down so hard that in a very few minutes my clothes were wet through, but no shelter being procurable there was nothing for it but to push on. The destination for the day was Darlington, and there my portmanteau had been sent, but the roads got so thoroughly bad, and as there were no signs of the rain giving over after having ridden 20 miles in it, a resolve was made to stay at Richmond, where I arrived at 1 p.m., and put up at the "King's Head" (good). The manager of the hotel offered to lend me a change, and, although he was but about half my height, the offer was accepted with pleasure. After struggling into the clothes a descent was made for dinner, and a delightful spectacle I must have presented to the other occupant of the room, a clergyman who had come up for an archery

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competition, and as he seemed decidedly uncomfortable and nervous of being in the same room with me, I had to explain, at which he appeared considerably relieved. After waiting until about 4 p.m., as the rain showed no signs of abatement, and my things having been not only dried, but scorched, I decided to take train for Darlington. Richmond is an extremely pretty place, and should be very enjoyable in fine weather. At the North Country Quaker City I put up at the "Fleece" (good).

The next morning was dull and looked very much like raining any moment, so as I wanted to see Scarborough, I decided to take the train. Whilst changing trains at York, I was surprised to hear my name rising far above the noise and bustle of the station; I thought, perhaps, that I had suddenly become famous, and yet could not recollect having done anything more meritorious than the gaining of a Bath medal the year before, but a second later I was undeceived—it was but the voice of the future N.W. D.C.; however, I was very glad to see him, and as he was going to Whitby with his people we were able to be together halfway to Scarborough. The Pride of Yorkshire was reached at 4 p.m., and after a change, and dinner at the "Bull" (fair), a swim was indulged in but not enjoyed, the baths appearing to be the last resting place of the beetles and other insects of the neighbourhood. The evening turned out very fine and was spent at the Spa, which is decidedly quite too all but. Next day was a drencher, so I started home by train, arriving in time to ride to Whip's Cross to see the finish of the N.E. Paperchase, and to spend a very jolly evening with the District at the house of our D.C.

I have not put in the distances in the above account, having forgotten them, but the mileage was not great. I found about 40 miles almost sufficient for a day's ride upon the average. R. B. Hough.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. Browne.

A monkey on a gridiron is a familiar though offensive term to a bicyclist, but a tricyclist is now known as a monkey on the mouch.

* * * * * *

News has been received of A. W. Chippindale from Adelaide, South Australia, dated the end of July. He seems to have been having a rare good time of it. He says he had been up in the bush for an eighteen weeks' trip, during which time he had covered three thousand five hundred miles.

* * * * * *

He was just off on another expedition to Rockhampton, and the Far North in Queensland. He mentions that bicycling is on the increase, and in South Australia in particular, but of course only near the principal towns, as sandhills and stony plains without water are not adapted for the wily cyclist.

He had just seen the result of the Bath Trial in the *Field*, and lamented that he was not ubiquitous enough to have been present in body, although he was in mind. He talks of being present next Whit Monday, however, as far as he can at present judge, and concludes by desiring to be remembered to all his friends.

* * * * * *

The 24th Annual Entertainment of the Ilex Swimming Club will take place at the Lambeth Baths, on Thursday, the 4th of October, at 7.0 p.m. The programme is an interesting one, and contains three open events, entries for which should be sent to the Hon. Sec., O. G. M. Leeds, Floating Baths, Charing Cross.

* * * * * *

Saturday afternoon at Stamford Bridge was a very pleasant family party, where everybody seemed to know everybody. One reporter was observed, besides the representative of this Gazette, but he seemed out of his element.

* * * * * *

Several of the usual incidents of a L.B.C. Race Meeting were present. The N.E. District Captain rode his usual mile; Stephen Smith, whose journey to the ground suggested a large family out for a holiday, once more did his duty as a Club member in a way that ought to make half the Club blush, if they weren't past that long ago; Oliver Thorn was to the front as usual, and youth and beauty smiled as Y. and B. only do at our Club Race Meetings.

* * * * * *

Of course some members always disgrace themselves by being absent on these occasions, but words fail me to describe the iniquities of the member who was seen sneaking out of West Brompton Station on his way to the Kildare sports! I won't hold him up to universal execration by disclosing his name; his conscience will probably be a sufficient punishment. Only I fear a member who prefers the Kildare to his Club Race Meeting has'nt got a conscience, and does'nt read his Gazette. The Kildare! Ugh!!

* * * * * *

After which outburst, I may remark that Thorn had very bad luck in the Mile, which he would probably have won had not his back wheel tyre come off. Sewell's tumble was unlucky, and another N.E. member was very lucky in not following his example.

* * * * * *

The Lacrosse excited great interest; Arthur Barrett's throwing, and the goal-keeping of Sachs and Sidney Barrett being much admired. Charles Newman also distinguished himself in some position, the name of which your deponent knoweth not.

* * * * * *

I should have thought with a six foot goal the best way was to put two or three of the team into coats of armour, and stand them across the goal, then no ball *could* get through.

* * * * * *

I understand that the Editor was observed having a

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private lesson in La Crosse after the game, in which he nearly killed himself and the neighbouring Commissionaire, and attempted to damage a train on the adjacent railway. He thinks the game not as easy as it looks.

* * * * * *

Do the Insurance Companies consider La Crosse an extra hazardous risk.

* * * * * *

Beck's Alpine experience landed him on the top of a terribly high stool as referee during the Tennis Tournament, and he did his duty regardless of the giddy depths below and the occasional shots which the losing player took at him.

* * * * * *

Sharp played up well, getting at many balls which looked out of his reach, but Naylor's serves and volleys were too much for him.

* * * * * *

Fred. Williams looked after his large family at the start with fatherly care, and they all escaped being annihilated by the pistol. I need hardly say the winner came from the North-East.

* * * * * *

The Twelve Miles Race was *the* excitement of the day. Though the North-East had hard luck in losing the services of the Treasurer and Sewell through tumbles, they made a good fight of it, and it was anyone's race till the last lap. The South-East team rode splendidly, McRae especially so, and it was very refreshing to see five comparatively young members of the Club showing such form. The pace was rather too fast for the West racing men.

* * * * * *

The success of the S.E. team not only does credit to themselves, but also to their energetic D.C., whose discrimination in selecting the young blood and personally superintending their training is worthy of the highest commendation.

* * * * * *

We shall no doubt see these so-called novices among the early arrivals at the ninth milestone on Whit-Monday next.

* * * * * *

I hope all members will do their best to attend the last meet of the season on Saturday. Some members will also make it their first meet.

* * * * * *

On dit that the Potters, wind, weather and other circs. permitting, mean to beat record at Godstone on Saturday by bringing six of the brothers. The present record is five, and is a tie between the Barretts and Potters. Now then Barretts!

* * * * * *

It does not do to attempt too much at a time, as I found on Saturday, when after making my *debut* on the path, I lost the opportunity of posing before a distinguished L.B.C. company in the fresh *rôle* of a Club masher, by sitting down on my newly-ironed silk hat in a moment of extreme agitation in the dressing room.

They say "a stitch in time saves nine." It did more on Saturday—it won the District Roadster Race for the S.E.

* * * * * *

The Captains of the two Eastern Districts, who had all along looked on the Roadster Race as their private property, were cruel enough not to hide their satisfaction at the discomfiture of one of the Western thoroughbreds.

* * * * * *

It was hard lines on Lloyd, who, in order to do his best for his district, gave up almost a certainty of a place in the Mile.

* * * * * *

Their District Captain tells me there were twenty-eight S.E. men on the ground. I hope he may get them all at Godstone on Saturday.

* * * * * *

I hear that Beck thinks the path flat and unprofitable after the "couloirs" and "arêtes" (I hope I have the terms correct) of the higher Alps.

* * * * * *

The Lacrosse display was quite a feature of the afternoon, though there were some heard to say they did not see much in that sort of game to keep a man away from Saturday runs.

* * * * * *

A blanket would have covered the three S.E. novices as they finished for the Twelve Miles. Their D.C. said it was the proudest moment of his life, and that he means to make to small fortune in the training business next year.

* * * * * *

The September number of *Longman's Magazine* contains a fifteen page article on "Cycling as an Intellectual Pursuit," by Dr. B. W. Richardson.

* * * * * *

Bath Oliver could not withstand the temptation of some quiet chaff at the expense of the other competitors in the District Race, such as, Now then! don't stop in front there, I'm getting cold. And the ludicrous faces he put on as he whipped in past the judge's table caused considerable amusement.

PORCUPINE.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

Sept. 27.—Bournemouth Races.
27.—Chichester Cyclists' Club.
29.—L.A.C., at Stamford Bridge.
29.—Races at Romford.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

W. T. Thorn, 49, Stanley Gardens, Belsize Park, N.W.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

An Official Record of the Runs, Races, and other Doings of the L.B.C.

Vol. VI. No. 31.] ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. October 4, 1883.
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With the issue of this Number, the Gazette will cease to appear every week, and will be published monthly during the winter. The next Number will be published on Thursday, November 1st, and contributions intended for it must be sent in by 6 p.m. on Tuesday, October 30th.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

That we English "amuse ourselves sadly" is reputed to be a French axiom, but this would perhaps be revoked by the intelligent foreigner were he permitted to share in the joviality of a Smoking Concert or the festivity of a S.E. Ball. But tho' these and other winter amusements are pleasant, it is desirable at this, the close of our riding season, to decide as to the propriety of repeating them. That they involve much labour to their promoters is not to be doubted, certain also it is that they carry with them a good deal of expense; but while men are patriotic enough to undertake the former, and members by their liberal purchase of tickets show themselves willing to bear the brunt of the latter, we believe that only the best results to the Club can spring from well conducted winter amusements. Now the aim and object of the winter sport, be it Ball, Concert, Dinner or Dramatics, is to collect for an agreeable purpose, and make known to each other our members and their friends from all quarters of the wide domain of the L.B.C. It follows, therefore, that the cap and bells should not be donned without purpose, and that the show may be more than *vox et præterea nihil* it is, we think, quite necessary to attend to two or three points of detail. Firstly, we hold it to be a crucial error to overdo the entertainment of whatever sort it may be. Now that the Committee has taken from D.C.'s the organising of Smoking Concerts in their various departments this is less likely to recur. Again, almost as necessay as the provision of good music for an audience is a careful attention to ventilation, acoustics, and facility of locomotion, and we venture to hope that our Sub-Committee will remember it is but an unprofitable evening that is spent by an unhappy member penned immovably in a corner and there saturated with carbonic acid, music, and tobacco smoke. These then are a few of the details connected with winter amusements, but as many others will occur to old members with experience more varied than our own, we shall look forward to an edifying enlivenment of our dull season.

ANNUAL DINNER.

This event of the winter is fixed for Wednesday, 21st November, at the St. James's Hall Restaurant, Piccadilly. Special attention will be paid to the menu. Particulars will appear later on. E. S. Price, Hon. Sec.

LACROSSE.

I wish to acknowledge in these columns my thanks as plainly as I did my complaints with reference to the Lacrosse, and to express my thanks to the Secretary of the Clapton Lacrosse Club, for kindly informing all his L.B.C. members that the opening practice had been postponed.

Theo. Godlee, N.E. D.C.

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S.E. MEETS FOR OCTOBER.

Saturday, 6th October.—4.15, Westerham. Tea 6 o'clock, at "King's Arms."

Saturday, 13th October.—3.45, Brighton (full moon). Inn, "The Gloster."

Saturday, 20th October.—4.15, Bletchingley. Tea 6 o'clock, "White Hart."

Saturday, 27th October.—4.15, Orpington. Tea 6 o'clock, "Maxwell Arms" (near the Station.)

The above runs have been arranged with a view to meeting the wants of those men who do not wish to give up riding already. Members may rely on there being someone at the starting place, Katharine Street, at the times named.

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

SATURDAY RUNS.

N.E. DISTRICT.

29th Sept. There was very bitter disappointment to those who were looking for extensive events on Saturday in the miserable state of the weather, which had been very bad, and was very threatening about the time the Districts were leaving home; consequently only three members and a visitor started together, the visitor riding a tricycle to which he was not very much used. The pace at first was decidedly slow by the tramlines and Snaresbrook, and then the weather began to carry out its threats in good earnest. Shortly after George Lane, Ernest Barrett and his terrier were sighted on foot, and accompanied the run a short distance; then Kelsey and the D.C. determined to get on a little faster, leaving Lloyd and his brother to come on somewhat slower. The leading couple fell in with the Treasurer also on foot, as his arm is not quite well yet, and he, too, following his custom at the Race Meeting, raced the riders some way. The rain had slightly abated by this time, and the D.C. having deposited Kelsey at the "White Hart," Abridge, where he speedily acquired the landlord's garments, returned to pick up the brethren and try to get dry in the effort. When the second instalment arrived, there was a feeling that five and Ernest Barrett might do, though poor for a final meet, and Weeks was warmly greeted when he came in drenched, though shortly after, Baldwin next turned up, having come partly by train, and then the Captain and Lyne rode in, making double figures. A very satisfactory tea was quickly dispatched, and a fire lighted, and then the company settled down to an hour or so of intellectual amusement, S. G. Hough turning up with reports of having a nasty spill, just as the Lloyd brothers decided to start. Hough's machine appeared badly damaged, so he joined the walking party, and the balance of five retreated quietly homewards in a good deal of drizzle. Present: Ashley Barrett, Ernest Barrett, Baldwin, R. B. Hough, S. G. Hough, Kelsey, Lloyd, Lyne, Weeks, one visitor, and

THEO. GODLEE, District Captain.

W. DISTRICT.

I think I comprised the West and South-West Districts on Saturday. I left home in the morning, and going by Kingston had lunch at the Anchor at Ripley, and afterwards rode by Newland's Corner and Gomshall to Dorking and Leatherhead, which I reached at 5.15. After waiting an hour, and drawing all the inns, not excepting the inhospitable "Swan," I ordered tea at the "Bull's Head," and at 7.30 proceeded homewards by Ewell and Wimbledon. It began to rain heavily while I was at tea, and continued all the way. This is not the first time I have represented these districts at Leatherhead. Roads splendid. No rain till 6.30 p.m.

J. S. WHATTON.

N.W. DISTRICT.

Last Saturday's run was a wet one, but that ought not to be any excuse for the very small muster. At Tally Ho! the thought was entertained for a few minutes that just as much profit would be derived from a retrogade movement as by carrying out the programme, but we could not afford any more blank runs, so on over unusually wet roads, this martyr rode to Mill Hill, got off, turned round, emptied the rain out of his shoes and rode home. Present:

A. H. LOWN, District Captain.

I would take this opportunity of thanking those men who have given me such enegetic support, and have thus tended to make our meets such a success. Our district is making immense and rapid strides, and although to the ordinary observer this may not be visible; and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that if next year should fulfil the promises held out by the actions of this, we shall be able to show an unprecedented average in the annals of the L.B.C. for attendance. Now that the season's work is fresh in the memory it would be a good thing to make suggestions concerning the N.W. meets, that whoever is in office next year should have the benefit of them.

A. H. LOWN, District Captain.

S.W. DISTRICT.

September 29th.—A large and distinguished company appeared on Kingston Bridge at 4.10, and after several preliminary runs round the Market Place to pick up members, the Meet started at 4.40 in a heavy shower for Leatherhead. Half a mile from the start, shelter was taken under a tree, and after some discussion, it was resolved to change the run, and proceed to Barnes *viâ* Kingston Hill and the Roehampton Lane. This new route was carried out in a storm of rain. Present: the Reporter, J. Gatey, and a "Coventry Rotary." Query, Where was the District Captain? Query, Where were the other members?

JOSEPH GATEY.

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S.E. District.

The last meet of the year seemed to touch a sympathetic chord in the breast of not a few on Saturday, and that in spite of the weather not being of the most propitious order. Threatening it certainly did look at the time fixed for the start from Croydon, and in the locality of Blackheath it did more than threaten; for a storm of rain and hail came down in such earnest as to deter anyone but the most intrepid from venturing out. However, South East energy rose to the occasion with an effect that was quite astounding. Beck and the D. C. rode over by Sanderstead and took up up a position of vantage on the top of Godstone Hill. As they directed their gaze down towards Caterham, winding up the hill there appeared a long thin line of grey, which gradually resolved itself into a formidable array of no less than eighteen men. Among the first to become recognisable were Barker and J. C. Oswald on the double tricycle, then the three heroes of Stamford Bridge, and shortly after six stalwart forms—a veritable band of brothers—showed that the great Potter demonstration was, so to speak, a *fait accompli*. While an exhibition of the tandem, its merits and peculiarities, was being carried on outside the "Clayton Arms" (no extra charge), the stragglers came in apace. The O'Reilly rode in from Brighton, F. B. Smith from Sevenoaks. It was not long before they were all assembled in the old room which has become associated with the memories of so many last meets of the season. After some practice in the first rule of arithmetic it was discovered that the party consisted of no less than thirty members and three visitors. As three men had not stayed for tea the district record was "tied," and the question whether it would be beaten or not was for sometime held in the balance. Tea was over, and the customary tribute to the "setting sun" having been paid by the ex-D.C. in a speech brimming over with eloquence and bristling with compliments, when Hume Young, apparently with an eye to dramatic effect, stepped into the room, and was instantly greeted with ringing cheers which must have awakened the ghostly tenant of the haunted chamber if he was dosing at the moment. The absence of a pianist was much to be deprecated; still, songs and recitations were the order of the day, the efforts of J. C. Oswald, J. F. Potter, and H. G. A. Brown being warmly applauded. "Auld lang syne" brought the evening to its close. After such a successful Meet, who could grumble at the rain and darkness going home—for it did rain, and it was dark. On starting, the long procession of lamps seemed to reach from the Inn to the top of the hill. At Whiteleaf, the Blackheath Division turned off, and by eleven all parties had reached home—or ought to have done. Present: Barker, Beck, Belfield, C. A. Brown, H. G. A. Brown, Church, Day, Gerich, Halliday, Hartridge, Alf. Herbert, Arthur Herbert, S. Herbert, McRae, Morley, The O'Reilly, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, C. E. Parker, A. L. Potter, L. Potter, J. F. Potter, J. W. Potter, L. B. Reynolds, J. H. Scrutton, Sharp, F. B. Smith, S. P. Smith, E. F. Smither, S. E. Whealler, F. H. Williams, J. B. Young, J. W. Young, three visitors, and R. G. Francis, District Captain.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR.

Every member of the Club who takes the least interest in its welfare will be glad to read an account of the enthusiastic exhibtion of feeling which was displayed on Saturday last in the well-known room on the first floor of the "Clayton Arms" at Godstone.

It was the concluding run of the season—of the South-East season; the weather had been anything but fine in the morning, and the afternoon sun was obscured by dull grey clouds; still, the roads were not so very bad, and most of us hoped to be able to count a quarter of a century of members at all events. By the time tea was commenced thirty-three had actually arrived, and at the conclusion of a vigorous half hour's cup-emptying and knife and fork exercise, one of the members rose to say a few words on behalf of the South-East District in recognition of the great services rendered by the District Captain during his year of office.

He said it was a pleasant thing to have the privilege of addressing the members present on that occasion, because their to-day's run marked the close of the most successful season of any District in any year since the Club was formed. Record for a club run had that day been equalled, and, perhaps, before the evening was over would even be beaten, and the average attendance record had been altogether smashed on the head, for the average number of members at each meet during the season was no less than 15½, a truly satisfactory proof of the interest felt in the runs. To what was all this mainly due but to the energy, popularity, and able leading of their District Captain, R. G. Francis? The men came, not simply because they were asked over and over again—as was proved by the large number of regular attendants—but because they took a real pleasure in runs so well chosen, and the arrangements of which were so well looked after; because they delighted to combine friendly interchange of thought with healthy exercise of body, and knew that if they wanted to get pleasure out of a run they could not do better than follow their good leader. Nor was it only on account of his success as District Captain that he had been so popular; his contributions to our Gazette were of a very high order, and his usefulness to the Club in this respect was much greater than most people imagined. Nature had blessed him with a facile pen, and if he ever had a mind to try he would not find it difficult to make a name in the world of letters. He (the speaker) read an extract from a letter he had received from the Editor of the Gazette referring in terms of warm praise to the value of the writings of R. G. Francis.

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There was one point more upon which he felt bound to touch, and that was the District Captaincy of 1884. He had spoken to several members upon the subject, and was convinced he was expressing the feeling of the whole District when he said he hoped most sincerely that the present District Captain would consent to hold the position for another year. This was no mere compliment; it was a spontaneous and very earnest desire, and though the tenure of the office brought a great deal of work with it, and involved the sacrifice of much time (which would be particularly felt during a second season) he trusted that the very fact of such a brilliant success having been achieved would weigh as a powerful argument in favour of a compliance with the District's undoubted wish. In conclusion, the speaker thanked the District Captain most heartily in the name of the whole District for the many good things he had done and said for it.

The cheers that were then given for the evening's hero were loud and long, and before they had had time to subside he got up, and in a few telling sentences thanked the members for the way they had received what had been said about him. He desired to call particular attention to the support he had received from some of the men of his district, notably the Oswalds, the Herberts, and S. E. Whealler, the latter having won the attendance medal. The S.E. District had, he said, during the present year more than maintained their reputation on the racing path; they held the District Challenge Cup, the Ladies' Challenge Cup, and, but for their efforts, the matches against the Universities would have been defeats instead of victories. He anticipated great things from the young rising S.E. racing men, and as to the attendances at the meets, he only hoped that next year they would be better even than this.

Soon after this, and while we were blowing clouds and enjoying song, there was a rattle and sort of scuffle at the door. The trusty Stephen was dragging in another member, and terrific cheers and shouts were heard because record was thus beaten, and the red-letter day for Club meets was now fixed for the 29th September, 1883.

"Auld Lang Syne" was the signal for the breaking up of our party, and everyone went home pleased with the memory of the season now over, pleased at the prospect of an equally agreeable one next year, and, moreover, pleased at the thought that he—yes, he himself—had been the beater of record, for without any *one* of us would it not have been a tie?

Happy S.E. District! H. G. A. Brown.

WHY WE DON'T COME.

We all know the economical use to which "good intentions" are generally supposed to be put in another place, and we also know that "excuses" are a class of literature not always very politely spoken of; and it has sometimes occurred to this deponent how much the average D.C. has to answer for in these two directions.

In the first place, how often does the postcard, or personal application of the D.C., induce a member who generally absents himself "really to intend to come," an intention which he either expresses to the official in question, or records in the proper repository to be duly discarded when the time comes. Well this is bad enough, and the habit of not carrying out these intentions is enough to make a reasonably energetic official shudder; but it is nothing to his responsibilities in the second category. "Why don't you come out?" is a natural enough question. The hope of cornering a man and extorting a promise to attend is well worth the trouble; but, there, the habitual non-attender is never cornered. Long practice has made him much too clever for that. It is probable that for the whole season, or longer, he has had a series of varied—very varied—"reasons," he never admits they are "excuses," for not attending. One day some friends were coming to tennis, and "his people" would have made such a row if he had come; another, he did think he could have come, but his old friend What's-his-name begged him to play in the "old Who-do-you-call-it's" cricket match because he was in such a hole, and how could he decline? If it hadn't been the old Who-do-you-call-it's he would have come, of course; and so on to the end of the chapter. The river makes men more callous; they admit that they have "taken to the river," and clear off a lot of runs at one go in that fashion; and the man of many friends is also a very difficult subject to tackle—they always are "particular friends," and give some quite "original" point to the delinquent's absence, till the D.C. is tempted to wonder—is "there a nearer one still and a dearer one," as the poet has put it in rather a different connection.

Another class of member has a difficulty with his machine week after week. The excuses vary—something is bent; the maker will *not* return it; the tyre is off, or loose; a young brother has been letting it fall *et hoc genus omne*. And then we have, though we hardly like to admit it, the man whose machine is a bright one, *so* he doesn't like to bring it out in the rain. It is a poor excuse, and deceives no one; but there are few but the very regular attenders who believe that bad weather does *not* spoil a run. It doesn't, or at least anyone who attends a Club run on a wet day says so, and the very fact that so many men are unwilling to admit mere weather as a "reason" tends to show that they hardly feel it a sufficient one, yet we fear that it is after all one chief and prime cause of absence with all but the incorrigible.

I cannot close without one more; it is unique but picturesque, and it is genuine. The member deeply regrets, but he has observed three large spider's webs of antique structure spun in and among the spokes of his bicycle, and from back to front wheel. Of course he can't move the

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machine, as it would probably occasion a dreadful catastrophe if the spider family were at home; he has therefore sent in a formal notice to quit, which he trusts will receive due attention and save legal expense—and in the meantime his D.C. waits expectant. GOETHE.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

Sir,—I was sorry to see it expressly assumed by the writer of the leading article in the GAZETTE of Sept. 20th (which I have only just seen) that road racing is in itself positively illegal. I believe that to ensure a conviction under the Highway Act, either an obstruction must be proved, or else furious driving "*to the common danger.*" As neither of these annoyances to the public seem to have been caused even by the late open tricycle road races, I should doubt whether the police authorities have not acted *ultra vires* in issuing their recent notice. I am by no means defending *open* road races on principle, but I do think it a great pity to assume, as the writer of the above mentioned article appears to assume, that we have been breaking the law for the last seven years. I think that bicyclists and tricyclists are, as a class, the best behaved and most careful of wayfarers, and that they are generally too timid in asserting their rights.—Yours, etc.,

D. T. C.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

Sir,—I should like, with your permission, to add a few notes to the very interesting accounts which have lately appeared in your columns.

1. Leeming Lane, far from being habitually bad, has the reputation of being one of the best roads in Yorkshire. Certainly nothing could have been much better than it was in the summer of '79.

2. A traveller between Harrogate and Ripon should on no account omit, as your correspondent seems to have done, seeing Fountain's Abbey, which stands only some two miles off the road.

3. In Ripon "Yorkshire Pudding" is to be had at its best.

4. The farmers were quite right in saying that the Ashbourne road from Buxton is the best in the neighbourhood, and it did not strike me as so very execrable.

5. So ardent a bather should not have missed the Buxton swimming bath; it is a particularly enjoyable one.

6. The Punch and Judy show at the same place well deserves the tribute paid to it. It is, without exception, the finest thing in the whole range of the P. and J. profession.

7. Stoneleigh Abbey, as well as Warwick Castle, is shown, and is well worth waiting for.

8. The road between Bath and Wells is no more direct by Radstock than by Marksbury and High Littleton, each being twenty miles. The former goes right over Coombe Down, and is extremely hilly all the way. For the latter, go along *either* Bristol road and turn to the left at the "Globe Inn."

9. The "Old George" at Glastonbury, though picturesque, is not at all a good place at which to have dinner.

10. At Taunton the C. T. C. house is, I believe, good, but is quite eclipsed by the Coffee Palace which is indeed palatial, and is much more used by bicyclists.

11. The reason why cider is difficult to get in Devon and Somerset in August is that the old is finished and the new not yet brewed. I have sometimes enquired in vain at three or four places in succession.

12. Exeter to Dawlish I should have said was one of the best bits in South Devon. Perhaps the epithet "most hilly" applies only to the rest of the way to Torquay, which is so.—Yours truly, J. S. W.

AN AIMLESS RAMBLE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 210.)

On the following morning I got up at 7.30, having had a grand sleep for 9½ hours, and while digesting my breakfast I roamed through the town of Olney in search of the picturesque. I regret to say that my search was ineffectual, the only noteworthy object being a shop window filled with memorials of Cowper, who, it appears, was born here, in the shape of wooden pincushions and needlebooks; the connection between poetry and haberdashery was not so obvious as to make me anxious to take any away with me.

The road to Northampton was a succession of slopes for two miles, then level till it rejoined the main road, which I had left overnight. The surface was fair to within two or three miles of Northampton, when it got very bumpy and wet. I walked through the town, which I found quite as unpleasant as usual. I have always thought that if the lower classes in that abode of lasts were to wash more and swear less the casual stranger might find the town more attractive than it is at present. As I had already been to Leicester through Market Harborough, I thought I would try the alternative route through Welford, which turns to the left 1½ miles out of the town. The surface was splendid at first, in fact it was good all the way to Leicester; there was, however, hardly a level hundred yards for several miles, slope following slope in almost endless succession, though none of them were severe, with the exception of one about a mile in length near Spratton, which the heat made rather unpleasant. I stopped at Thornby (24), and again at Wigston (40), both times for a drink, the weather being far too hot for solid food. Leicester I had the misfortune to find *en fête*, the town being full of circuses, volunteers, and other festive folk; the result was that all the women of the town had turned out, each with four or five babies, and planted themselves in a double line down the gutter of the main street. I should think there were 25,000 babies present on that occasion, and all of them were yelling! I was glad when I found myself

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outside the town; I don't like babies. The surface to Loughborough was fair, with a bumpy half mile or so here and there; there were a few pretty stiff slopes, but after Mount Sorrel the road became more level. At Loughborough I turned to the right for Nottingham, the turning in the town being rather hard to find. With the exception of a few clear spaces the road was very loose the whole way into Nottingham, almost dangerously so in parts; but the M.I.P. steadied the machine wonderfully, and quite did away with a slight tendency to kick, which is one of the very few faults it possesses. There is a bad hill down at Bunney, very steep, and covered with loose stones; this is the only one that needs a dismount between Loughborough and Nottingham. Two traction engines with a number of waggons were standing at the top, having apparently just climbed the hill; though how they managed it I put down as being "one of those things which no fellow can understand." I put up in Nottingham at the "Wellington" (C.T.C.), which was comfortable but very noisy, being situate just opposite the Midland Station; the result was, I slept about one hour out of the whole night. Distance for day, 68 miles.

Next morning it was raining hard and showed no signs of clearing up till past noon, when I started for Mansfield in a slight shower. Trusting too much to my former recollections of the town I took a wrong turning, and had gone a mile or so along the Alfreton Road before I discovered my mistake; but after burrowing about in back slums for some time I emerged on the Mansfield Road with the determination to make more use of my tongue for the future. There are three or four slopes up out of Nottingham with slight falls in between, the surface being extremely bad, partly, I daresay, owing to the rain, but chiefly to the very sparing use of the stone-breaker's hammer. I suppose we must wait till the millenium for parish authorities to find out that stones as big as melons are not the best things wherewith to make a highway. After Redhill (5) the surface got better, and the improvement became more marked as I advanced further into Sherwood Forest—or, rather that country which once was Sherwood Forest, for a great portion has been transformed into arable land, or, at all events, despoiled of its finest timber. Six miles from Mansfield there is a long slope up, about two miles in length, with a very loose bit in the middle, and then after a fall there is a second rise of about three quarters of a mile covered with stones from top to bottom. Judging from the small amount of traffic I saw on the road, I should say there is a great probability that the next generation will find it in precisely the same condition. At this point the weather and the roads, and the fact that I had nothing to eat since breakfast, combined to make me look anxiously about for some means of getting a meal, but houses there were none, so in despair I took refuge in a pipe, which I have often found to be by no means a bad way of appeasing a hunger which cannot be gratified. At last Mansfield was reached, and a large tea being quickly disposed of I began to consider what part of of the world I should make for next. I was assisted in my deliberations by two Yorkshiremen, who said the Rotherham Road was very bad, and advised me to make for Chesterfield. It turned out on cross-examination that their remarks applied to the paths at the side and not to the roads themselves, and, in fact, they seemed rather puzzled that I should want any information at all about the latter. But it is only over Lancashire cobbles that my morality utterly vanishes, and accordingly I scorned their suggestions. Chesterfield, however, seemed a comfortable distance, so I took their advice and the left-hand road in the town. For the first two miles it was level, but almost immediately after entering Derbyshire the hills began, and continued all the way to Chesterfield. There was only one, however, up which I had to walk, viz., a long ascent, loose and steep at the bottom, about eight miles from Mansfield. The surface was bad the whole way, but I was in that contented state of mind which takes no account of bad roads, and endured the joltings with an equanimity begotten of much tea and buttered toast. The scenery was very pretty to within two miles of Chesterfield, where I entered the black country, which, with its tall chimneys, roaring furnaces, and mountains of ashes, presents an appearance rather interesting than beautiful. I reached Chesterfield at six, and made my way to the "Angel" in the market place, then, having changed my clothes and borrowed a prayerbook from the landlady, went to church. The building is, as the guidebooks say, "by no means destitute of architectural pretensions," but is chiefly noticeable on account of its spire, which is twisted and distorted in a most remarkable manner, so that, says Paterson, "it appears to lean in whatever direction it is approached." One side is marked by a large dint, as though it had been struck by an enormous hammer. Report says that the builder committed suicide as soon as he had finished it, declaring that the work of his life was accomplished, for he could never build another spire to touch it. And I do not think he could. The town is quaint and old-fashioned, with steep winding streets which rather reminded me of Durham. After supper I was lucky enough to fall in with a traveller who seemed to be a sort of polyglot Mudie on the roam, for producing Moliere's Plays, Scott's Novels, and Faust from his bag, he offered me any I liked to read. I read half a play and then, having interviewed the landlord, boots, and ostler on the subject of the weather, went gloomily to bed, because they persisted in asserting that the following day would be fine. Distance for day, 28 miles.

Monday, 6th. Of course it was raining when I got up; that ill-omened prophecy the night before had irritated the Clerk of the Weather, and he had turned on the tap to show how little he cared for morbal prognostications. Having examined my map at breakfast, I decided on going

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to Sheffield, and had no reason to grumble at the road for several miles. It led through a series of mining villages for the first four miles, the inhabitants of which—it being Bank Holiday—were engaged in sports and pastimes of various descriptions, each of the men having a dog at his heels and a bludgeon under his arm—two unvarying accompaniments of the miner out for a holiday. The surface was by no means bad and the hills slight, though as I got near Sheffield they became steeper. All the way the natural beauty of the country was spoilt by the smoke and cinders of the mines, "cloud-capped towers" rising as far as the eye could see; only the "towers" were brick chimneys and the "clouds" poured out of their tops. About two miles from Sheffield the rain, which hitherto had been slight, came down in torrents, and in a few minutes I was wet through; this made me cross, for when I want a bath I prefer having it in private and undressing first; to use the Queen's high road as a common shower bath struck me as showing a want of respect to Her Majesty's possessions. Induced by these excellent reasons, I made up my mind to seek fresh fields and pastures new where there was less rain and fewer bumps. Sheffield, as seen through a vista of falling rain, struck me as being the most unpleasant town I had ever been in; for miles and miles there is nothing but paving stones and tramlines, the former being very greasy. I walked through the town, having put on my saddle-cover, which is, in my opinion, a greater blessing than even "the Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen." Having reached the centre of the town I stopped at the "King's Head" (B.T.C.), where I could get no fire to dry my things, and only got a drink after a long delay. Being anxious not to leave a tag on my map I decided to make for the nearest place I knew, and then, if the weather was no better, to take the train home. I accordingly started for Doncaster and walked nearly the whole way to Rotherham (6 miles), the road being at first greasy paving stones, and then without exception the worst macadam I have ever been on. By dint of sitting on my M.I.P., however, and riding carefully, I managed to avoid being thrown off, and the mere thought that I was leaving Sheffield was enough to console me to a great extent. Nowadays, if anyone irritates me, I do not indulge in Saxon expletives, but merely tell them to "go to Sheffield;" if I am in a great rage, I add "on a wet day." Human malice cannot add anything to the latter wish.

After Rotherham the road got softer and less bumpy, with two or three stiff hills; but having at last got away from mines and factories I felt equal to any amount of mud, which was just as well, as I had plenty of it. About five miles from Rotherham a long up-hill begins, the top of which is not reached for more than three miles; after this it is falling ground all the way into Doncaster, a distance of four miles. The road improved after the top of the hill, and the sun having come out and the rain left off, I found the last four miles very pleasant. I stopped at the "Elephant" in Doncaster for some lunch, where I found everything very good and the people most attentive. The town was full of horses—a fair being held there that day—and as one man was generally considered enough to lead twelve or thirteen animals, every street presented a scene of hopeless confusion. Having now joined my tag, I held myself at liberty to take the train if I chose, but the evening seemed likely to turn out fine, so I again changed my mind and rode south for Bawtry, where I turned to the left for Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire. The Great North Road was perfectly dry, and seemed like a cinder path after the bumps of the morning; and though the surface grew rather worse after Bawtry, yet the beauty of the country made amends for that. Eight miles from Gainsborough there was a steep up-hill, from the top of which there ought to have been a good view but was not. It was 7.30 by the time I reached Gainsborough, but as the next place at which I could get a bed would be Lincoln (20 miles), and having besides a general distrust of Lincolnshire roads, I determined to stay where I was, and accordingly put up at the "White Hart." Gainsborough struck me as being one of the quietest, most out-of-the-way places I had ever seen. As the only way of accounting for the total absence of population, I asked the landlady if the town had been visited with a pestilence; but as she said it had not, I put the matter down as a social conundrum, to be thought out in leisure moments. Distance for day, 52 miles.

Tuesday, 7th. I was anxious to leave Gainsborough by the Market Raisin Road—that is to say, go due east for about ten miles, until I reached the London and Hull Road, then to turn down it to Lincoln; unfortunately, however, there happened to be a number of cross-roads leading direct to Lincoln, and as the natives had never heard of Market Raisin, and could not understand my wishing to go round by the main road, I was led a fine dance through the town before I found a man intelligent enough to understand what I wanted. He told me there was not a better road in the kingdom than the Market Raisin one; and if the good man spoke true, I am afraid the kingdom must be in a very bad way, for I found the road about as rough as they make them, composed chiefly of huge rocks partially submerged in a sort of whitish clay, not unlike oölite. After reaching the Hull Road, and turning to the right for Lincoln, the surface grew slightly better, but the whole way it was shaky, and communicated that unceasing vibration to the machine which is felt in going over badly set wood pavement, and which is even more annoying I think than the occasional jolts in macadam. The road was perfectly straight with a slope here and there, and a fine panorama of the ugliest country in England extending on both sides. For miles and miles not a human being was in sight, but at last I caught up a tourist who, with guidebook and

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umbrella, was tramping along the grass at the side of the road. I concluded he was searching for mushrooms, for I could see no other "objects of interest in the locality" where he was. Five miles out I caught sight of Lincoln cathedral, far ahead, just at the point where the two sides of the road seemed to meet in one. On entering the city I was surprised to find it so small and quiet, but after passing through the cathedral close I discovered that the real town, with its legion of chimneys, lay in a valley at the foot of the hill on which the cathedral stands. The south front of the cathedral, being the one turned towards the town, is very finely carved, and would well repay a lengthy inspection.

(*To be continued*).

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. Browne.

The Naylor who entered for the Tennis Tournament was H.S., the Naylor who won it, according to our last issue was W. E. Somebody has "got mixed!" It is to be hoped that the brothers will not get so mixed up by other people as to share the same fate as "The Twins." (*q.v.*)

* * * * * *

The member who received three cheers as he was leaving the festive party at Godstone last Saturday, would have been happy to have returned to the cries of "Speech," but it always takes him a month to prepare one worth listening to, and when he is in possession of the house it is his wont to make so long a pause after "Gentlemen" that his hearers generally advise him to "sit down"; this, of course he can do as well as anybody—but he doesn't though—the unfeeling wretch next to him has pulled his chair away. *Tableau.*

* * * * * *

I hope all our members are bearing in mind the 21st of November, the day consecrated to our Annual Dinner, and are not already occupying it with those "pressing engagements" which often rob us of the presence of our most valued members.

* * * * * *

I hear that "W. X. W." is preparing a crushing reply to Queries published recently.

* * * * * *

The costumes at Abridge were varied and picturesque, but the landlord must be a stouter man than Weeks.

* * * * * *

The South-East are to be congratulated on their brilliant effort last Saturday, when thirty-four men of the District attended the Godstone Meet.

* * * * * *

Last year the same number attended the opening run to Orpington, but this included members of other Districts; and according to an Echo by "Rambler," 34 men also represented the S.E. at Hampton Court in 1878, but in the account in Vol. I. of the Gazette the number is given as 32.

* * * * * *

So that R. G. Francis, as far as having brought out the largest number of S.E. members, has beaten the record; and that it was accomplished on such a miserable day as was Saturday is very much to his credit.

* * * * * *

Hume Young was determined to put in an appearance at all hazards, and though delayed late in town he rode over from Croydon in rain and darkness.

* * * * * *

Some who were unable to be present in body seemed to be there in the spirit. Doubtless the S.E. D.C. of 1880, amid the luxury and refinement of the "gilded *salons* of the Continent," was pining for the simplicity of the veal and ham of the "Clayton Arms."

* * * * * *

The Club scholiast was to the fore, as usual. "*Venisti tandem?*" he asked of the Zulu as he descended from Rucker's latest prodigy. "Oh, rather," replied the versatile one, "only fancy my knowing so much Latin."

* * * * * *

Several gallant but unsuccessful attempts were made to reach Godstone. Among them was that of Paxon of the N.W., who, after spending a pleasant evening among the wilds of Banstead, relinquished the idea, and returned home a sadder if not a wiser man.

* * * * * *

The N.E muster at the last meet of the season seemed strangely incomplete without the presence of Damon and Pythias—no, I mean Gibbs and Long.

* * * * * *

The next Council Meeting of the National Cyclists' Union is fixed for Thursday, October 11th, when, amongst other things, a very important proposal with regard to Professional Racing will come up for discussion.

Porcupine.

RACING FIXTURES.

Rule 40 enacts that no member represent the Club at any race meeting without permission from the Captain. The following list of Racing Fixtures has been submitted to the Captain, who sanctions our members racing at any of the meetings mentioned. Any member wishing to ride at any meeting not included in this list is requested to communicate with the Captain.

Oct. 6.—Stoke Unity B. and T.C. Sports.
27.—L.A.C., at Stamford Bridge.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

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The next Gazette will be published on Thursday, November 29th. Contributions intended for it must be received before 6 p.m. on Tuesday, November 27th.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

The mention of a Club Ball has upon some of our members a rather similar effect to that which a red rag is supposed to have on a bull. Like Polyphemus, "they rage, they melt, they burn," and will not be satisfied till some opponent has figuratively bit the dust. The title at the head of this column is not indeed such a stormy petrel, but will awaken widely different feelings in different members. There is the severe ascetic—"The London Bicycle Club was formed to bicycle, and not to dine, to dance, or to play tennis." This class of member looks with some suspicion on Club Teas as relaxations from the narrow ways of cycling virtue to primrose paths of dalliance; last year's Picnics in the South-West filled him with horror, and he was found at Stamford Bridge last month in a state of collapse at the idea of La Crosse and Lawn Tennis appearing in the programme of the London Bicycle Club. However, he is not so dangerous as he looks, and will doubtless bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace in St. James's Hall without audible complaint or serious qualms of conscience.

In great contrast to him is the sybarite of bicycling, who regards the bicycle club mainly as an instrument for procuring forms of amusement other than bicycling. Dear to him is the Lawn Tennis Tournament, a little marred by the proviso that ties should not be played off on Saturdays. He always has six lady's tickets for the Race Meeting, and is resplendent at the S.E. Ball, while the Dramatic Society considers him one of its pillars. Indeed, were it not for these little diversions, many members of the Club would be unaware of his existence. Needless to say, he considers the Club Dinner an admirable institution, if only there was not quite so much "wheel" in the speeches.

Between these extremes we find the moderate member, who, if we are not mistaken, regards a well managed Club Dinner as a very desirable thing. There is a good old custom, unfortunately fading away before the influence of scientific farming, by which after the last sheaves have come to the barn in the laden waggon in the mellow light of the harvest moon, farmer and labourers, all who have shared in the work, sit down to the Harvest Supper and toast their "Harvest Home." So at the end of our season of sport, when the last meets have met, and the few last postcards of the District Captain have fallen with the withered leaves of autumn, we too may well gather round the festive board, and celebrate in company *our* "Harvest Home." Members from town and country, London and the Universities, North and South, East and West (for the Club Dinner has the useful purpose of reminding us of the existence of one or two Districts we might have forgotten), all may meet and talk over sport past and to come. Our Captain gives us the history of the year, and has the privilege, which no one else should have, of making a *long* after-dinner speech. The musical talent of the Club delights us; our leading

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members exhibit themselves oratorically on their hind legs with more—or less—fluency, as the case may be; the toast-master performs the "Comedy of Errors," and the wily waiter attempts to evade the "sixpenny rule." The only fault we have to find is that so few of our members come. True—we usually sit down 70 or 80 strong, but what is that to a Club of 240 or so. We have beaten some records this year, though fewer than we should have. Cannot we make a record at the Club Dinner, and ensure its success and our own pleasure?

COMMITTEES.

At a meeting of the Committee held on Monday, 29th September, the following gentlemen were elected members of the Club:—

Name and Address.	Proposer.	Seconder.
John Thomas Crier, 16, Bridge Avenue, Hammersmith	W. R. Sewell.	H. Barnett.
E. Warner Lumley, Woodside, Surbiton	H. C. Pigott.	M. D. Rucker, Jun.

It was decided to hold a Smoking Concert on one of the first ten days of November. H. G. A. Brown, A. Lloyd, S. P. Smith, and F. M. Williams were appointed as a Sub-Committee for the purpose, to which the name of R. G. Francis was afterwards added.

It was also decided that the Committee present to the C.T.C. Consulate, at Geneva, the copies of the GAZETTE containing Mr. Cobb's tour.

The Editor was authorized to present, on behalf of the Club, a bound volume of the GAZETTE for 1882, to the Library of the N.C.U.

At a Meeting of the Committee, held on Monday, 29th October, at the "City Arms Tavern," the resignation of H. W. Bridges was accepted with much regret. Guy Du Maurier's resignation was also accepted.

It was decided to hold a Club Paperchase on foot on Boxing Day, and to give three prizes for the first three hounds.

The question of prizes came under discussion, but it was ultimately decided that they should be given.

The question of the place of our Annual Race Meeting in 1884 was then discussed, it being necessary to come to some immediate decision, owing to the various grounds being engaged so long beforehand. After a long discussion, it was resolved:—

> "That the Captain be instructed to engage the Stamford "Bridge Grounds for our 1884 Annual Race Meeting for some "convenient Saturday in June."

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

ANNUAL DINNER.

Members are reminded of the above, which takes place at the St. James's Hall Restaurant on Wednesday, 21st November, at 6.30 p.m. Special attention will be paid to the *menu* this year. Tickets, price 7s. each, can be obtained from me. E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

NOTICE.—ANNUAL REPORT.

Members are requested to send in to me as soon as possible list of prizes won this year, list of distances over 100 miles, and short notes of tours ridden this season, for insertion in the above. E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

SOUTH-EAST BALL.

By permission of the Captain, this annual dance will be held at the Public Hall, Croydon, on Wednesday, 12th December, commencing at 8.30. Tickets (Gentlemen's 10s. 6d., Ladies 5s.) may be obtained of me, or of any of the following members who have already kindly consented to act as Stewards on the occasion. It is particularly requested that all applications be made on or before Monday, 3rd December, after which date the right of raising the price of tickets is reserved.

STEWARDS.

A. Barker.	J. Kinder.
A. W. Barrett (N.E.)	C. Newman (N.W.)
G. F. Beck.	J. C. Oswald.
H. G. A. Brown.	R. J. Paull.
R. H. Curtis.	J. F. Potter.
A. Day.	J. W. Potter.
F. Gerich.	L. Potter.
R. M. Gruggen (S.W.)	S. P. Smith.
Alfred Herbert.	W. T. Thorn (W.)
Arthur Herbert.	W. Wyndham.
F. Kinder.	

N.B.—There will be a final meeting of the Stewards at the "King's Arms," Katharine Street, Croydon, at 7.30 on Wednesday, 5th December, to conclude with a social evening, to which members and their friends are cordially invited.

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

SMOKING CONCERT.

Members will have already received notice of the Smoking Concert which is to be held on Wednesday, 7th November, at the "London Tavern" (late "King's Head,") Fenchurch Street.

Special attention has been given by the Sub-Committee to the matter of ventilation, and it is hoped that the Queen's Room, with its ample accommodation, will satisfy the most particular. No effort has been spared to render the programme varied and attractive. E. T. Sachs has kindly consented to give an exhibition of his feats of *leger de main*.

Doors open at 6.30. Concert to begin at 7 o'clock punctually. Members are reminded that admission is by tickets only, price 1s. Two are enclosed to each member with this number of the GAZETTE. Additional tickets may be had on application to

A. W. BARRETT, 42, Finsbury Sq., E.C., and
F. M. WILLIAMS, West Drayton.

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OCTOBER RUNS IN THE SOUTH-EAST.

October 6th. Though unofficial by name as well as by nature, the run to Westerham was attended by no less than thirteen men. The absence of the ordinary routine was noticeable in the way that men dropped in quite casually in ones, twos and threes at the "King's Arms." First Barker and Oswald on the tandem rode triumphantly down the hill into the town, followed at a respectful distance by Day and the D.C. Tea was laid for four, when McRae, Hartridge, and W. C. Oswald appeared. Soon after F. B. Smith rode in from Sevenoaks, followed by Beck, with F. L. Adam on a new purchased tricycle, and accompanied by his terrier, Trap, a pattern to all members' dogs, and lastly the brothers Whatton. On account of our unexpected increase in numbers, the supply of provisions was not quite equal to the demand; still a fair meal was enjoyed. The homeward journey commenced at an early hour for South-East runs. Present: F. L. Adam, Barker, Beck, Day, Hartridge, McRae, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, F. B. Smith, A. B. W. Whatton, J. S. Whatton, F. H. Williams, and R. G. Francis.

October 13th. A splendid afternoon favoured the run to Brighton. Beck and the D.C. left the Fire Station at a quarter past four, and were accompanied as far as Crawley by S. Herbert, Whealler, and W. C. Oswald. Riding through without a dismount, they lighted their lamps at Hand Cross and reached the "Glo'ster," Brighton, at a quarter past eight, after a glorious moonlight run for the latter half of the way. Nobody else appearing they proceeded to discuss a substantial tea, and after sitting up until twelve, retired to bed somewhat depressed with the idea that two at Brighton was not much of an attendance. It was somewhere after that mystic hour when the Captain, with McRae and Whealler in attendance, gained admittance. It came to light afterwards that they had fallen in with Barker, J. C. Oswald, and J. F. Potter at Crawley, and after a protracted carousal at the "George," which did not break up until past ten, had followed in the tracks of the two who had gone before. Next day, a southerly wind lent its assistance on the homeward stretch, but the trio who tarried by the sea-waves—which were not sad for once in a way—until late in the day came in for more wet than they bargained for. Present: A. Barker, Ashley Barrett (Captain), G. F. Beck, S. Herbert, D. McRae, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, Whealler, and R. G. Francis.

October 20th. Though unable to take part in the run, the D.C. was at his post at the Fire Station, at the time appointed. The tandem was again to the fore, and its riders positively revelled in the mud which was the predominating feature of the roads. In spite of this, as well as patches of stones which had begun to make their appearance, six men followed out the whole run to Bletchingley, and had tea at the "White Hart." Present: Barker, Clements, S. Herbert, McRae, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, L. Potter, F. H. Williams, one visitor, and R. G. Francis.

October 27th. The last unofficial run fell on a glorious day—quite genial for so late in the season. Six men left Croydon soon after a quarter past four, and were met by Beck, Day, and the D.C. on West Wickham Hill. The ascent on to Hayes Common proved uncommonly glutinous, and altogether too much for Barker's backbone, which suddenly gave way just as the rider was showing the young idea how hill riding ought to be done. Having deposited the remains of his steed in a cart shed, the unfortunate one was not to be done out of his tea, and pursuing his way on foot, appeared at the "Maxwell Arms" just as the rest of the party had commenced operations. After tea came pipes and music, and though the piano was not slightly but muchly below pitch, Mr. Doyle, of the Rovers B. C., was equal to the occasion, and his songs and accompaniments were much appreciated both by the audience and by those who gave assistance in the singing line, among whom J. C. Oswald, J. F. Potter, Beck, and Day showed their usual talents. It was close on nine o'clock before a very pleasant evening was brought to an end by a general dispersal in the direction of home. Present: Barker, Beck, Day, Clements, S. Herbert, McRae, J. C. Oswald, W. C. Oswald, J. F. Potter, F. B. Smith, Whealler, F. H. Williams, one visitor, and R. G. Francis, District Captain.

UNOFFICIAL RUN IN THE N.W.

Now that the official runs for this year are over, some of the members of the above District actually expressed a wish to get up a scratch ride; so, on Saturday the 13th October, Elgood and Jackson were discovered outside the "Park Road Hotel," or, as it is more generally known, Tally Ho! Corner, at four o'clock.

It having been decided to go to Little Berkhempstead a start was made, and scarcely had we arrived at Barnet when Lyne and Stunt were overtaken, having prudently avoided the high road and chosen the better path along lanes. The quintette then rode steadily on until their destination was reached, a few minutes after the arrival of R. B. Hough and Lloyd. In consequence of the absence of the "good lady of the house," tea was not commenced for about an hour. Cyclists are proverbially hungry, but on this day the appetites seemed to be very easily appeased, though the Dean of Bangor would have held up his hand in horror at the manner in which the tea appeared and disappeared. During repast, various men kept alighting at the inn like autumn leaves. Kelsey and Long were the first, then the Continental tourist of the W. District, and lastly, but not least, our Hon. Sec., who soon after leaving home broke the crank of his bicycle, returned, borrowed

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a tri., ran over a child, then further on broke the spring, had it repaired at Barnet, and arrived triumphant. A pleasant evening having been spent lamps were lighted, and in spite of a diversion being attempted by our Sub-Editor a mount was accomplished, and for anything I know to the contrary all got home sober and serene. Present: Elgood, R. B. Hough, Jackson, Kelsey, Langmore, Lloyd, Long, Price, Stuart, and

A. H. Lown, District Captain.

THE BOXING DAY PAPERCHASE.

The above will be run throughout on foot, and it is hoped all members will assist in making it a success; also that they will not allow themselves to be prevented from attending by possible bad weather, since it will be carried out in spite of any difficulties of that nature. This being a case in which "the more the merrier" applies, I hope, in addition to coming out in force, they will also bring with them our friends and future members—their brothers—and also any other friend who may be interested in the sport. A Sub-Committee to arrange all details has been appointed, and a full notice will be published in next Gazette. At present I may say that it is under consideration to start the hares from Croydon at noon, and, after running a circular course for about four hours, to return to the starting point, where, at the "King's Arms," Katharine Street, hunters and hunted will dine amicably at 5 p.m., with presentation of prizes to the first three hounds, and a little music to follow before returning to town. This is a new departure, and I trust all L.B.C. men will do their best to aid in making it a success. On behalf of the Sub-Committee I will say that no pains shall be spared to provide good sport and a pleasant evening for our members and guests.

Ashley W. Barrett, Captain.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A D.C.

The trials of the office of District Captain have been so often alluded to in the columns of the Gazette, that now my active service is over, and I have leisure to chew the cud of reflection, I am tempted to give the Club the benefit of my experiences in the hope of removing some of the erroneous, or, rather, exaggerated ideas that exist on the subject. I am fully aware of the roseate tints that ever hang over the stern realities of the past, and that like a mountaineer who has climbed some precipitous ascent, I may be inclined to look lightly on the toil now the task is accomplished. Still after making allowance for this tendency, I hope to show that a District Captain is not that poor unenviable creature many suppose him to be, condemned to a work both wearisome and unprofitable.

The most prominent of the unpleasant features perhaps in the office are its disappointments. To take an instance which is only too common—the weather disappointment. It may be that the morning of some favourite meet dawns fine and bright, "the dear little dickey-birds carol away" under the D.C.'s bedroom window. He, too, feels blithe and gay, for has he not done his utmost to secure a good Meet? After breakfast the sky has clouded over; at luncheon time it drizzles; at three o'clock—that critical moment in Saturday runs—it rains a deluge! The spirits of our unfortunate friend fall, and reside at zero. He, probably, will spend the afternoon ploughing through the mud alone, or with one or two companions as moist and as miserable-looking as himself. He will, we can imagine, try and look cheerful as he sits down to tea, with a Niagara in miniature flowing down his back—a feeling as of a cold poultice about his nether limbs. But as he works his way homeward, the further he gets the more the feeling comes home to him that it was not really so very bad after all, while next morning he finds himself saddled with the conviction that he had had an enjoyable afternoon, and that the other men were simpletons for staying at home. Be this as it may, he had done his duty.

There is another disappointment, which, though not so conspicuous to a casual observer, yet has a *nescio quid amari*, and a marvellous subtlety in the sting it inflicts. In this case the weather leaves nothing to desire; the roads follow suit—and still they come not! Granted that a wet afternoon is excuse sufficient, how now? Of course pretexts will be forthcoming in shoals, probably of the fashion so ably described by "Goethe" in the last number of the Gazette. But surely there must be some men in a District, even if it be numerically small, who would hail the opportunity of a ride under these circumstances, however much they may dread liquefaction in wet weather.

In the majority of cases of total failure I do not hesitate to say that the fault is that of none other than the District Captain himself. Of course he does not see it in that light. If men were certain that be the weather fine, wet, or doubtful their chief would be at the starting place at the time appointed; that there was always one man at least who followed the run in its entirety, however uninviting the prospect, is it to be imagined that he would perform his penance alone? A District Captain has only to create this confidence, and he will soon cease to complain that "men will not turn up at the meets." Of course if he who is endued with authority fights shy of the rain, or falls a prey to the influences of those "other attractions," ought he to be surprised to find his flock dwindling from similar causes? Example is better than bushels of postcards, and a regular attendance is worth more than all the "whips" in the Gazette that were ever printed.

As to those other attractions, a D.C. is but mortal; but though in his weaker moments the whisper of the siren voices may fall with a soft sweet cadence on his ear, whatever in his heart of hearts may be his opinion on rival pleasures and pursuits to his District and Club, he will

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appear the stern disciplinarian who views such things with a fierce contempt. There will always be a certain amount of grievance caused by those incorrigibles, denizens of every District, who will not be entrapped into attending a single meet by any device or snare, however artfully laid; who persist in looking on their old Club-run days as "dreams of the past," which they are not apparently anxious to dream again, still this is a state of things which should not be altogether unexpected, and cannot be classed under the heading of disappointments. The two cases given above may be taken as fair samples, sufficient to show the seamy side of a D.C.'s existence.

In agreeable contrast, there are the numerous pleasant surprises which blossom spontaneously along his path. When a fine afternoon treads hard on the heels of a wet morning; when, in spite of contrary winds and weather, a fair sprinkling of the district show that they are not all of the butterfly order; or the appearance of some familiar face long missed from the tea table. These are few out of many instances, any one of which would be sufficient to gladden the heart of a District Captain. As the season goes on he will find himself surrounded by an inner circle of followers, a kind of *corps d'elite*, who will assist the runs, not by their presence only, but by their influence on others. Not the best pleasing will be the *quasi* patriarchal feeling with which he will come to regard the younger members of his District. There will probably be more or less of the wobbler about them when they first join, but soon they begin to feel their legs, and ere long are winning laurels for themselves and District. No need for reminding postcards in the case of these. The D.C. knows they will come to the meets because they like them. It may be said it is because they know no other amusement. If this be so, then their ignorance is his heart's delight, and their inexperience one of the mainstays of the Club.

However hard his work, and whatever the visible result, a man who has once been District Captain can never look on it as time and energy misspent. He will have acquired a stake in the Club, which will last long after mere cyclical mania. He may leave his home or even his country, but his interest in the old District—his District that was—will remain "a thing of gladness and a joy for ever."

DODO.

CAMBRIDGE NOTES.

This is by no means as dull a season here in bicycling circles as is the case elsewhere. We came up for the most part during the second week of October, and observed that the first fixture of importance was the Club Run to Haverhill, returning to the favourite "Swan" at Linton to tea. There were present eleven members, a full moon, and a howling wind, and we discovered that an unusually large number of men had been touring in the "Long."

The Club "Double," which attended, has been most popular, and has already (in six months) paid off two-thirds of its original cost. It has also, in the hands of energetic members, been instrumental in introducing to cycling certain learned professors, deans and other dignitaries.

It was decided after a close division in Committee to continue for this year, at all events, the Fifty Miles Road Race, and it was got off on Friday 26th, resulting as follows:—J. S. Whatton, Trinity (holder), 1; A. W. Rumney, Trin. Hall, 2; C. W. Fagan, Trin. Hall, 3. There was not much wind, but the roads could hardly have been worse, and these were the only starters. The representative councillor and the Irish tourist shared the lead for 35 miles, when Whatton drew away up a hill, and finally won by 4¾ min. Rumney rode strongly, but lacks judgment, and is somewhat careless of stones and other obstacles by which he was several times nearly prostrated. The winner was thrown in the first half-mile by a dog which emerged from under a cart, but by a flying dismount over the handles he managed to land on his feet, a bent bar and two broken hind-wheel spokes being the only injuries. He rode a 58-inch "Rucker;" Rumney also rode a "Rucker," and Fagan a "Surrey Machinist."

The path races are fixed for November 5th, and among them is the first tricycle race ever promoted by the University Club. It is to be worked as is a time race in rowing by means of "stations," and the Club is canvassing among the C.U.R.V. to supplement its one pistol, which itself is not as deadly a weapon as could be desired. Four will be wanted. The Freshmen's event should be a very warm thing; the chief aspirants are a Magdalen man on a 62-inch "Humber," a member from Trinity Hall with a 60-inch "Rudge" racer, and a brother of that L. C. Carr, whose finish with F. E. S. Perry at the last L.B.C. meeting will be remembered. The Two Miles Scratch will go to the elder Carr or to A. B. W. Whatton, the former for choice. Neither E. H. Brown nor J. S. Whatton are in training.

We are already appreciating our good fortune in having secured the services of Mr. J. W. L. Glaisher as our new President, and are confidently looking forward to a most successful season.

POSGARON.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—If reference is made to the Report of the Committee holding office in 1878, it will be found that the attendance of the S.E. at the Hampton Court Meet in that year was 34. When writing the Echo to which "Porcupine" calls attention in the last issue, I thought that the Committee's Official Report was more likely to be correct than that published in the GAZETTE, and that preference should be given to the former as the higher authority.—Yours etc.,

RAMBLER.

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To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

SIR,—If we refer to the Report of the Committee for the year 1878, we find that in that year the Club severed its connection with the Bicycling Press and established the GAZETTE. We also find that at the close of the year the numerical strength of the Club was 240 active members. Now since the date that census was taken the Club has scarcely altered its numbers, and we are now as strong as then; but in all the previous reports of the Committee we find, if we look at them in the order they appeared, that the Club had been gaining numbers largely. Suddenly the growth of the Club appears to have ceased, and, curiously enough, the cessation is coeval with the birth of our cherished GAZETTE and our severance with the press. Now it is surely a vital question, and one that should be calmly considered, whether we do right in having no relations with the Press, and whether the fact that the Club's name has not been kept before the public is the reason that we do not increase. That the L.B.C. is well known amongst clubs and clubmen no one will deny; but is it well known amongst the rising generation of bicyclists?—the men that, as yet, belong to no club, but are on the look out for a good one to join. Surely our self-imposed isolation is the reason why so many other clubs, whose names are constantly before the outside public in the Press, increase and multiply in the way they appear to do. When a man first takes to bicycling it is natural that he should take in the journals dedicated to our sport, and from them gather something of the various clubs. If I may instance myself, I may say that when I first learned to ride I had a great wish to join a club, and the first time I ever saw the words London Bicycle Club was in a periodical which gave a list of the various clubs and their officers then extant. Something in the prospectus of the L.B.C. attracted me, and I did my best to make the acquaintance of a member and get put up for election. Surely my case is not an isolated one, and are we not doing ourselves great injury by our policy of abstention? I do not wish to suggest that we should go to the other extreme and constantly land ourselves in print like Pears' Soap, but we might invite representatives of the principal paper or papers to our Dinner and our Smoking Concerts. The Dramatic Society has always invited members of the Press to its performances, and has never been forbidden to do so by the Committee, although the reports of the various papers have been reprinted in these columns, and the Committee cannot therefore plead ignorance of the doings of its planet. Why should the planet be allowed to do what the fixed (emphatically fixed) star is forbidden? Is it too late to redeem the error of our ways, and to put aside the false pride which is preying on our vitals?—Yours, etc.,

IMPRIMATUR.

A RIDE ACROSS FRANCE INTO SWITZERLAND.

(1.) HOW TO AVOID PARIS.

Notwithstanding the disparaging remarks with reference to Foreign Tours which have occasionally appeared in the pages of this GAZETTE, I don't feel called upon to say much by way of apology for sending you a short account of our Franco-Swiss Tour of 1883. It is, of course, most desirable that men should know something of the beauties of their own country before going to view the sights of foreign lands. But this is not a charge which can be justly brought against cyclists generally; our own Club contains many members who have visited almost every corner of the British Islands. One of your contributors sneers at the man who can be interested in studying "the dirty habits of foreiguers." Well, if some of their habits may be objectionable, we might take a lesson from them in others, and the man who can repeat in these days the Johnsonian dictum "As to *manners*, sir, they have none, and their *customs* are beastly," only shows himself to be very ignorant or very prejudiced, or both.

Starting from Victoria at 8.40 a.m. on September 13th to catch a boat advertised to leave Newhaven at 10.30, we felt pretty confident of reaching Rouen before evening. But the funereal pace at which we left Newhaven at once showed us we had reckoned without the tides, and we learnt on enquiry that, as the tide was then falling, we could not possibly get into Dieppe harbour before 5.30 p.m. And so it proved; we arrived off Dieppe about half-past four, but had to lay to for an hour before we got the signal to enter the harbour. By the time we had got our machines, etc., through the custom house it was past six, and it being obviously impossible to ride 36 miles in an hour of daylight, there was nothing for it but to make ourselves comfortable where we were. So after booking our portmanteau, containing greatcoats and walking boots, to Geneva by "*grande vitesse*," we put up at the "Chariot d' Or" (B.T.C. house) in the Rue de la Barre, and found it satisfactory.

Leaving Dieppe next morning at 8.30, after a light breakfast, we hoped to reach Rouen about twelve, but again we were disappointed, for on dismounting at the top of the steep hill leading into Maromme (6 miles from Rouen) Williams discovered that he had lost the screw which fixed his handle bar. After walking back along the road for nearly a mile the screw was found, but all attempts to fix it proved fruitless. The machine had just returned from a "thorough overhaul" at the hands of the makers, and this ill-fitting screw was only the first of a series of breaks-down which bothered the owner and his companions throughout the tour.

On reaching Rouen we first sought out a *serrurier*, intending to leave the machine to be repaired whilst we had lunch; then Williams thought he would like to see the job finished, and it proved rather a longer one than might have been expected, so that it was past two before we got our food, and the doctor, who could have eaten the *serrurier*

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half an hour before, had got beyond the hungry stage and could eat nothing. After lunch we had a look at the Cathedral and St. Ouen—two out of the three had done Rouen pretty thoroughly the year before—and then made a start onward. We got on capitally for twenty miles, when the doctor began to discover that a brandy and soda and piece of dry bread was not much to bicycle on, and after struggling on for another couple of miles up and down hill, he came to a dead stop. We were still two miles from Gaillon and it was beginning to get dark, but on explaining the case to some country people who happened to pass, one of them very kindly got some bread from a neighbouring cottage, and the invalid quickly recovering himself we were not long in reaching Gaillon, where we put up at the "Hotel d'Evreux" and were soon enjoying a good supper. Distance from Dieppe, 62 miles.

A few miles from Gaillon, on the road to Les Andelys, is the ruined Chateau Gaillard, worth visiting for the sake of the splendid view of the valley of the Seine to be had from its walls; but unfortunately we had not time to make the excursion. Leaving Gaillon soon after eight, we made good progress till we were within three or four miles of Mantes. Here Williams' front wheel suddenly locked, and after condescending to be wheeled backwards for a short distance obstinately refused to move at all. As we were discussing the possibility of taking the wheel out there and then, an old woman came by in a country cart, and on being appealed to she readily consented to give the disabled machine and its owner a lift into Mantes, Silk and the Doctor riding on ahead to see about lunch. Just as this was ready Williams appeared, having had a terrible jolting on his springless conveyance; after lunch we borrowed some tools and took the machine to pieces, but could not discover the cause of its eccentric behaviour.

This road to Paris has already been described in our GAZETTE, so I need say nothing about the 22 miles between Mantes and St. Germain. At the latter place we turned off to the right for Versailles (8 miles) where we arrived just at dusk, and put up at the "Hotel du Coin d'Or," in the Avenue de Sceaux (B.T.C.), which I can only describe as fair. I can't, however, suggest a better, for I should fancy that the large hotels, of which there are several in Versailles, would be found very expensive. Distance from Gaillon, 53 miles.

I hope that what follows will not be misunderstood, or I shall incur the wrath of a good many of my friends. I don't wish to assert that Paris is not a very nice place, or that it is a place to be avoided as a general rule; but it is not a paradise for the bicyclist. The outskirts and many of the main streets are paved, and on the one stretch of good road where it would be pleasant—viz., from the Barrière de l'Etoile by the Champs Elysées to the Place du Carrousel—riding is not allowed. Getting across Paris with a bicycle is therefore a very tedious business, and involves walking a good many miles. Last year the majority of our party trained from St. Germain into Paris and out again to Mélun, in which case there is only three and a half miles to walk—from the Northern terminus to that of the P.L.M. Company. Or you may ride on through St. Germain to St. Cloud, whence steamboats run every half hour through Paris to Bercy, which is close to Charenton, where you join the main road to Geneva, etc.; but as this road is paved for ten miles out of Paris, there is still some walking to be done.

Probably the best plan for the rider who only wants to get across Paris is to follow the route taken by the doctor last year and by the whole party this year, viz., from St. Germain to Versailles, and thence by a good road to Choisy-le-Roi, where you cross the Seine and join the Geneva road about six miles from Paris. To get to Versailles from St. Germain you turn to the right by the artillery barracks, down hill; then there is a steep hill, paved, to climb through Marly, keeping to the left, still uphill, on reaching a reservoir. From the top of the hill it is an easy ride to Versailles, with one dismount for a short piece of *pavé*. Working your way round to the front of the palace at Versailles, the second turning on the right down the broad central avenue is the Rue des Chantiers, paved. But on getting clear of the *pavé* there is nothing to dismount for, except perhaps a level railway crossing near Sceaux, until you reach *pavé* again at Choisy-le-Roi. It is 8 miles from St. Germain to Versailles, 13 from this place to Choisy, and another mile to the junction of the road from Paris.

(To be continued).

ALL ROUND THE WHEEL.

EXTRAORDINARY BICYCLING PERFORMANCE.—Mr. W. F. Sutton, of the London Scottish Bicycle Club, left Wood Green, London, at 12.2 a.m. on Saturday, and rode to Worksop, in Nottinghamshire (139¼ miles), returning to Kneesal (151¾) and then going by Tuxford (157¾) to Retford (165), where he turned and rode through Newark, Grantham, and Stamford to Tempsford, in Bedfordshire, completing at 11.58 p.m. a distance of 258¾ miles. The ride has been properly vouched for and the mileage checked by two different road books. The roads were heavy, a considerable fog prevailed during the night, and the wind was unfavourable on the return journey from Retford. Mr. Sutton held the record last year for the 24 hours (222 miles), but this distance having been since beaten by three gentlemen he determined to try again, and after two failures, owing to the state of the weather, he has again succeeded in beating all previous records. The double tricycle record (180 miles) is held by Mr. Sutton in conjunction with Mr. James Lennox, of Dumfries.

* * * * * *

One of the most important features of the recent Council Meeting of the Union, was the adoption by the Council of

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the scheme for regulating professional racing. The present chaotic state of professionalism was proved by the fact that, while a professional body, claiming to be representative, had approved the scheme previous to its submission to the Council, immediately on its passing, a meeting at Leicester, including many of the leading professionals, strongly condemned it. This latter meeting was, however, worked by the ground proprietors, who seem to think the large sums they derive from professional racing are threatened.

* * * * * *

The most important business of the evening, however, was the unanimous adoption of a rule authorising the executive to suspend any rider competing at sports not held under the rules of the N.C.U., or under rules sanctioned by them. This assimilates cycling law to that of the A.A.A., and will prove a very valuable aid to suppressing the evil connected with gate money and hole-and-corner meetings. Our Committee must either hold our Race Meeting under N.C.U. rules, or get our present rules, which are almost identical with the N.C.U. code, sanctioned by the Union. For the sake of example the former course seems preferable; and our racing men must be careful what race meetings they ride at, especially in the country.

THE FRONT WHEEL HUB.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

The connection between the L.B.C. and the Otter S.C. increases each year, and when the Otters recently disported themselves at their annual entertainment, quite a large contingent of L.B.C. men were present.

* * * * * *

A prominent one, Rucker, officiated ably as judge, and accomplished a best on record for the day—for he was *only* twenty minutes late.

* * * * * *

On the 9th Oct., at St. Mary's, Chelmsford, by the Rev. H. F. Johnson, ARTHUR JOHN BACON, Amsterdam, late of Antwerp, eldest son of the late Josiah Lafayette Bacon, London and Hamburgh, to EMILY J. HOCKLEY, youngest daughter of Charles Hockley, Chelmsford, Essex.

* * * * * *

As a silent member I venture to hope that nobody, except the Captain, will make a long speech at the Dinner. The Captain is bound to, for he responds to the Toast of the evening, and has all the glories of the L.B.C. to recount.

* * * * * *

Should any of our members be desirous of playing football during the winter season and be uncertain as to what club they should join, I can strongly recommend the Wasps, who play two teams every Saturday, and I need scarcely add that the club is well managed when I state that Oliver Thorn is Secretary. The ground, a first rate one, is at Putney.

Rucker's new Tandem Bicycle has lately given proof of vast capabilities under its able exponents, Barker and J. C. Oswald.

* * * * * *

It is said that the racing talent of the S.E. cannot hold a candle to it on the level, that up-hill it leaves the sturdiest hill climber labouring hopelessly in the rear; while the descent of hills like Westerham are mere child's play.

* * * * * *

One hears, occasionally, quaint receipts for training diet. A high dignitary in the Club, I won't mention names, informed me that he never knew what real moving was like until the other day after a supper of pork sausages and rum shrub.

* * * * * *

There is supposed to be a vast deal of energy still *en reserve* in the S.E. District, and as this is to be thrown into the South-east Ball, another record is likely to be disturbed.

* * * * * *

The poor Captain complains that he is spending most of his time in convincing members that they will have to pay for the two Smoking Concert tickets sent out with this number. The origin of their mistake is not very evident; but the misguided ones entrench themselves behind the wording of the last circular from the Sub-Committee, from which they may draw any inference they please, but they will have to pay—and that's all about it!

* * * * * *

Now is the time for the member's brother to disport himself, and at the Boxing day Paperchase he may safely turn up in force, since "Wyvern," his implacable foe, is wintering in the south of France, beyond reach of GAZETTE. Those who know our *Club Junius* tell me he has aged considerably, has grown a long white beard, and is trying to restore his shattered nervous system, by avoidance of all sources of irritation and excitement.

* * * * * *

The B.D. Paperchase has brought on a fever attack of training as severe almost as that preceding the Road Trial. Our Committee, anxious to get to windward of their fellow members, are said, as soon as the measure was passed, to have put out their pipes, torn up their return tickets, and started full pelt on foot for their suburban homes. This is all very trying to one who hoped to be allowed to lie fallow all the winter, as did your omniscient PORCUPINE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

A. Henry, Meadowside, 21, Avenue Villas, Cricklewood.

EXCHANGE LIST.

For Sale.—56-inch (closely built) "William Keen," in good condition, what offers. J. F. Potter, Beddington.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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London Bicycle Club Gazette.

AN OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE RUNS, RACES, AND OTHER DOINGS OF THE L.B.C.

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The next Gazette will be published on Thursday, January 3rd, 1884. Contributions intended for it must be received before 6 p.m. on Tuesday, January 1st.

WINTER RIDING.

From the luxuriant crop of festivities which spring up, mushroom like, at this season of the year, it might not unreasonably be imagined that such a thing as bicycle riding was quite out of the question. The six months of plenty in the way of Club runs have given way to six months of dearth, when wheel ways are almost entirely deserted. All but supposed enthusiasts are content to retire with their machines, so to speak, into winter quarters. The machines themselves are allowed to rust in the peaceful seclusion of some outhouse, or are wrapped up in cotton wool and oil until the next spring, according to the disposition of their owners. The racing man goes out of training and lives on the memories of past victories, or betakes him to his home-training in the hope of future successes looming in the dim distance. Some of our men take their exercise in violent doses of football, or else more prudently (? Ed.) seek initiation into the mysteries of Lacrosse. Few there are who, in the face of less congenial conditions continue the sport which has occupied their shrine of devotion during the summer. There are, it must be owned, some whose energy is of so spasmodic a character, that to them a month or two of rest is almost an absolute necessity. Apollo's bow was not always strung, and next year they will come out again as giants refreshed; but to the majority bicycling is something more than a spasm, and for them winter riding ought not to be an impossibility, though their scope for action will be necessarily limited.

Let it not be imagined that we would advocate the continuance of Saturday runs throughout the year. It is not the frugal fare of the Club tea, followed by the glorious uncertainty of a ride home in the dark through mud, stones, and ruts that will tempt men out in the winter months. It is rather in the day-lit certainty of the early afternoon or of an occasional holiday that the opportunity for riding may be sought and often not sought unprofitably.

It is quite true that there is hardly any pastime on which the weather has a more direct influence than that of bicycling. None can welcome the change from dry and even surface, where the wheels seemed to slip along by themselves, to the era of sloughs and stones where at times it requires the greatest exertion to move at all; still, these are obstacles which may be often overcome or circumvented. Even in the worst specimen of an English winter, occasions will arise when the roads are something better than passable. It is then that the venerable "Stassen," or Irish roadster so long deserted, may be again called into requisition; and we think the game will be found to be worth the candle.

We are hearing plenty just now about Balls, Concerts, *et hoc genus omne*, and we hope some of our readers may be induced to follow our advice during this dead season and not give up riding altogether. We need hardly say that we shall be glad to receive the result of their experiences for the GAZETTE.

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COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee held on Monday, 12th November, at the "City Arms," the following gentleman was elected a member of the Club :—

Name and Address.	Proposer.	Seconder.
Hermann Rudolf Schmettau, Hanover Cottage, Croxted Road, West Dulwich	G. F. Beck.	C. J. Turner.

H. W. Bridges, whose resignation was accepted at the last meeting, was allowed to withdraw the same, and is again on the Club books.

The resignation of G. W. Pearse was accepted.

The Editor was authorized to insert four extra pages in the present GAZETTE, if he found it necessary.

E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

NOTICE.—ANNUAL REPORT.

Members are requested to send in to me as soon as possible list of prizes won this year, list of distances over 100 miles, and short notes of tours ridden this season, for insertion in the above. E. S. PRICE, Hon. Sec.

NOTICE.—SMOKING CONCERT.

Members who *used* the tickets sent them with the last issue are requested to settle at once with A. Lloyd, The Winns, Walthamstow. Unused ones may be destroyed.

SOUTH-EAST BALL.

As already announced, this Annual Dance will take place on Wednesday, 12th December, at the Public Hall, Croydon, commencing at 8.30 p.m. Tickets (Gentlemen's, 10s. 6d., Ladies, 5s.) may be obtained of me, or of any of the Stewards, a complete list of whom is given below. In order to make the necessary preparations it is requested that all applications may be made, if possible, by Wednesday, 5th December.

STEWARDS.

A. Barker.	F. Kinder.
A. W. Barrett (N.E.)	J. Kinder.
G. F. Beck.	C. Newman (N.W.)
T. D. Belfield.	J. C. Oswald.
H. G. A. Brown.	R. J. Paull.
R. H. Curtis.	J. F. Potter.
A. Day.	J. W. Potter.
F. Gerich.	L. Potter.
R. M. Gruggen (S.W.)	S. P. Smith.
Alfred Herbert.	W. T. Thorn (W.)
Arthur Herbert.	W. Wyndham.

Members of other Districts who may wish to put up in Croydon for the night are recommended to try the "Greyhound Hotel," which is close to the Hall, and where it is probable there will be quite a gathering of L.B.C. men. I shall be happy to make arrangements if members will kindly communicate with me.

There are trains from London Bridge to West Croydon at 4.35, 5.10, 5.43, 6.10, 6.45, 7.25 and 7.45; from Victoria to West Croydon at 4.48, 5.35, 6.15 and 7.20, as well as others from the same stations to New Croydon.

N.B.—There will be a final meeting of the Stewards at 7.30 on Wednesday, 5th December, at the "King's Arms," Katharine Street. It is hoped that all the Stewards who can, as well as all members interested will attend. The proceedings will conclude with a sociable evening, and anyone willing to assist in the musical line is requested to bring his songs.

R. G. FRANCIS, District Captain.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

A performance will be given by the above Society on January the 22nd, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, commencing at 7.30 p.m., when the Comedy, "Weak Woman," by H. J. Byron, will be acted, preceded by the Farce, "To Paris and Back for £5."

Stage Boxes, £2 2s.; First Tier Boxes, £1 1s.; Stalls, 5s. (five for £1 1s.); Balcony, 2s. 6d. *Free list entirely suspended.*

Members are reminded that on subscribing 5s. to the Society, a stall may be obtained free on application.

The Society respectfully request that evening dress be worn.

H. S. NAYLOR, Hon. Sec.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

This, the chief festivity of the winter season, was held at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, the 21st of November, when nearly eighty members and visitors seated themselves (as per diagram below) at the festive board. The proceedings were remarkable for great enthusiasm and a fine display of Club "solidarity." The music was also of a high character, Nayler's flute solo, and Dutton's and Schmettau's songs being much appreciated. After dinner the President gave the toast of "The Queen," which called forth a very loyal and noisy rendering of the National Anthem.

The Rev. W. d'A. CROFTON said :—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen. In rising to propose the next toast upon the list, that of "Success to the London Bicycle Club," I know that I am bringing forward a subject which will be most heartily received, not only by yourselves, but also—and more especially—by my fellow guests. When I think of all that I *ought* to say on this subject, I feel like a man suddenly called upon to make the vain attempt to ladle out Niagara with a sieve. (A laugh). The L.B.C. is the mighty Niagara, and I the unworthy wielder of the sieve. No sooner do I dip my mind—so to speak—into the greatness of the L.B.C., and rise to bring before you some few speci-

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mens of the same, than I find I offer you only a few drops from a perfect river of merit—a result caused, not by lack of greatness on the part of the L.B.C., but by the inability of myself to do full justice to the subject that I have in hand. If, therefore, in speaking of the various points of excellence of the L.B.C., I omit the names of many who contribute to its greatness, pray blame the sieve-like nature of my memory which has allowed their names to fall through and be lost. In the L.B.C. there are men who at the council table of the National Cyclists' Union—men such as Scrutton, Stephen Smith, Reynolds, and the younger Whatton (cheers)—carry others irresistibly along with them by the powerful and straightforward nature of their course. There are others who, arrayed in the familiar black war paint of their tribe upon the war path—men such as Wadham Wyndham, Oliver Thorn, Beck, Butler, Reynolds—whether at Stamford Bridge *or* at the Crystal Palace (laughter), out distance others in the race. (Cheers). There are others who, turning aside from the rushing excitement of the racing path, prefer the quiet eddies of the road—men such as Alison, Charles Newman, and Weeks. (Cheers). And besides all these, there is the general body of the members—such men as Francis, Brown, Price, Hough, and Lloyd—who form that continuous stream of merit of which there seems to be an inexhaustible supply. And finally, Gentlemen, there is your Captain, Mr. Ashley Barrett, whom, in continuance of my metaphor, I can best compare to that lighthouse upon Goat Island in the centre of the Horseshoe Fall—beaming down with approval upon those who, by the continuous work of many years, have made so proud a position for the Captain of their Club to occupy (cheers), a position however, which, as he no doubt could tell you, though seemingly so firm and peaceful, is surrounded and undermined by a continuous flow of cares. I have much pleasure, gentlemen, in proposing—"Success to the London Bicycle Club," coupled with the name of your Captain, Mr. Ashley Barrett. (Prolonged cheers).

Ashley W. Barrett was received with prolonged cheering as he rose to respond. Briefly apologizing for a cold, which he said had not yielded to the combined forces of tallow candles, spirits of camphor, and mustard ball, he continued as follows:—I confess I have watched with a good deal of anxiety the way in which you would receive the toast which Mr. Crofton has so pleasantly proposed, and your kind reception of it takes a considerable weight off my mind, for it convinces me that you have forgotten and forgiven a certain little misadventure in connection with the luggage of the unfortunate Bath candidates on Whit-Monday last. (Laughter). I thank you then, Gentlemen, very heartily for your kindness this evening, and still more do I thank you for that loyal support you have rendered to your Captain during his year of office. His work, though very honourable, is also one of some anxiety, and though outwardly he may smile and do his best to smooth his troubled brow, his position is, if I may be allowed the simile, not unlike that of the man who pitches his tent on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, and knows not at what hour of the night the flood of lava may roll down and overwhelm him. However, the lava has not come; and that the Club thrives as it does I attribute very much to the support of those whom I am proud to term my friends—to Godlee, Scrutton, Stephen Smith, and Fred Williams—and whom I am now glad to thank for help rendered at all times and on all subjects, in a manner as unostentatious as it was pleasant. (Cheers). Though last, not least, I must also thank my brother officer, E. S. Price for that cheery, good natured smile, and the business aptitude he has brought to bear upon the work. (Cheers). I fear at times it has been pretty heavy, and that I have shifted it, perhaps all too often, from my own shoulders on to his. Gentlemen, the time-honoured custom for your Captain to give at the Club Dinner a sketch of the events of the past year must be followed, and I confess I undertake it with misgivings. Where so much has to be said one cannot but feel that there is a chance of leaving out what is important and dwelling too much upon comparatively insignificant details; therefore I must beg your indulgence towards what I may call my unofficial report. Well, I am pleased to say it is a good one (cheers), and I don't think even the veteran croakers (a laugh) who periodically spring up and tell us the Club is going to the dogs, will dispute that when they have heard what I have to say. I say it is a good one, for though we have not this year beaten many records, still records are not everything, and though we can enjoy life a good deal in a quiet way without them, I am pleased to say that I can, and I shortly will, quote two instances in which we have got to the top of the tree. Firstly, you will be glad to hear that the additions to our Club outnumber our resignations by seven, 25 men have joined this year and 18 have resigned; and here I must refer to the loss we have sustained in losing two of our oldest members—Charles Taylor and Ernest Carr. This is the first time a Captain in replying for his Club at our Annual Dinner has had to refer to such a painful topic, and I am very sorry it has come to me this evening. Charles Taylor I knew not. Those of his friends in the S.W., and he had many who did know him, speak of him as a genial companion and a warm-hearted man. Poor Ernest Carr I did know, and in losing him I feel that I have myself lost a friend. To refer to what is more pleasing, let me congratulate Arthur Herbert upon his return from Mentone improved in health, and able, as in May last, to take up his old stand upon the top of Marlboro' Hill, and there look after the well-being of his fellow clubmen in their long Whit-Monday ride (cheers); also let me say how much pleasure it gives me, and all who know him, to see once more among us one of our oldest

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members, who has been at all times among the first to support every L.B.C. movement, and whose bad accident when riding down from the triple Meet at Dunstable in May last we all regretted deeply—I need hardly say that I refer to Walter Meyer. In the matter of road riding, and this after all is our *raison d'être* and the backbone of our existence, we have done our duty; and our Meets have been fairly well attended, although our District Captains have not baited their traps this year with such charming attractions as romantic picnics and sentimental water parties. (Laughter.) The S.E. as usual, the brightest jewel in the Captain's crown (hear, hear, and laughter), again takes first place, and here is my first record! Its average this year, gentlemen, amounts to 15.7 per run—the best average by a good deal that any district has ever hitherto reached. This splendid result comes mainly from the energy and popularity of its District Captain, R. G. Francis (hear, hear)—a man who never spares himself when he has work to do; also let me remind you, it is in part a natural sequence to the good work done in his District by his predecessors, Fred. Williams, Barker, and Brown. In the West our new and popular member, Harold Pigott, has fought a good fight with such heavy odds as leagues of macadam and preponderance of racing talent against him. Those who remember how hard some of us fought to establish the W. District—the latest offspring of L.B.C. genius—will mark its progress with much interest under the management of our able new broom. I cannot but tell him that I think the present is a somewhat critical time in the history of his division; however, if any man can make a success of the West H. C. Pigott is the man to do it (hear, hear), and none will be more pleased than shall I when that is obtained. So much for District Meets. Of General Meets we have had three: one at Halliford, when 54 men sat down to tea, as against 11 who attended the meet held there in the previous year, though I am bound to confess that on the last occasion wind and weather were enough to keep anybody but a Spartan in bed. Our second General Meet was with Oxford and Cambridge at Dunstable, when 67 L.B.C. men attended, as against 63 members of our Club when the triple meet was held in that town in 1881. 35 Oxford and Cambridge men rode down to meet us in May last and, considering that this town of straw is about as three-cornered a place to get at as Timbuctoo, these large numbers testify to the friendly feeling that is growing each year between the London, the Oxford, and the Cambridge men. In the N.E. we find our old D.C., Theo. Godlee, has done good work, and with what—for the "little District"—was last year thought to be a hot average of 8.3 to beat, he has this year scored 8.8, and his July Paperchase will be long remembered in North-Eastern annals for the capital afternoon's sport that it afforded. In the S.W., R. M. Gruggen—the best of good fellows, and most genial of District Captains (hear, hear)—has worked hard to increase the popularity of his runs; but he has, I fear, suffered from a lack of material on which to work, and I know you will all congratulate him upon the recovery from his recent severe illness. In the N.W. we have rather suffered this year, and that from causes which, I hope, with the coming of the next riding season will have passed away. First, three or four of our steady-going riders over there have migrated to other districts, then one N.W. D.C. (Palmer Dalton) had to resign, half-way through the season, from ill health; and A. H. Lown, whom the District elected to fill his place, had, I fear, a hard fight to keep his men together. Let him, however, remember that the Club knows how hard it is for a D.C. to collect, half-way through the season, a District once scattered, and knows, too, that he worked his best. Let him remember that his efforts were not wasted, that he has in the N.W., ready to his hand, a nucleus for a large and thriving District, and that it is no new thing for other Districts to be visited by just such a passing cloud as is now resting upon the Northern Heights. Our third General Meet was at Harrow, and the 29 men who were there, will not soon forget the golden sunset that lightened up the valley, and the pleasant half-hour's chat in the prettiest of gardens on that warm August evening. Our time-honoured Easter Run from Bath came off as usual, and I had the pleasure of meeting eight L.B.C. men down there at our old headquarters; also I started with them, but what befel them after Devizes, I know not. Truly when a Captain is expected to scorch up from Bath with the Whit-Monday flyers, his lot is *not* a happy one. This brings me to the Road Trial, and here I am pleased to say, though the Treasurer may frown, that ten medals were claimed—the Enamelled for a second time falling to the redoubtable H. R. Reynolds with the fast time of 7 hrs. 28 min. for the 100 miles. (Cheers.) The great interest still felt throughout the Club in this event is shown by there having been 23 starters from Bath, of whom 16 rode through under ten hours. Well, gentlemen, in reference to this event, we hear of rumours of war, but threatened folks live long, and we may be sure that so long as we continue to carry it through in the future, as we always have done in the past, without in any way endangering the safety of the public, we shall run no risk of interference at the hands of the authorities. (Cheers.) Concerning the adventures of our members, at home and abroad—of Dalton's romantic ride on the Goodwin Sands (a laugh), or of Barker's sentimental journey in the North of France, I have no time to speak; but hasten on to racing matters. Here comes in my second record! This year the tide has turned—fortune has favoured us, and I hope her smiles are but an earnest of future glory. Thanks to the grand riding of Reynolds, Wyndham, Jephson, F. L. Adam, Beck, and Oliver Thorn (cheers), we have this year beaten both Oxford and Cambridge in both matches in all three events. I am bound, however, to say our work was rendered much less difficult by events that

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we all alike regret—the illness of the two 'Varsity Captains, J. S. Whatton and W. F. M. Buckley. Here let me acknowledge, on behalf of my Club, the genial hospitality of the Cambridge men on the evening of the race; and to G. N. Latham of Ours, and of the C.U.Bi.C., let me express my own thanks for that kindness which he showed to me, and in doing which I am sure he designed to pay a compliment on behalf of his men—to the London Bicycle Club. Well, Gentlemen, we have no champions this year in our ranks, but we have lots of rising talent; and when we see the Club Miles at our summer and autumn meetings won by the young brothers of such old L.B.C. men as Oswald and Herbert, we find good reason for hoping and believing that the racing prestige of our Club will not fail in the future. (Hear, hear.) Now, Gentlemen, I hope I have said almost enough to convince you, if that were needed, that we have not wasted our time this year. I should like to tell you of our Dramatic Performance last winter, when what is called "a large and fashionable audience" at St. George's Hall were delighted by the histrionic talent of our members, and the clever acting of charming Miss Ivan Bristowe (hear, hear) —but time flies. Then, again, there are two Smoking Concerts to do justice to. But the music of the last, with our friend Mr. Little as Corney Grain in "He did, and he didn't know why" is still present with you. (Laughter). Then there is the great question of encouraging the Tricyclists, to which, thank goodness, you gave an effectual quietus last summer (cheers), showing plainly (as I think very rightly) that you intend to remain a Club of bicyclists —neither more nor less. Then there is the Member's Brother and his friend "Wyvern" (now in France)—there are Gruggen's remains at Oatlands Park—there is Brown's farewell to Francis and his reply, like that of the dying swan, sweetest before death. (A laugh). These and others crowd before me, but I leave them, and if I have wearied you, as I fear I must have done (No, no), please don't blame me, but search out "Porcupine," and visit your rage upon him for saying "the Captain is bound to make a long speech, for he has the toast of the evening, and all the glories of the L.B.C. to recount." (Loud cheers.)

THEO. GODLEE was well received on his proposing the toast, "Other Clubs." His having the same toast entrusted to him as he had two years ago reminded him, he said, of the gentleman who, hearing a mendicant's dolorous story for the second time, remarked that he had heard it before and he did not like it then. (A laugh). He feared that a like remark might now be made to him. But when he remembered that the name of Mr. Hampton Roberts was joined with the toast, he was sure it would meet with a hearty reception. (Cheers). While the toast-list was yearly decreasing in length, this particular toast was increasing in importance; for it was ever assimilating the toasts which succeeding captains thought it their duty to suppress. The Bicycle Union, the Visitors, and others had successively been omitted from the list; and he apprehended that these were now to be included in the toast of "Other Clubs." Though he would be perfectly justified in devoting half an hour to the recital of the excellencies of "Other Clubs" (Oh! and laughter), he should yet confine himself to the Clubs that were represented. First, of course, came the Oxford and Cambridge Clubs (cheers), between whom and themselves the tie was so strong that "our University Division" might not improperly express their relation. He hoped this tie would long subsist, and even grow in strength. Among other Clubs who had representatives present were the Belsize, the West Kent, the Wanderers, the Pickwick, and the Civil Service; and then there was a gentleman present whose Club it would be hard to specify—namely, Mr. Lacy Hillier. (Cheers). It used to be said that Mr. Hillier belonged to all the metropolitan Clubs and most of the country ones. (Laughter.) In conclusion, he asked to include in the toast such visitors as were not strictly Club-visitors, and who might otherwise be left out of the toast-drinking.

R. P. HAMPTON ROBERTS responded for "Other Clubs." As a member of his own club he was not, he said, supposed to know anything of other clubs; but in his temporary position he was supposed to know a good deal about them. Each club, it seemed to him, had its speciality; thus the charm of river picnics was associated with the Wanderers, the flavour of learning with the University clubs. And so with all. For him such advantages were supposed to have no charm—but they had. He admired whatever was good in his neighbours. At the same time he felt that there was no representative of another club present but had a secret thought, while admitting the many excellencies of the L.B.C., that it would be better if modelled more on the basis of his own particular club. Speaking in his temporary capacity as the concentrated essence of all whom he represented, and who for the moment must be supposed to be non-existent and to have sunk their souls in his (a laugh), he thanked them. They of other clubs had listened with interest to the doughty deeds of the L.B.C.; and with one voice they exclaimed, "long may it flourish!" (Cheers).

C. H. F. CHRISTIE said the toast he had now to give was one which makes every good man feel what was described in extreme youth and infancy as "the still small voice of conscience." The officers and committee of the L.B.C. were a body of gentlemen who, for no possible good to themselves, undertook an amount of work and bother, and gave up an extremely large part, and very often the whole of their spare time for the good of the Club, and often for the benefit of individual members. As he had said, they derived no advantage for it; but do they, he asked, get what they have a right to expect—gratitude? (A voice—"Yes.") As they all knew, they had rattling good officers; but as it was natural to bully somebody or other, they were often

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very much aggravated at general meetings. There was one officer who had a most unpleasant post—that, namely, of Treasurer. (Oh, yes! and laughter.) The Treasurer was the one man who did not want to be let alone, and he was the one man who was persistently let alone (laughter); and how small the trouble of acknowledging those little notes with their inclosures! But in many cases he did not receive such inclosures; and hence the despairing appeals in the GAZETTE—"*Will* members be good enough to pay their subscriptions?" The speaker could feel for that Treasurer. It was very rough on him. (A laugh.) They were an ungrateful lot; and it was when this toast was proposed that they recognised the extent of their ingratitude. He urged each member to drink the toast in a proper manner, and show that he was not simply a discontented grumbler. Let them show that they were Englishmen after all, and drink this toast heartily. (Loud cheers.)

R. B. HOUGH responded. Thanking the company for the cordial response with which Mr. Christie's appeal had been met, he said he regarded the Annual Dinner as one of the brightest means of keeping up the happy understanding of the Club, and he took the present opportunity of thanking members generally for their energetic co-operation with those who take the official yoke upon them, which by this heartiness was made so light. Personally the work had been a great pleasure to him during the past two years; which was a period that would ever in his mind be associated with pleasant memories. (Cheers.) But to-night he had to sound a pathetic note. He referred to the announcement of the retirement from the official roll, of the familiar names of Scrutton and Price. (Loud cries of "no!") It was unhappily a fact. During the past three years they had done excellent service, which the speaker was sure was appreciated by all. (Cheers.) In conclusion, he asked the members to accord in the future that hearty support which they had bestowed on the Officers and Committee in the past, and more especially to stand by them next Monday, when a resolution was to be proposed, which, if carried, would be equivalent to a vote of want of confidence in the Executive. ("No! no!" The S.E. corner of the table being observed to be much excited.)

S. P. SMITH proposed the health of "The Racing Members." He observed that the next best thing to being a racing member one's self was to propose the health of the racing members. Although the season had not been so good as last year (Oh!), yet several new men had given promise of great things to come, so that the future of the Club in this respect would doubtless be worthy of the past. He mentioned one name—Beck. (Loud cheers). It was true they had no records, but he believed that had it not been for the unfortunate accident to Buckley, they would have had records. Next year he hoped would see Buckley on the path again. (Cheers). They had also lost the services of W. K. Adam, who he hoped would come back the the stronger for his voyage to New Zealand. (Cheers). Among others who were coming to the front in a remarkable way were Butler, the younger Whatton, and Oswald. (Cheers). He ought also to mention Mr. Oliver Thorn. (Loud and prolonged cheers). He would at all times have been welcomed as the brother of his brother, and he had made a position which next year it will be be hard to equal. (Cheers).

O. THORN returned thanks for his racing brethren and himself. He remarked that they had a good many promising men who would worthily take the place of those who had long been on the path, and thus the prestige of the L.B.C. would be sustained. (Cheers.)

M. D. RUCKER, at the request of the President, proposed the toast of "The Visitors," coupling with it the name of Mr. Edward Turner. Mr. Turner belonged to the Cambridge University Club, which with them was a very strong recommendation.

Mr. TURNER ably responded. He paid a graceful compliment to the President, whom he referred to as a fine example of "muscular Christianity." His personal experience of bicycling was confined to a single attempt, when the machine ran with him into a window, the result being such severe injuries that he never attempted riding again. (Laughter.) He concluded by recalling the names of a few bicyclists who have distinguished themselves in the world of intellect—Keith-Falconer, Scrutton, C. A. Pollock, and others, and reasoning therefrom that mental vigour and bicycling were in some way connected; and as rowing and cricketing seemed to lack any such connection, the case in favour of cycling was made all the stronger.

H. G. A. BROWN proposed the toast of "The L.B.C. GAZETTE," joined with the name of the Editor, T. E. Scrutton. Asking himself what was the distinctive feature of the L.B.C., he said he felt inclined to say after the manner of Dr. Johnson "we abound in features." In the first place they had a President who could ride; second, a committee which was able to work and accomplish a great deal; and third, racing men who would certainly compare with the members of any other club. Again, there was the Annual Bath Trial. But of all the features of the Club, there was none more important or admirable than the GAZETTE. It had become respectable in point of age, and the excellence of its matter and the able way in which it has been edited by a succession of clever men had, he believed, mainly contributed to its success. Mr. Scrutton and his assistant, Mr. Lloyd, had fulfilled their duties in a way that commanded the admiration and gratitude of the Club. (Cheers). He begged to join their names with the toast. (Loud cheers).

T. E. SCRUTTON in replying, expressed his pleasure at hearing from Mr. Brown, what doubtless caused previous editors to writhe, that the GAZETTE this year had become respectable. He had, however, to lay the praise on those

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to whom it was due, on his friend the Sub-Editor (cheers), on whom had fallen the work of the dull season, while he was posing as the ornamental figurehead. Then there were the band of contributors on whom each Editor placed his reliance for the work of the GAZETTE—Godlee, Barrett, Francis, Williams, Brown, and others who preferred to blush unknown. Especially he referred to his two friends, N. H. and N. H., Jun., whose acquisition he regarded as the feature of his year of office. He might use them as illustrations of the wisdom of sending in contributions to the Editor without waiting to be asked. He was ashamed to say he never suspected either of these gentlemen of any literary genius until he saw their first MSS, and now he ranked them among his most valued contributors. (Cheers). It was hardly necessary to justify the existence of the GAZETTE, but he regarded it as the chief cause of the high tone of Club feeling and sympathy which, he believed, made them pre-eminent among other large clubs. (Cheers).

H. C. PIGOTT proposed the toast of "The Ladies," and R. G. FRANCIS responded.

P. DALTON (in the absence of G. F. Beck) gave the health of "The Chairman," which was drunk with musical honours and "three times three."

The PRESIDENT responded in his usual sparkling style. He observed that he had had thoughts of resigning the presidency, which was loudly opposed; but on his adding that he was about to give up the bicycle for the double tricycle, the cheers were renewed.

The gathering closed, as usual, with "Auld lang syne" sung with joined hands, and foot on table.

PLAN OF THE TABLE.

	S. P. Smith.	W. B. Tanner.	Rev. W. D'A. Crofton.	Ashley W. Barrett.	M. D. Rucker, Jun.	Hon. I. Keith-Falconer.	Falconer's Friend.	W. Cornell.	H. R. Reynolds.	Lacy Hillier.	J. N. Beningfield.	W. T. Thorn.	
HamptonRoberts.													G. L. Collier.
Godlee's Friend.		Atkinson's Friend		The O'Reilly.			F. Elder.		E. A. Weeks.				J. D. Butler.
Theo. Godlee.		H. G. Atkinson.		G. E. Schmettau.			Elder's Friend.		C. Y. Lyne.				D. A. Darling.
Godlee's Friend.		Atkinson's Friend		Marten's Friend.			C. Wigan.		A. Long.				G. H. Gibbs.
C. H. Christie.		F. Kinder.		F. C. Marten.			W. E. Naylor.		W. R. K. Gibbs.				Gerard Smith.
Christie's Friend.		W. Wyndham.		C. F. Schmettau.			J. W. Langmore.		R. M. Long.				E. H. Barrett.
H. N. Sharp.		O. Thorn.		Radford's Friend.			Hawley's Friend.		W. R. Sewell.				W. Meyer.
A. L. Potter.		H. C. Pigott.		A. L. Radford.			A. H. Hawley.		C. Newman.				E. D. Sewell.
H. G. A. Brown.		Pigott's Friend.		W. J. Williams.			A. H. Koch.		S. Barrett.				S. G. Hough.
G. F. Beck.		J. Kinder.		Lown's Friend.			J. W. Alison.		H. J. Baldwin.				A. A. Kelsey.
R. G. Francis.		F. M. Williams.		A. H. Lown.			P. Dalton.		J. Bridge.				A. Lloyd.
	T. H. Sexton.					E. S. Price.						R. B. Hough.	

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THE TANDEM BICYCLE.

The Rucker "Tandem," of which the illustration below is a sketch, is clearly the Bicycle to commend itself to the riding world, as the risk of falling which so often deters many from bicycling is entirely done away with, and it thus vies with the popularity of the tricycle, which is ridden by many who consider comparative immunity from danger not dearly purchased at the expense of a couple of miles an hour in speed, and prefer pottering to being thrown headlong from the saddle at any odd moment. But it must not be compared to the various other Safety Bicycles, for in most of them either the advantage of height, or the position for driving, is given up for that idea of safety. With the "Tandem" the rider is exactly over his work, and without risk of going over the handles.

The new invention of course is the straight backbone, weighing 16 lbs., doing away with the small wheels entirely, thus reducing vibration and friction to a minimum, whilst the pace up hill is much increased, owing to the rake being *forwards* instead of backwards as in the ordinary Bicycle. It can be fitted to any two "Rucker's," so that should one rider not be able to be present, the other can use his own wheel with a hind wheel as a single machine, rather than stay at home.

Hills, however steep, may, on the "Tandem," be ridden down with impunity—Westerham, hitherto unrideable, having succumbed; whilst large bricks, carts, or dogs, only afford enjoyment and recreation.

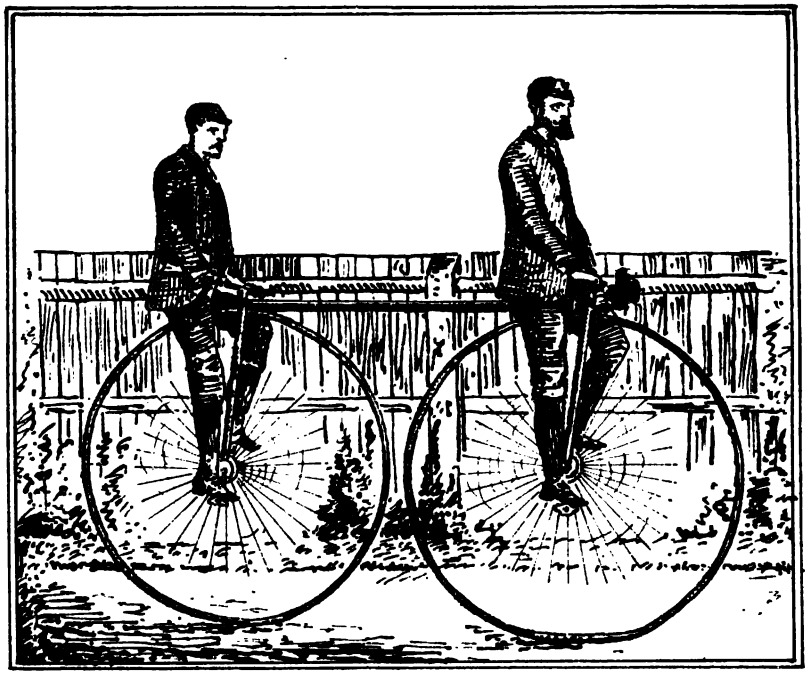
The two South-Easters who have been riding it, swear by it, and any loss of dignity at first sustained by them, such as clinging to walls to mount, or riding at night to avoid observation, is easily forgotten in the proud moments of drawing Latin from the Club Scholar, or reducing demons of the "McRae" type to beads of perspiration.

Certain it is that great pace can be obtained on it, and should it become generally used, we may confidently expect the Bath record to be beaten.

It requires little or no practice from the ordinary bicycle rider, and the advantage of two friends being together whilst touring, etc., is evident to all.

That many more will be on the road next season we hope, and that also the present expressions of wonder and excitement exhibited by the rustic and other intelligent males when passed by the "Tandem" will assume that stolid indifference which is now caused by the ordinary bicycle.

ZULU.



SMOKING CONCERT.

Our winter campaign was successfully opened on Wednesday, November 7th, in the Queen's Room of the "London Tavern," Fenchurch Street. Through the thick smoke, not of cannon, but of "the calumet—the Peace-pipe," we were enabled after a short space of time, during which we experienced a severe tingling about the eyes, to discover an unusually large muster of members, who, from the enthusiasm they displayed at the conclusion of the various items, were unanimous in their appreciation of the proceedings.

Oliver Thorn opened the programme with a song, "Out on the deep," and F. N. Large, C. Y. Lyne, and G. E. Schmettau then rendered the terzetto "Vanne a colei che adoro" with very good taste; after which W. A. Smith gave "The brave old Temeraire" in a very spirited manner, and Mr. G. L. Hillier, in "Sharps and Flats," quite upset

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the audience as he retired amidst loud applause to "the bo-de-ga." After R. Newman had sung "Sailing," C. E. Sharman displayed his abundant fund of humour in the scena, "The Jackdaw of Rheims," and that most pathetic song, "My Mary Jane." C. Y. Lyne and G. E. Schmettau both scored successes, the former in "The Vagabond" and the latter in "Good night, fair maid," to which, as an encore, he added "I'll sing thee songs of Arabi," which completed the first part of the programme.

At this point E. T. Sachs treated the company to a most entertaining conjuring performance, which quite justified the Captain's epithet of "world-renowned," and it would be difficult to say which of the tricks was the most mysterious, as all attempts to solve them on our part have resulted in utter failure.

The programme was continued with the trio, "When the wind blows," which was very much appreciated. H. W. Bridges provoked much laughter in "The Chinaman with the Roman Nose," which was given as an encore to "The Little Powder Monkey." Mr. Campbell Rae Brown, who is evidently an efficient in the art, recited "Kissing Cup's Race," his own composition, and also the "Progress of Madness," with great effect. The next item on the programme, "He did, but he didn't know why," was given with great humour by Mr. C. P. Little, who put such an amount of expression into it, that we laughed to the extent of being obliged to hold on to a neighbouring chair. After great applause, the topical song by Oswald and Rucker, which contained some capital points, followed; and then Mr. Little, in response to loud calls, sang "Eighteen and three" in very comical style.

W. A. Smith brought a most successful evening to a close with singing "Tell her I love her so," in which he appeared to great advantage.

The thanks of the Club are due to all those who helped make the evening a success, and more especially to Mr. C. P. Little, who accompanied throughout most willingly and ably.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

Sir,—I think with "Imprimatur" that a policy of isolation does not tend to our welfare, and for some time I have thought that our Club has sought too much a monkish seclusion from the world, while it has neglected those means that most tend to increase its ranks. Barnum, the worldly wise, says that, "having £100 in his pocket wherewith to start business I would spend £99 thereof in advertisement." Doubtless he is right, for the day has passed when merit unaided can triumph. Competition, so keen that it hardly leaves room to live, has destroyed its chance, and merit must now climb on to the housetops and shout and advertise in the *Daily Telegraph*. Without advocating a return to the old days, when every detail of our Club life was reported in the weekly public press and commented upon too frequently in no friendly or impartial spirit, yet I think we have, to our own hurt, for the last few years neglected to cultivate such relationships with the papers as might have secured for us friendly reports of our Annual Dinners, Smoking Concerts, and of other events we have undertaken. By all means let our Gazette be complete in itself, as it certainly has been; let it give the L. B. C. man all necessary news about what goes on within and without his Club; but let us remember, as "Imprimatur" points out, that the public press is a most important agent in informing the outside world and the rising generation of wheelmen of the existence of an L. B. C.

Our old members disappear and as fast or even faster than they go, new blood should come into our system. Growth should more than keep pace with decay, and this will, I think, be brought about if our committee do but avail itself discreetly of the great power of the Fourth Estate. It must be noted that now-a-days the only information an unattached rider gets of our Club is the brief report of our Yearly Race Meeting, or perhaps he may see an occasional paragraph commenting upon the undesirability of Road Races in general, and of the L. B. C. Road Trial in particular. Of such an exclusive policy the natural outcome is that candidates for membership are proposed only by members, and that rarely, if ever, do we find outsiders, unacquainted with any of our men, eager to join our ranks. This last, which I take to be one of the best proofs of vitality is, I fear, wanting; but it might, I think, be brought about if more pains were taken to inform outsiders in an unostentatious and legitimate way of the advantages they would derive from membership of our Club. I must not close without saying that anything approaching a touting advertisement would be as repugnant to my feeling as to that of any other L.B.C. man; but I must quite dissent from those who say that our Club is now as large as it need be, and I strongly believe that good would come from frequent reference in the public papers to our Club work, and from a liberal encouragement of visitors at our Club Runs. Let me point out that our policy lately has tended in the direction of stifling these two sources of growth.

Octopus.

To the Editor of the London Bicycle Club Gazette.

Sir,—I have read, with some astonishment, the letter of "Imprimatur" in your last issue, and have vainly tried to make its end fit into its beginning. Even if we assume that the facts which he mentions are related to one another by more than accident—if "false pride" or "self-imposed isolation" are "preying on our vitals," why are we not one penny the worse for the process? but to quote once again, why are we "now as strong as" before we were afflicted?

If the result of our maintaining our Club at its very satisfactory strength, and filling up our ranks every year as

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the old members retire is "the reason why so many other clubs increase and multiply in the way they appear to do," it occurs to me that we are benefiting cycling generally, at no cost whatever to ourselves.

But joking apart, I think the real fallacy in your correspondent's letter is the idea that *increasing* is the one thing to be aimed at. I do not care to contest the theory that the GAZETTE has reduced our elections, though I very much doubt it; but assuming this to be the fact, I do not think we are losers. The L.B.C. is, we are proud to believe, the most first-rate collection of athletes in the metropolis. It is, I venture to think, quite large enough for working purposes, and I think we may trust to our own members to introduce their friends, and to sing our praises to their friends, without seeking such a position as, say the L.A.C., which, while placing us in an exalted athletic position would, I fear, seriously interfere with the social element which is necessarily so important a factor in a bicycle club, whether it be given to winter amusement or confine its attention strictly to bicycling proper.

I think it only right to add that I have not the dimmest notion who "Imprimatur" is, and I hope he will not think I am abusing him, as I doubt not that he is a most valuable addition to the Club.—Yours, etc. W. X. W.

QUILLS.

"Aristotle and Pliny deliver it that the porpentine casteth off his quills when he would attack, or defend himself, but Dioscorides affirmeth it a point of folly to believe it."—Sir T. BROWNE.

The Smoking Concert was, all things considered, a great success. True, it was a bad room for singing, and true, there were draughts, but the men present (150), were not crowded and seemed to enjoy themselves; and it is really very difficult to get, for anything like a reasonable sum, a room in which so many men can be put, which shall be well ventilated and *singable*.

* * * * * *

If I may find fault, the men wouldn't take up the choruses. It adds greatly to the "go" of a concert of that sort if every other song at least has a good chorus in which everyone joins; men take far more interest in the music, and the whole entertainment is put on a free and easy footing, which helps its success greatly.

* * * * * *

The Dinner was as usual marked by one feature, in which as far as I know, it surpasses most other dinners—the amount of noise. It is very gratifying as an evidence of Club good feeling to have one prominent member after another received with "great cheering and musical honours," and there was, if possible, more than the usual enthusiasm this year.

* * * * * *

In fact the toast of the L.B.C. bid fair, under the manipulation of Hampton Roberts last year, and Crofton this, to become fixed in one "common form."

Mr. A. proposed the toast of the evening, "the health of the London Bicycle Club." He said, "when he contemplated the greatness of the Club, he felt his own unworthiness. (No, no). When he mentioned that the L.B.C. had on the racing path, B. (loud cheers); C. (ditto); D. (ditto); and the rest of the alphabet, each letter received with great enthusiasm; that it had on the road, E. (loud cheers, and repeat same form); at the Union, F. (and as before); he need say no more, but ask them to drink, etc." Mr. A. resumed his seat amid great cheering, having been on his legs twelve minutes, of which two were speech and ten applause.

* * * * * *

Speculation was rife as to the reason why the toast of the L.B.C. was so early in the list. It was at last discovered that the Captain, anxious to enjoy the pipe of peace, had arranged to get his speech and his misery over as soon as possible.

* * * * * *

Twenty-seven North-Easters were reported to be at the dinner; this shows the self-sacrificing heroism of the "little district." This is further established by the fact that the N.E. average this year, is, in comparison with the number of members in the district, *better* than the S.E.

* * * * * *

The S.E. corner of the table was not remarkable for its quietness. This is said to have been caused by the Editor's having fallen as a North-East lamb among South-East wolves, and being usually in deadly combat with four of them at once as to Club politics; the only diversion being furnished by a well-known ex-Editor, who impartially attacked everybody. [NOTE.—We were a *little* noisy. ED.]

* * * * * *

I am requested by the Editor to state that only a few of the dinner speeches are reported *verbatim*. Some others are curtailed at the request of the speakers; some on account of demands of space.

* * * * * *

I regret to hear that some prominent members of the Committee contemplate resignation in consequence of the vote of Monday night. I earnestly hope they will reconsider their determination.

* * * * * *

G. P. Coleman has been elected on the executive of the National Cyclist's Union.

* * * * * *

There is to be a large contingent of the North-East at the S.E. Ball, and I hope the Western Districts will follow their example. PORCUPINE.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Special General Meeting, called at the requisition of H. R. Reynolds and others, was held at the "City Arms" on the 26th November.

The Captain took the chair, and 44 members were present.

H. G. A. BROWN proposed, and R. G. FRANCIS seconded—

"That the Annual Race Meeting for 1884 be held at the Crystal Palace."

H. G. A. BROWN said, that the most prominent racing

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men were in favour of his proposal; that the track was far better, and more convenient for people. He announced that the Directors had agreed to put up a grand stand, and alleged that, from a financial point of view, the merits of the two grounds were equal.

A. W. BARRETT explained that the Committee were not definitely pledged to Stamford Bridge, and then proceeded in a very amusing speech to dwell on the disadvantages of the Crystal Palace. Two female cousins and their brother could be taken to Stamford Bridge for three shillings, but it would take 12s 6d to treat them to the Crystal Palace. When there, they stood in a sloping loose box given over to the British rough, with no seats, shelter from rain, or refreshments. In finance there was no room for argument; the Crystal Palace Meeting was a rank failure; we had lost £10 this year, and should lose £20 next year. Oliver Thorn, Wyndham, and Butler, as racing men, were in favour of the proposal.

T. E. SCRUTTON spoke against the motion on grounds of finance and general inconvenience.

S. P. SMITH, in supporting the motion alluded to the number of meetings competing with the Crystal Palace Meeting last year.

F. M. WILLIAMS urged that the fact that, apart from the Committee, a quorum of members was not present showed that the Club had confidence in the Committee's decision.

A. H. LOWN, as a N.W. man, supported the motion, as did also H. R. REYNOLDS.

OLIVER THORN opposed the motion in the interests of racing men. He knew a good many ladies (loud cheers), and Stamford Bridge was the most convenient place for seeing them.

C. NEWMAN (against), ALFRED HERBERT, ARTHUR HERBERT, COLEMAN (for), A. KOCH (against), and M. D. RUCKER also spoke.

H. G. A. BROWN replied. He hoped the result would be that the Meeting would be always held at the Palace; and dealt in some detail with the arguments of the opposition.

On a division the members were:—For the motion, 26; against, 13; (five members did not vote).

The motion was therefore carried.

A RIDE ACROSS FRANCE INTO SWITZERLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 239.)

We spent Sunday at Versailles, going to the English church in the morning, and spending the afternoon in seeing *part* of the palace—it would take a week to see the whole—and grounds and listening to the band. Unfortunately we could not see the wonderful fountains, as they only play on the first Sunday in each month.

Next morning we had a fair run as far as Choisy, which we had to walk through, and then to get over three miles of *pavé* on the main road in the same style; so were glad to stop at Villeneuve-St.-Georges (18 miles) for lunch. Thence we had a better road, though with frequent paved villages, through Mélun (34 miles from Versailles) to Montereau. Mélun is a clean little town, with a rather handsome *hotel de ville*, etc., but after our experience at the "Hotel St. Nicholas" last year we did not feel disposed to stop there. Three or four miles out of Montereau we overtook a local telegraph messenger on a machine consisting of a 36 or 40-inch front wheel, over which he sat, and two small wheels behind, between which was a box in which he carried his *dépêches*. It was guiltless of rubber, and made as much noise as a fire engine; but the pace at which the owner got along, especially uphill, was really surprising: it is needless to say, however, that we soon left him behind. Almost directly afterwards we were challenged by a man with a fast trotting horse, which was also satisfactorily disposed of, though not quite so easily. The approach to Montereau is pretty—down a winding hill overlooking the Seine. The "Hotel du Grand Monarque" being full, we put up at the "Croix Verte," and had no reason to regret the change. Distance for the day, 52½ miles.

From Montereau to Sens (22 miles), through Pont-sur-Yonne is an easy run, except that several long paved villages have to be walked through between the first and last named towns. Things used to be worse in this respect than they are now, for when Norman Morris passed this way in 1876, there were four and a half kilometres of *pavé* in the open country near Villeneuve-le-Guyard. This has now been taken up; they were at work upon the last portion of it when we passed this year.

Starting from Montereau about 8.30, we hoped to lunch at Sens and sleep at Tonnerre (67 miles) but, as usual, we were disappointed. We had not gone a mile before Williams' front wheel again locked suddenly,—a nasty fall over the handles being only avoided by great presence of mind and agility. The troublesome process of taking off the crank and undoing the bearings had to be gone through by the roadside, with the result of finding that the outer (adjustable) plate of the bearings was badly cracked. We found also that the set-screw which should have fixed this plate was broken and did not act, thus allowing the plate, which moved very easily, to be screwed up gradually by the friction of the hub until the balls were jammed. After some discussion Williams very pluckily decided to go on, and take his chance of a cropper, rather than break up the party.

Thanks to this detention and the *pavé* above referred to, we did not reach Pont-sur-Yonne (14 miles) till past eleven; so stopped and had a very good *déjeuner* at an hotel (de l'Ecu) with a most unpromising exterior, which we had passed as hopeless until we were assured there was no other. After lunch the Doctor was dispatched, in charge of the chambermaid, to the telegraph office for the purpose of telegraphing to London for a new bearing to be sent to

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Dijon. The old gentleman, who was found presiding over this somewhat primitive establishment, said he had never been called upon to telegraph to London before, and seemed to feel highly honoured at being requested to do so, spelling out the English words most carefully, and taking a great deal of trouble over the message.

After leaving Pont-sur-Yonne only the towns are paved, or, at all events, very few of the villages, and it is no longer necessary to dismount every two or three miles on account of those infamous French cobbles.

The cathedral at Sens is well worth a visit; it contains some curious old painted glass, and the *trésors* preserved in the *sacristie* are very interesting. These consist of some very fine old tapestry, splendid Limoges enamels, ivory carvings, and a number of valuable antiquities which have been brought here from different churches in the diocese for safe keeping. Near the further end of the town is a very curious old timber-built house, to which an extraordinary amount of antiquity is assigned.

Between Sens and St. Florentin there are two roads. The main road through the town goes through Joigny, and makes a very considerable circuit, following the course of a river; it is, I believe, nearly level. But there is a more direct, though rather hilly, route *viâ* Cerisiers, and this we determined to take. Turning to the left near the entrance to the town, we followed the road to Troyes as far as Malay-le-roi, where we turned off to the right for Cerisiers. So far there is nothing difficult, but the hill out of Cerisiers is a stiff one, and is best walked, though one of our party rode it. After this the road ascends gradually for several miles, but all quite ridable and with good surface. At the 141st *kilometre* stone (distance from Paris) a long run down begins and continues to the junction with the other road near St. Florentin. Going the other way the gradients would be less favourable, and probably the longer route would be best. It is 11½ miles from Sens to Cerisiers, and 16 miles on to St. Florentin. On arriving at the latter place we found we should not be able to reach Tonnerre before dark, so put up at the "Hotel de la Porte d'Ilo," fair, at the upper part of the town. A bagman with a swivel eye, who sat opposite to us at the *table d'hote*, afforded us great amusement, first trying to show off his importance by bullying the waiter roundly, and then emptying almost the whole of a large dish of wild strawberries on to his own plate, after making a great show of politeness in helping us first. Distance for the day 49½ miles.

(To be continued).

THE BOXING DAY PAPERCHASE.

The arrangements made by the Sub-Committee appointed for this purpose are as follows:—The hares will be started from the "King's Arms," Katharine Street, Croydon, at one p.m., and after running a more or less circular course, will return to the starting point about four p.m. At the "King's Arms," washing and dressing accommodation will be provided (at a charge of 3d. each), and warm baths for those who may require them (at a cost of 1s.) At five p.m. dinner will be served (at a charge of 3s each), and as a piano will be provided it is hoped that members will not forget to bring a few songs down with them. The Committee also hope that members and friends who may not be able to join in the Chase will come to the Dinner, and assist afterwards at the social evening.

Oliver Thorn (W.) and A. Barker (S.E.) have been appointed hares, and J. C. Oswald (S.E.) and A. W. Barrett (N.E.) will act as pace-makers. By this last arrangement the pack will be kept in hand, and will work more or less together until four or five miles from home, when the pace makers will give the word "to scatter," and the hounds will make for Croydon by any route they please.

Prizes will be given to the first three hounds, being members or member's brothers, that either catch both hares, or failing that, first reach the "King's Arms"; but the pace makers are empowered to disqualify from a prize any one who refuses to work with the rest of the pack until the before mentioned order has been given, or who covers any of the distance otherwise than on foot.

No entry fee will be required, and members are invited to introduce any friends who may be interested in the sport. Those who intend to run are requested to inform me by December 20th of their intention, though their not having done so need not prevent them from joining at the last moment. Also, I shall be glad to receive the names of those who wish to dine at the "King's Arms," that the necessary arrangements may be made. No rule as to dress can be laid down, since some members intend running in knickerbockers and stockings, some in trousers and socks, and others in University costume; but probably those adopting the last will be in a considerable minority. The hares will start at one o'clock punctually, but in the event of there having been continuous frost, and consequently skating, the Chase will be postponed.

The train for East Croydon leaves Victoria, 11.50 a.m.; London Bridge, 12.5 p.m.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT, Captain.
42, Finsbury Square, E.C.

(For the Sub-Committee appointed to conduct the above.)

PRACTICE FOR THE PAPERCHASE.

On the following Friday evenings (November 30th, December 7th, December 14th, December 21st), some members of the N.E., and two or three men from other districts will rendezvous at Forest Gate Station, Essex, at 7.30 p.m., and Snaresbrook Station at 8.45. We shall be glad of the company of any who may care to join us in a short run of an hour or so over good gravel paths. A train leaves Liverpool Street Station at 7.10 p.m., and the opportunity for changing into running dress, with washing accommodation, etc., will be provided for those who may wish for it.

ASHLEY W. BARRETT.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

A. Morley, Astley Bank, Lewisham Hill, Blackheath, S.E.
T. G. Nevill, 10, Compton Road, Canonbury, N.
H. S. Jackson, Letchford's Buildings, Bethnal Green, E.
N. B. Morris, 121, Bishopsgate Street, Within, E.C.
F. Kinder, 20, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, L.B.C. Gazette, 35, Eastcheap, E.C.," and must bear the name of the author, though not necessarily for insertion. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and, if immediate insertion is desired, must be received not later than Tuesday evening.

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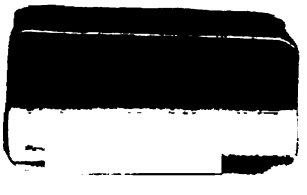

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